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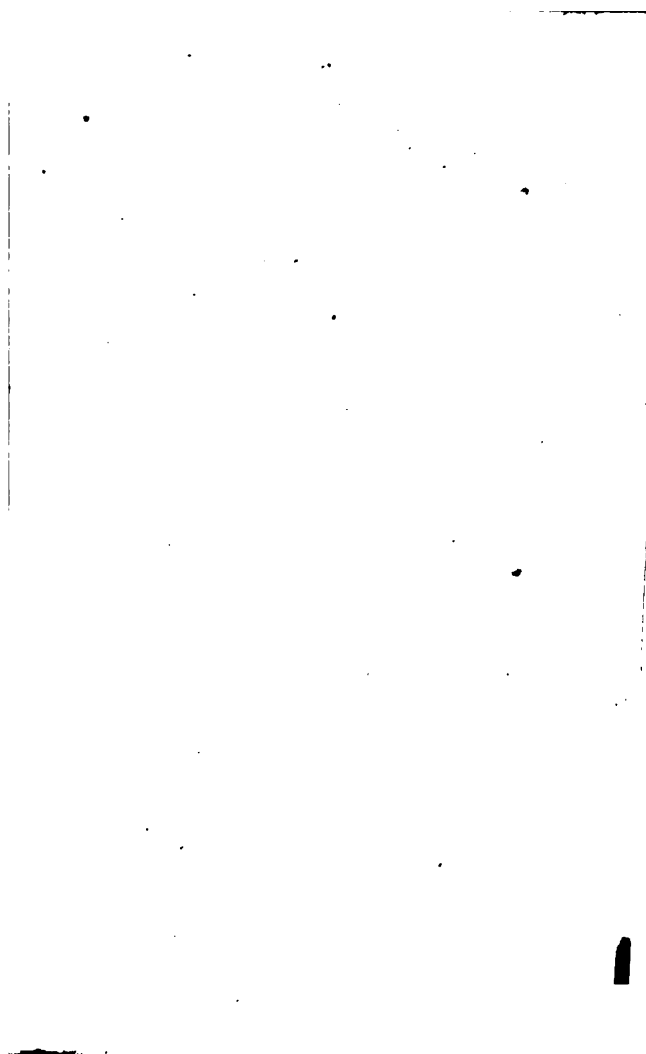
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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

J E A N C H O U A N.

THE parents of this remarkable man, who gave his name to the species of guerilla warfare which so harassed the French Republic under the name of the Chouan War, were mere *sabotiers*—makers of the wooden shoes worn by the surrounding peasantry—who resided, for the greater facility of their trade, in poor miserable huts in the woods of the province of Maine. This partial isolation from their fellow-men, it would appear, had produced its effect upon the little community, for, owing to their grave, reserved, and surly manners, they acquired the name of Chouans,* which remained with Jean's family, whose real appellation was Cottereau. The father of our hero was, however, an exception; he managed to learn to read, and spent his time on Sundays at the neighbouring farms, in reading the lives of the holy saints to the men, and teaching the newest and prettiest songs to the girls. In this manner he became acquainted with Jeanne Moyné, and ere long a reciprocal affection arose

* From *chats-huants*, finally corrupted to *chouan*.

between them. But a farmer, however small, looked down with contempt upon a mere sabotier ; so the lover was dismissed, and Jeanne desired to bestow her heart and hand elsewhere. She made no resistance—neither wept nor prayed ; but a few days afterwards she was missing, and to make it perfectly understood that she had no intention of returning, she broke her distaff and porringer, and scattered the pieces before her father's door. Cottereau, as had been before arranged, met her on the high-road to Laval, and after marrying, led her to his cottage in the forest of Coucise. Jeanne, we believe, had never cause to regret her choice ; but her husband died young, and she removed to a small farm, which had been left her as a legacy, called the Poiriers, with her two daughters and four sons, one of whom was the famous Jean Chouan, who obtained the droll nickname of the Gars Menteux, or Cunning Lad, from the many clever stratagems he resorted to.

At this time, in France, there was a cruel tax on salt, which led to much suffering, and induced the demoralising practice of smuggling. For some attempts at this contraband traffic, Jean got himself into trouble, and he would have been severely punished but for a pardon procured by his mother from the king—the poor woman having travelled days on foot to seek the royal clemency. On a subsequent occasion, he was imprisoned for two years for a similar offence ; and it appears that his seclusion during this period had a good effect in sobering him, and rendering him reflective of consequences. It also taught him the virtue of subjection to discipline.

Jean had three brothers—Pierre, François, and René. Pierre was simple in disposition ; but the other two were of an audacious temperament, ready for any enterprise. Two girls—Perrine and Renée—completed the Cottereau family. They never seem to have interfered much with their brothers ; and when the latter had fairly engaged in the civil war, they still occupied the farm of the Poiriers—the custom of their province requiring that they should keep at home ; for whilst the women of

Normandy, Brittany, and Vendée made common cause with the men against the enemy, those of Maine remained at home and kept house.

During Jean's imprisonment, the Revolution had burst forth. By principle and position, Jean was its enemy, and circumstances had done much to strengthen his sentiments. To him the king, whose power was being overthrown, was not one of those unknown masters we venerate through tradition: his mother had been received in his palace; his features and his voice were familiar to her; she had seen him with her own eyes sign the reprieve for her son; and as she often afterwards said, with a naïveté not unmingled with pride: 'The Bourbons and Cottareaus were henceforth no longer strangers!' Jean was of the same opinion, and from the commencement of the insurrection, openly attached himself to the royalist party: and it was not long before his active services were required; for the Revolution was hurrying on from one crime to another, careless of the blood it left behind so that it attained its desired object. Sentence of death pursued the emigrants, the priests who had refused to take the oath required by the new constitution were exiled, and the king became a prisoner to the nation.

On the 15th of August 1792, by an order of the Directory, the young men of all the neighbouring parishes were assembled at the town of Saint-Ouen-des-Toits, for the purpose of forming a band of national guards and volunteers. Most of the peasants obeyed the summons; but the sight of the gendarmes, commissioners, and, above all, the registers, caused a great amount of discontent, for their experience of law had ever been of so unpleasant a nature, that the Manceau, or peasant of Maine, has still an instinctive horror of the pen and its accessories. So, when desired to give their names, they answered with groans and hisses; and when the gendarmes attempted to arrest the leaders of this movement, they were prevented; and blows were beginning to be exchanged, when Jean Chouan, who had provoked the scene, sprang forward, crying: 'We want no national guard, no

volunteers !' and the cry was quickly taken up and repeated on all sides. 'If the king requires our assistance,' added the Gars Menteux, 'we are all ready to serve him; but not a man will serve the nation.'

'Not a man! not a man!' shouted the crowd; and when the authorities began to draw up an account of this rebellious conduct on the part of the recruits, the peasantry, fearful of paper-treachery, tore up the registers, upset the inkstands, and destroyed the tables, the legs of which served them to disperse the commissioners and gendarmes.

Cottereau hastened to profit by the general enthusiasm, and bring this mere revolt to a decided insurrection. He and his brother François had been for some time in correspondence with the Royalists, and he now announced to the young men the expected arrival of a prince of royal blood, who would place himself at their head, and recompense every one according to his services. Regular daily pay was from that moment promised to such as would serve against the Blancs (Revolutionists). With the Manceaux this argument was decisive, and the first troop of insurgents, consisting of a large number of peasants, was formed under Jean Chouan. Before entering upon this new undertaking, however, each one was allowed to return home, and put his affairs in order, having first given his word of honour to return at the first summons.

A little later, a village pedler, on the first disturbance of St Florent, left the bread he was in the act of kneading, set the bells ringing, and raised an army without holding out any other inducement than the 'liberty of the parishes:' this pedler was Cathelineau, who began the formidable war of La Vendée. There, a mere enthusiast was sufficient to incite the people to revolt, and once begun, it spread like wild-fire. In Maine, on the contrary, where the insurrection was excited and sustained by interested motives, it continued incomplete; for enthusiasm and patriotism bind men together, whilst interest ever divides them. Meanwhile, the national guards, who had lost their colours at Saint-Ouen-des-Toits, revenged

themselves upon all the surrounding parishes suspected of royalism, and Jean Chouan resolved to test the courage of his men against them. They met at Lanney Villiers, where the Bleus were defeated, leaving twenty men dead. Thenceforth the evil was irremediable—blood had flowed, and civil war had fairly commenced.

Jean Chouan and his companions, denounced by the laws, sought refuge in the wood of Misdon, lying between the forge of Port Brillet and the little town of Olivet. They were about forty in number; among them was Trion, called Mîélette, who performed a daring part in the Chouan war. Cottureau and he had long been friendly rivals in the trade of salt smuggling. Notwithstanding their equality, Jean exercised the most authority, and was of the two preferred as commander of the little band; on the other hand, Mîélette bore away the palm for wit, gaiety, and good stories. He was the life of the company, and the mere sight of him brought smiles and good humour. Still, there was one Chouan who remained insensible to his cheerful influence: this was Godeau, who, priding himself on his correct manners and oratorical powers, and proving himself unfitted to follow any trade, came to the comfortable conclusion, he was too superior to succeed in them. He had been for three months gamekeeper to a nobleman, and from that circumstance considered himself somewhat of a gentleman. He also imagined he understood some Latin, because the clergyman, whose groom he had been, had taught him the meaning of the words *dominus vobiscum*; and he was continually complaining of the disturbances of the times, which prevented him from enjoying the pleasures of literature.

Their present retreat suited Jean's brother, François, remarkably well, for the wood of Misdon was very near the hamlet Lorigère, where lived the *pauvre fille* (poor girl). This individual was an orphan, who had been discovered in a cradle fastened by cords to the church of Olivet, and had been brought up by a farmer of Lorigère from charity. Susan was a slender little thing, with no pretensions to

beauty, and rendered interesting only by her weakness. Although she had completed her twentieth year, she would have been taken for a mere child but for the remarkable power and compass of her voice, for which she was justly celebrated in the surrounding villages. The pauvre fille was considered the best singer in Bas Maine ; her occupation was that of watching the cattle and horses belonging to her master's farm by the lake-side ; and with no other society than her *muguet* (a particular species of dog trained to the charge of cattle), she whiled away the lonely hours with the plaintive ballads she loved ; at all hours her voice might be heard, and many were the listeners. François had, like the rest, been attracted by the music of her voice ; but he had gone further—he had sought and spoken to Susan, and insensibly a sincere attachment sprang up between them. Whilst François was hiding in the wood of Misdon, they met every day near the lake, and his companions often lingered in the distance, to listen to the village rounds and ballads sung by the lovers. One day, the blacksmiths of Port Brillet profited by one of these excursions, and during the absence of the band, entered the wood, destroyed the Chouan huts, and carried off all they contained, even to the large black pot in which they cooked their food. On their return, the Royalists found themselves deprived of house and household gear. Fortunately, the thieves had left their traces, and Jean and his companions followed them to Papillonnière, near to Olivet, where they immediately attacked them. After a sharp struggle, they succeeded in rescuing all that they had been despoiled of, and Milette returned to Misdon, carrying the black pot on the point of his staff, quite as triumphantly as Jason had carried the famous golden fleece.

This was the signal for the commencement of hostilities, and similar skirmishes followed thickly on one another. The hatred between the two parties increased ; and very soon those made prisoners were shot, and suspected persons murdered in their own houses. Ere long, the Republicans found it impossible to leave their

towns without being guarded by detachments of revolutionary soldiers, and even these were often surprised and dispersed. Jean had but one plan of attack, always the same, but always successful: he divided his band into three parties, whom he placed in ambush behind the hedges on each side of the road, and allowed the Bleus to advance unmolested until they had reached the second party—who then commenced firing, whilst at the same time the first and third ambush made their appearance in front and rear of the surprised column, which found itself entirely surrounded.

While the activity of Cottureau kept the Republicans and patriots on the alert, the insurrection begun by Cathelineau had spread and assumed a most serious aspect. The Manceaux and Bretons were still mere romancers, the war in La Vendée had become an epic poem. Among the latter, as we said before, the revolt from the first had assumed a popular character.

The nobles had had no hand in it; they had merely directed its energies when raised, and it had become irresistible. Bressuire, Thouars, Parthenay, Saumur, Angers, had one by one fallen before the Royalists, and Nantes was on the point of surrendering, when Cathelineau was mortally wounded; the ball which struck HIM saved the republican cause in the west. Cathelineau had excited and sustained the royalist insurrection among the country-people of his own class, and with him died their faith in the invincibility of their cause, and they paused panic-struck. Till then the Vendéans had fought for, and in their mother-country; and from thence, like Antæus, had constantly derived fresh strength and courage, but they suddenly abandoned it, and crossed the Loire. Their leaders forgot it was a people, and not an army they commanded. Jean Chouan had been informed of the approaching arrival of the Royalists, but was uncertain which road they would take.

The Maine Royalists were welcomed with transports of joy by the army. The fame of Jean Chouan had crossed the Loire; the Vendéans admired his handsome

person, open countenance, and the manner in which he was obeyed by men who were solely influenced by the good-will they bore him. As to the crimes of pillage and robbery of which he was accused, his tattered clothes were decided proofs to the contrary: he did not even possess the goatskin universally worn by the poorest peasant. The Prince de Talmont supplied this want by presenting him with his own mantle.

A great surprise awaited Jean at Laval: his brother François had been afflicted with an incurable disease in his left side, and had for the last two months found refuge at the farm of Poiriers; but on hearing of the advance of the Vendéans, he remembered he still possessed an arm, and had set out, accompanied by his mother and Susan, neither of whom would be separated from him, to join the army; and in this manner the dying man, supported by the women on each side, one of whom was bent with years and the other apparently a child, took his place in the ranks which passed before the chiefs of the Royalist Army, and Jean at the sight shed tears of mingled pride and grief.

The province of Maine had furnished 5000 men, who formed a distinct body, known as La Petite Vendée (Lesser Vendée); and the following day this corps, with the rest of the army, entered La Croix Bataille, where the republican general, L'Echelle, was stationed with 25,000 men. A fearful struggle ensued, and when evening came, it was still undecided. At this moment, Jean informed M. Dehargues that he knew of a road by which he could attack the enemy's rear, which, as we have seen, was his usual method. M. Dehargues agreed to accompany him; Jean collected his Mancoeaux, and, under shelter of the hedges, they crept to the rear of the Republicans, and came upon the troops in reserve so suddenly, that their leaders lost all command over them, and they retreated in great disorder.

From Laval the Royalists advanced to Granville, where they were repulsed, and obliged to retire to Pontorsou. The entire destruction of the Royalist army, hemmed in

as it was on all sides, now seemed inevitable ; every hour of repose granted to their women and wounded had to be fought for, and that victoriously ; there were cessations in the battle, but it never entirely ceased.

At Dol, it was thought that everything was lost, and the whole army began to fly. The women uttered cries of despair, upbraiding the men for their cowardice ; and the men struck them in return, accusing them of having communicated their terrors to the soldiers. Even the cavalry, the flower of the army, fled, crying : '*A la mort les braves !*' Stofflet was the foremost among the runaways. It seemed like one of those irresistible and contagious panics which the ancients believed to be the work of some inimical god. But in the midst of the general disorder, Jean Chouan and his men stood firm : they formed round the Prince de Talmont, and, protected by the mist which concealed the smallness of their number, repulsed the Bleus. All agreed in declaring that they alone had saved the army.

Every advantage, however, gained by the Vendéans was henceforth but a protraction of their agony. At La Fleche, they had been obliged by the Republicans to swim the Loire, and with difficulty reached Maus, the last stage of this funereal retreat. There every hope was ended ; the army felt this, and even wished it. The survivors had lost all those most dear to them ; they had lost all taste for life ; and were so wearied out with fatigue, that many considered death as the only sure mode of procuring rest. The squares and streets were encumbered with women, the sick, and wounded. A few Vendean officers, among whom was Jean Chouan, still maintained the defence of the town gates ; and Jean took advantage of a moment's respite to re-enter Maus in search of his mother. He found her in the market-place, seated near Susan, her son François extended at her feet ; the widow held the hands of the dying man in her own as she murmured a prayer ; while the pauvre fille, who supported her François's head, endeavoured to smother their sufferings by chanting in a low key one of her provincial airs. This sad mixture of

chanting, groans, and prayers, so affected Va-de-bon-cœur, who had accompanied his captain, that he stopped short at the entrance of the market; Jean had time to give way to no such weakness, the renewed roar of the cannon informed him that he was needed elsewhere. He seized two horses, upon one of which he placed Susan and his brother; the other was for his mother.

‘Go now, and do not stop to look behind you,’ he said hurriedly. ‘If it please God, we shall meet again at Poiriers.’ And without waiting an answer, he had shouldered his musket, and disappeared.

The enemy had forced all the gates, and already occupied the town. Jean and several others, under cover of the night, disputed the streets house by house. The Prince de Talmont arrived at last, and desired them to think only of saving themselves; and as Jean refused to leave him, he ordered him to go, saying that he ought to reserve the courage of his men for better days. The Gars Menteux pretended to obey him, but after having seen to the safe retreat of his troop, he returned to assure himself of the prince’s safety. Satisfied on this point, he rejoined his men the next day, and they sought refuge in the wood of Misdon. Many had been wounded, and all were half dead with fatigue. Since their departure, their sole resting-places had been around the fires of the outposts, and their sleep had ever been broken by the sound of cannonading.

On their return, they found their former hut still standing, and, overcome by the calm which reigned in the wood, they threw themselves indiscriminately on the moss and litter which had been their former bed, and slept without waking for twenty-four hours.

The first Chouan who opened his eyes found that it was again night; so many events had occurred in such quick succession during the past month, that he had some difficulty in collecting his ideas. To assist him in enlightening himself, he called to his neighbour, and his voice awaking others, the whole troop were soon roused. Then there was a moment of universal joy, when each

recovered the consciousness of having escaped the general defeat. They called each other by name, that in the darkness they might recognise well-known voices, for on their arrival trouble and fatigue had prevented them from taking any notice of each other. On counting, they found that they still numbered about fifty.

For a time, they conversed on the deplorable state of affairs. Once masters of the country, the Bleus would give quarter to no Chouan, and their retreat would inevitably be discovered and surprised; perhaps the search had already been begun. These reflections, passing through their minds, put a stop to conversation; and though the whole band was awake, they remained silent and motionless.

All at once the distant sound of a song was borne upon the night breeze; they instinctively raised their heads and listened; and soon the Chouans recognised the voice of the pauvre fille. Jean, Miellette, Va-de-bon-cœur, and several others, instantly sprang up, but the night was too dark, and though the leaves were gone, the branches prevented them from distinguishing anything. However, they made for the direction of the voice, which was certainly Susan's, though more monotonous and sad than formerly. She continued gradually to approach the hut, and seemed to have the intention of joining them; they therefore hastened to the border of the lake, gave one glance, and stood motionless with surprise and horror.

At a few paces from them appeared the pauvre fille, her hair hanging over her neck, her feet bare, and with no other garment than her petticoat. She led by the bridle a white horse, stained with blood, on which all recognised the upright motionless form of François, with a sabre-cut upon his wrist. At this sight Jean uttered a fearful cry, and called by name his brother and Susan, from whom he was separated by a marshy ravine. But the song continued, the rider remained as motionless as before, and the vision disappeared across the meadow. The Chouans felt their hair stand on end, and Jean himself turned pale.

'Well, surely that *was* François and the *pauvre fille*,' he said, turning to his companions.

'Yes, if they were not ghosts,' replied Mîclette, who actually trembled with superstitious fear.

'They would have heard us if they had been living,' observed Va-de-bon-cœur.

'And they would not have sung in that unearthly way!' added another Chouan.

The voice continued to be heard through the gloom, and seemed to be taking the direction of the hut. Jean overcame his terror, and, retracing his steps to the cross-road, reached it at the same moment as the two phantoms; he again called the names of Susan and François. The *pauvre fille* answered this time with the words: 'We are here.'

'Who are you, and what do you want?' asked Mîclette, who doubted still from terror.

'Save François!' Susan cried, stretching out her arms.

Jean rushed to his brother's side, and attempted to make him speak; but François's eyes were vacant, and his teeth hard set; he was unable to answer. As for the *pauvre fille*, she had lost her reason through fatigue and terror. The song which she had repeated unceasingly since her departure from Maus, to soothe the suffering man, seemed to have taken possession of her brain, to the exclusion of all other ideas; she continued to sing it mechanically, and seemed unable to stop. Jean inquired for his mother.

'Down below there—she is with the others!' she replied in her half-delirium; 'the cannons, carriages, and baggage were all around us—and the widow was trodden down—the oxen dragged the cart over her.'

Jean could obtain from her no other explanation; and his brother, whom Mîclette and Va-de-bon-cœur had assisted from his horse, knew nothing, heard nothing; only when his mother's name was mentioned, they saw a convulsive shudder pass through his frame, and a wild flash in his eye, but he soon sank again into a lethargic stupor.

Grief, however, had no softening effect upon Jean, it

only hardened him the more. He continued to harass the enemy by sudden attacks, and on one occasion dexterously carried off a large quantity of ammunition from them during the night. In the course of these exploits, François had died from his wounds, and been secretly buried in the cemetery of Olivet. The pauvre fille, whose insanity had gradually increased, had refused to quit the spot where his remains had been interred, and had taken up her abode in the church porch, and spent the greater part of each day by the grave, singing her songs and hymns. The Bleus were thus made acquainted with the resting-place of François, and some inhuman wretches disinterred the corpse, and cutting off the head, placed it on a stake, and announced it to be the head of the famous Cottereau, captain of the Chouans of Le Bas Maine. Whilst this horrible deed was being perpetrated, the pauvre fille had said nothing, and did not even cease her singing; but when they left the place, she followed them to Gravelle, and seated herself at the foot of the gallows on which the head was exposed. The soldiers ordered her to take herself off, and on her resisting, killed her.

Jean heard all these details from his brother René, who, some time before, had been arrested on suspicion, but had been set at liberty again. Anxious above all things to preserve his property, René had taken no part in the insurrection, occupying himself in cultivating his farm, and protecting his cattle from the depredations of both parties; but on being set at liberty, he found his cattle gone, his fields trodden down, and his house without a door. Some banditti, disguised as patriots, and who went by the name of Contre Chouans, had carried off everything. On discovering his loss, René became furious. He ordered his wife to collect the few remaining articles, and bringing forth his musket from its hiding-place, he set off to join his brother in the wood of Mison.

‘This is all that the Bleus have left,’ said he, pointing to the bundle carried by his wife; ‘but if I do not kill as

many of them as they have stolen half-crowns from me, may I be a beggar all my life!'

Jean himself began to experience the first effects of despair in a feverish desire to undertake fresh enterprises; he hurried his band from the marshes of Maine to those of Brittany and back again, attacking any parties traversing the country, disarming the patriots, and delivering their prisoners. The affairs of Rougé Fen, Bourgon, St Mervhé, Grand Mail, and St Ouen, rapidly succeeded each other, and nearly all to the advantage of the Chouans; and René everywhere distinguished for his inexorable ferocity. According to Va-de-bon-cœur, 'the mere sight of the Bleus was sufficient to make his musket go off of itself!' He made no distinction between men and women; his taste for bloodshed was insatiable; at St Ouen especially, where the Chouans found it impossible to secure the booty, and consequently burned it, his rage was ungovernable. Jean endeavoured to check his barbarous proceedings as much as possible, but he was nearly the only one who disapproved of them. Violence has so much of the appearance of energy—a quality ever admired through sympathy by the strong, and by the weak through fear. Jean deprived his brother of arms several times, but all in vain—the latter always procuring a fresh musket, and continuing what he called his account of half-crowns against the Bleus.

The dismal incidents of this distracting civil war were occasionally varied by episodes of a less sombre nature. Whenever the absence of the republican troops permitted the Chouans to leave their hiding-places with safety, they either joined in the dance or rustic games of the province; or when, as not unfrequently happened, seized with a fit of religious fervour, assembled together at the churches, and sounded the *angélus*, which had perhaps not been heard for some time, and those who heard it were often affected to tears; and as the whole population knelt in prayer, the sound seemed, as Schiller describes so touchingly in his ballad, to call up all the pensive

memories of past joys—the pleasures of infancy, the raptures of marriage, and the sadness of death. It was, in fact, as if the poem of their lives had been recited by the voices of their native village.

Jean Chouan took no share in these enjoyments. Latterly, he had fallen into a state of gloom and misanthropy, and the mere sight of blood made him shudder with horror. One day, when engaged in intercepting a body of republican troops occupied in the transfer of prisoners from one town to another, he gave orders to his men on no account to fire until he gave the word, and he allowed the Bleus to pass without a shot. His companions, who greatly disapproved of Jean's proceedings, soon began to murmur, but were constantly answered by him with these words : 'The Cottereaus have killed far too many of God's creatures already, and He will not fail to avenge them.' These words seemed prophetic, for the Chouan brothers soon after heard of the arrest of their two sisters, Perrine and Renée. This news roused Jean from his torpor. The girls had been taken to Bourgneuf, from whence they were to be conveyed to Laval by a strong escort ; he determined to attempt their rescue. Unfortunately, the greater part of his men were absent, and he could only muster twenty-five ; but he made them swear by their hope in paradise, to save the girls or die to the last man. The little troop lay in ambush in the wood of Durondais, in a slight hollow surmounted by a thick hedge. Jean's companions had never before seen him so agitated ; he trembled violently, and could scarcely speak. Now he reminded them of the friendship they had ever professed for him, and entreated them to pray for success to their undertaking ; now he would start off to watch for the expected escort, but no sign of it appeared ; the day broke, and yet they did not come ; and, to add to the Chouans' discomfort, the rain began to fall and fill the hollow in which they were stationed, and presently they were up to their ankles in water. Jean, nearly out of his senses, often returned to press their hands, and exclaim with tears in his eyes : 'You will deliver them—will you

not? You will not abandon me in my distress?' and he as often received the same answer: 'Do not be alarmed, as long as you remain, we will do the same.'

Hours passed on in this manner, and the rain still continued; from their ankles the water had mounted to their knees, and not a morsel had passed the lips of any one of them for four-and-twenty hours.

At last, when night again arrived, Jean was touched with pity for men who could so uncomplainingly devote themselves for his sake.

'Go, my brave lads,' he said, 'the Bleus must have been detained by the bad weather; to-morrow, we will return and await them.' But when left alone with Miellette, he said to him: 'Return to Misdon with the men, I am going to Bourgneuf, for my heart misgives me.'

These misgivings turned out true presentiments! At Bourgneuf, Jean learned that his sisters had been conveyed early in the morning to Ernée by another road. On arriving at Ernée, he found that they had been sent on to Mayenne. He followed them there, and they had again started for Laval. Jean then returned to Misdon, to take counsel with Miellette. Among his other talents, the latter possessed the art of disguising himself to perfection: no one knew better than he how to feign the appearance of an old woman; and procuring the necessary costume, he departed for Laval, to obtain such intelligence as he could.

He returned the same evening, but so troubled that he entered the hut where Jean was awaiting him without perceiving him. Jean guessed what had happened from his pale and agitated countenance.

'They have murdered them!' he cried, starting up.

'Alas, yes!' replied Miellette; 'but it may be some consolation to you to know, that in dying they proved themselves worthy of the name they bore.' He then proceeded to relate that he had seen them conducted to the guillotine. Renée, who was scarcely sixteen years of age wept a little, and seemed to tremble as she walked; but Perrine supported her, and encouraged her in a low tone,

to die without fear. When the moment came for them to mount the ladder, she had assisted Renée; and herself suffered last, that she might spare her sister the horror of witnessing her death. When her own turn arrived, she had approached the dreadful machine as calmly as if she had been entering a church; and before the fatal blow was given, she uttered the two characteristic cries of 'Long live the king!' and 'Long live my brother, the Chouan!' Miellette had then mingled with the throng around the scaffold, and succeeded in dipping a handkerchief in the blood of the two sisters, which he now gave to Jean. The latter had listened to Miellette's account without a word; he thanked him with a motion of his head; took the handkerchief, and after regarding it attentively, hid it in his bosom, where at his death it was found. He did not shed a tear, but from that day he was never seen to smile, or heard to utter a word which was not absolutely necessary. He refused to attend the meeting of the insurgents of Bas Maine, and would take no part in any of the proposed expeditions.

'I am a doomed man, and have no desire to include others in my own certain ruin!' was his answer to those who attempted to remonstrate with him.

At last, having stopped one day at the farm of Babinière with his men, they were surprised by a detachment of Bleus, and obliged to fly. Jean had escaped, when hearing René's wife calling for help, he returned, assisted her to clear a ditch, and then turned and fronted the Republicans, to cover her retreat. He thus became a target to the Bleus, and fell at last covered with wounds, but still possessed sufficient strength to drag himself to a neighbouring hedge, where, after the skirmish, his companions found him. They placed him on a blanket, and carrying it by the four corners, conveyed him back to Misdon, where he survived until the next day, and employed the time allowed him to encourage and strengthen his companions, naming his successor to the command, and giving appropriate advice and consolation to each. In these last adieus, there was something so calm and noble, so

entirely devoid of all earthly interest, that those who were present could never after speak of that scene without emotion.

Jean's comrades dreaded for his remains a repetition of the outrages committed on those of François, and buried him in the most retired spot of the wood. The grass was first carefully raised, a grave six feet deep dug, and then, after carefully laying the corpse in, the earth was well trodden down, lest any inequality of the ground should betray the spot of sepulture; and, last of all, the sods of grass were replaced, watered, and scattered over with dead leaves.

Such was the end of this extraordinary man, who gave his name to a civil war compared to which, according to General Hoche, *all others were mere child's play*. Still he was but the precursor of the great struggle in which Jambé d'Argent and M. Jacques were the heroes. Destitute of all elementary instruction and general ideas, Jean Chouan neither knew how to develop revolt, nor organise it when developed: he entirely wanted political capacity. Throughout all the struggles and hazardous expeditions in which he was engaged, he still remained the Manceau peasant, confining his ideas to the duty next to be performed. Affection and family interest were the main-springs of the performances which have entitled him to historical fame. But the main quality necessary to the head of a party was entirely wanting in him—ambition. Consequently, his death but slightly affected the insurrection: his work was accomplished, he disappeared, and others took his place. The very spot where his remains rest is unknown to all but such of his companions of Misdon who survive; but be it where it may, he well deserves the noblest epitaph a man can aim at. *He died for the cause he believed to be the right.*

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

ONE evening the illustrious composer, Mozart, was seated at his piano, not engaged in playing, but with his head resting upon his hand. His look was that of one who had just undergone some severe physical exertion, and is left by it weak and exhausted. A hectic flush was yet upon his cheek, and an unnatural glow in his fine large eyes. 'My dear Wolfgang,' said the wife of the musician, entering the room while he was in this condition, 'you have again, I see, made yourself ill—worse than before. Oh why, for my sake, will you not refrain from this incessant labour?' As she spoke, she kissed his pale brow tenderly, and a tear rose to her eye.

'It is in vain, my love,' answered Mozart; 'I cannot avoid my destiny. Were I placed on a barren rock, or in the deserts of Africa, with neither instrument nor paper within a hundred miles of me, my thoughts would be equally intent on my divine art; I should exhaust myself not less than I do here. To follow out the suggestions of fancy, and commit them to paper, is not the weakening or toilsome portion of my occupations. On the contrary, I derive pleasure and refreshment from the fulfilment of my conceptions. The preliminary workings of the brain are the causes of exhaustion, and those I cannot put a stop to. It is my fate, Constance; it is my fate!'

The composer seemed so much wearied as he uttered these words, that his attached wife pressed him to lie down upon the sofa, and endeavour to snatch some minutes of sleep. Mozart complied with her suggestion, and having seen him comfortably placed, his wife retired.

The ailing composer—for he had been ill, very ill, for some months—was not destined, however, to enjoy his repose for any length of time. He was roused by a

servant, who informed him that a stranger desired to speak with him.

‘Shew him this way,’ said the musician, rising from his recumbent position.

The visitor was immediately introduced. He was a person of very striking appearance, tall and commanding in stature. His countenance was peculiarly grave, solemn, and even awe-striking; and his manners were dignified and impressive. Altogether, his aspect was such as to arrest the attention of Mozart in a forcible manner. ‘I come,’ said the stranger, after bowing courteously to the composer’s salutation, ‘to request a peculiar favour from you. A friend, whose name I am required not to mention, wishes to have a solemn mass composed, as a requiem for the soul of a dear relative, recently lost, whose memory he is desirous of honouring in an especial manner. You alone, he conceives, have the power to execute the task worthily, and I am here to pray you to undertake it.’

Mozart, though unwell, saw no great difficulty in such a task as this, and he even felt that to one so interesting in look and deportment as the stranger, it would have been difficult for him to refuse a much harder matter. ‘In what time,’ said he after a pause, ‘must the work be completed?’

‘In a month or so,’ answered the stranger; ‘and expense is not to be considered. Make your own terms for remuneration.’

Mozart mentioned a moderate sum. The stranger immediately pulled out a purse, and taking from it 100 ducats—a sum exceeding the composer’s demand—laid the money on the table. Immediately afterwards, he took his leave.

The concealment of the name of the party requiring the requiem, and the remarkable air and appearance of the stranger, caused this visit to make a strong impression on the sensitive mind of the great master. It was not long after the stranger had left ere Mozart commenced to the work which he had engaged to perform. He had

been brooding over the subject for a time, and suddenly started up, and called for writing-materials. For a period he proceeded in his composition with extraordinary ardour, but the excitement of the task was hurtful to him. His fainting-fits returned, and for some successive days he was confined to bed.

As soon as he was able, he resumed his occupation, but being too enthusiastic to proceed with only moderate diligence, he soon brought back his illness. Thus it was that the work was carried on by fits and starts. One day, when his wife was hanging over him, as he sat at his piano, he abruptly stopped and said: 'The conviction has seized me, that I am writing my own requiem. This will be my own funeral service!'

At the end of the month, the stranger made his appearance punctually. 'I have found it impossible to keep my word,' said Mozart; 'this work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design.'

'Then take a little additional time,' answered the stranger.

'Another month,' said Mozart, 'and it shall be ready.'

'For this added trouble,' returned the stranger, 'there must be an additional recompense. With these words he drew his purse, and laying down fifty ducats, took his leave, with the promise to return again at the time appointed.

Mozart resumed his labours, and the requiem proceeded. Every day the composer grew more and more enthusiastic in the prosecution of his task, but every day his bodily powers became more and more enfeebled. The impression which he had communicated to his wife gained additional strength, and the more so as his endeavours to discover the name and character of the interesting and mysterious stranger proved unavailing. He had ordered a servant to follow the stranger on the occasion of his last visit, but the man had returned with the announcement, that the object of his pursuit had suddenly *disappeared* from

before his eyes ! Inquiries amongst friends were equally fruitless. These circumstances, as we have said, deepened the conviction on Mozart's mind that he was composing his own requiem, and composing it at no earthly command. This idea, so likely to impress the romantic spirit of the great composer, rather favoured than impeded the completion of the requiem. As his physical powers decayed, the zeal of the composer increased. He finished the task as far as he considered necessary, and almost immediately afterwards, the soul of Mozart left its mortal tenement.

When the stranger returned—for he did return at the appointed day—Mozart was no more. Strange to tell, the visitor shewed now no anxiety for the requiem, and it was left to serve as a commemoration of the great master himself. It is yet well known by the name of *Mozart's Requiem*.

This story has been often told in nearly the above terms. Mr Hogarth's agreeable volume, *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*, enables us to add all that is known or conjectured with respect to the mysterious stranger. 'The *Requiem* was afterwards completed by Sussmayer, a composer of considerable eminence, who was a friend of Mozart's family. The circumstances under which this work was composed, and the state in which it was when Mozart's pen was arrested by death, have occasioned, at different times, a good deal of controversy in Germany; but the matter has not been fully cleared up. In the year 1827, an edition of the *Requiem* was published by André, a respectable music-publisher at Offenbach, the preface to which contains all the information on the subject that can now be obtained. From M. André's statements, it would appear that the person by whom Mozart was employed to compose this work, was a Count Waldseck, who, having lost his wife, took it into his head not to obtain, but to pretend to compose a requiem to her memory; that he determined to procure a composition of which the reputed authorship would do him credit; and that his steward was Mozart's mys-

terious visitant. M. André's evidence amounts to a presumption, and nothing more, that this might have been the case ; but the truth will now probably never be ascertained.

OPIUM-SMOKING.

LORD JOCKLYN, late military secretary to the China mission, in a small work published some years ago—*Six Months with the Chinese Expedition*—makes the following observations on opium-smoking, which prevails not only in China, but in the adjacent islands of India :—

‘One of the objects at this place [Singapore] that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his heaven ; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although perhaps not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike stupor, however, of the opium debauchee, has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. Pity, if possible, takes the place of other feelings, as we watch the faded cheek and haggard look of the being abandoned to the power of the drug ; whilst disgust is uppermost at the sight of the human creature levelled to the beast by intoxication. [What beast !—we do not know any animal but man who indulges in intoxicating liquors.]

‘One of the streets in the centre of the town is wholly devoted to the shops for the sale of this poison ; and here in the evening may be seen, after the labours of the day are over, crowds of Chinese, who seek these places to satisfy their depraved appetites. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the

admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head, The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held to the drug during the process of inhaling; and from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office.

'A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain; and it is only when to a certain extent under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages—some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they had been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished for consummation. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building—a species of dead-house—where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.'

Lord Jocelyn contends that the stoppage of the opium trade from India would prove most disastrous to British interests in that great empire. The rajahs and petty princes are the chief growers of the poppy, and it is

important to conciliate their favour. The best opium is produced in Malwah, a district of India. From that quarter it pays at Bombay a duty of 125 rupees (L.12, 10s.) per chest, fetching in that market from 400 to 500 rupees (L.40 to L.50). This quantity sells on the Chinese coast for 700 dollars (L.151, 5s. 4d.), and perhaps much more. The temptation to get so large a profit sets all plans for stopping the trade at defiance. 'The opium-trade,' his lordship observes, 'however hateful it may appear in the eyes of many, is, it must be recollected, a source of great benefit to the Indian government, returning, I have heard, a revenue of upwards of L.2,500,000 yearly. It therefore becomes those who are so eager for its suppression, to point out some method of making up the serious defalcation of revenue that must necessarily accrue to the Indian government, whose expenses already outrun its present income.' The question, which is surrounded with a thousand difficulties, ought to be treated calmly, and on large and enlightened views.

STORY OF FISHER WILLIE:

A TRADITION OF FIFE.

THE castle of Dreel is a place well known to all who have traversed the coasts of the county of Fife. Its ruins overhang the harbour of Easter Anstruther, at a point precisely opposite to the church of Wester Anstruther, and they shew it to have been a fortalice, or baronial keep, of no slight strength. Its eyrie-like position on the rocky edge of the deep, would of course add greatly to its security. In long-past days, the castle of Dreel was the dwelling-place of the Anstruthers of that ilk, the seigniorial lords of the district around; and people even at the present day hold in particular remembrance

one of the early barons of this family, named by tradition *Fisher Willie*, who flourished in the reign of Robert III., at the beginning of the fifteenth century. He is said to have been devotedly partial to the more adventurous scenes at least of the fisherman's life, and to have accompanied his fishing dependents and neighbours on their excursions, in all seasons of peculiar peril, acting always as keenly and warmly as if he had been by profession a hunter of the creatures of the ocean. It was not always, moreover, that the fishermen of the Forth-mouth, in those days, had leave to follow their trade in peace—their national enemies beyond Berwick, as well as their hostile neighbours nearer home, being apt frequently to intrude upon their proceedings; and Fisher Willie knew no higher glory than to head his vassals and friends in the hand-to-hand contests which sometimes agitated the surface of the firth from such causes and on such occasions.

Sir William Anstruther (for Fisher Willie was a belted knight, and one, too, of no carpet kind) was scarcely past the prime of life at the time when we would introduce him to the reader. He had two children, a son and a daughter, the former of whom had been at the court of King Robert almost from boyhood; while the fair Margaret dwelt with her sire in the castle of Dreel, and, by her attention to the comforts of the rough but generous-hearted knight, made up to him for the early loss of her mother. This flower of the household was one day summoned hastily to his presence—a command which she no sooner received than she hastened to obey. She presented, in figure and aspect, such a contrast to the fisher-baron, that it might have been difficult for a stranger to believe that she bore so near a relationship to him as that of a child to a father. Sir William was of a tall and powerful frame, and looked like one who had braved many a blast by sea and land; while his daughter, though not deficient in height, was cast in a mould of exceeding slightness, heightened in its fairy-like effect by her light hair and complexion, and pure blue eyes. This gentle apparition entered the private apartment of the

stout knight somewhat hastily, as if she knew her summoner to be imperious, though kind.

Sir William had a paper in his hands at her entrance. He lifted his eyes quickly, and seemed about to speak to her regarding it, but on casting a glance at her countenance, he dropped the paper again on his knee, and was silent a moment. A frown gathered on his brow.

'By my honour, Meg,' said he harshly, 'you have been again in tears! What! have I disturbed your tender sorrows? I told you to have done with this, girl, and I looked to be obeyed.'

'Father, dear father!' answered the young lady, to whose eye the tear had now indeed started, 'I ever endeavour to obey you.'

'Endeavour!' said the knight with additional ill-humour; 'doubtless you have been sitting moping in your chamber, plaining against the tyranny of your father. Why, girl, if you were true blood of mine, your very flesh would shrink at the approach of a Home, though you knew him not.' Sir William was silent for a minute, and then proceeded a little more mildly. 'All this comes of my own folly in letting you go to the court, though it was but for a month or two. Your silly brother would have it so, and I am rewarded by getting back a changeling in place of my own good Meg.'

'No, dearest father,' replied the daughter, encouraged to throw her arms around his neck, and press her lips to his brow, 'I am unchanged, at least in love and respect for you. Only I knew not—till he followed me hither, and was seen by you—that you had an aversion to Patrick Home and his house.'

'Aversion, truly! a gentle word!' returned the knight; 'and you knew not of this aversion! Could not any old dame, within fifty miles of us, have told you how my grandfather was killed on the firth by these Homes and their horder marauders?'

'Indeed, I knew nought of all this, dear father,' said Margaret; 'but, knowing your feelings and wishes now, I strive to yield them all due obedience.'

'Well, well,' answered the knight, clearing up his brow, 'be dutiful, Meg, and be cheerful. And now,' continued he, 'to other gear. Here is somewhat concerns you of a different sort. To your tiring-maiden, Meg, and bid her see to her office! Look you here!' Sir William then shewed his daughter an invitation which had come to them, clerkly worded, from their neighbour the Laird of Thirdpart, who let them know that he would hold himself highly honoured by their presence on the morrow, at his 'poor house of Thirdpart.' The language of the invitation was respectful and courteous in the extreme. 'Now, this is well,' said the baron to his daughter, after they had perused the paper; 'I scarce thought our neighbour had manliness enough to forget the rebukes I was forced to give him, both about his presumption in respect to thee, Meg, and his attempts to make himself the king of the walk here. But I am glad to see that he can stomach his ire in a manly way, and keeps up no grudge. I shall ever think the better of him for it. Be ready, girl, and let us shew him all fair courtesy.'

'I like him not, father,' said Margaret, 'and can scarce think that there can be much of good in his thoughts towards us.'

'Tush, girl!' returned Sir William; 'hast thou the vanity to think no man can like thy pretty face at one time, but he must sigh for it to the end of his days? It pleases me to find that our neighbour has a better soul in him than I thought, and we shan't balk his feasting. Be ready, and I will see that a fair answer be returned to this same friendly cartel.'

Leaving Sir William Anstruther and his beauteous daughter to themselves, let the reader proceed with us to the mansion of Thirdpart, a low-built structure of comparatively recent erection, in a private apartment of which sat the master of the dwelling with two of his friends. Margaret Anstruther had, upon the whole, some reason, so far as looks went, for not being favourable to the Laird of Thirdpart. Though a man in the prime of life, he was low in stature, with a countenance which

betokened acuteness, but in the shape of low cunning. Altogether, the expression was a sinister one, though perhaps, if asked to say where the unpleasing characteristics lay, one might have found it difficult to answer. The Laird of Thirdpart was, in reality, a man of despicable passions, and formed a good specimen of the dissolute men of the period, when such law as existed met with little respect, and private feuds led to a commission of the worst of crimes. The ill-regulated mind of the laird had, it appears, fired at the rebuke of his neighbour the knight of Dreel, and now contemplated that species of revenge which the Scottish landed gentry at the time seldom scrupled to perform, either by their own hand or that of hired assassins. A vassal, who knew no law but his master's will, was generally employed in these vengeful offices; and such the Laird of Thirdpart would have enlisted in his cause, but for the timely arrival at his house of a wandering beggar or gaberlunzie, whose form, manner, and apparently audacious character, seemed to sanction his being engaged for the purpose. What were the precise inducements held out on the occasion, tradition does not say; and it is enough to know that the wanderer, who, in his rambles in the district, had sought a temporary residence at Thirdpart, was to remain for a day or two in the mansion, and to take an opportunity of murdering the expected guest.

According as the story runs, the ragged mendicant comported himself, on the night of his arrival at Thirdpart, in a manner not to be expected from one of his apparent character. For more than two hours after retiring from the hall, to the mean apartment allotted for his rest during the night, he never stirred, but remained watchful like a sentinel at his post. At length, all sounds having ceased in the house, he raised his head in an attitude so indicative of alertness and attention, that it was plain he had hitherto lain in meditation not sleep. In a short time, he rose from his couch, and lifting the lamp, went softly to the window. It was a high square one, not more than a foot and a half in diameter, and was

no further secured than by the strong wooden frame, which was not hinged or movable. With the help of the table, the beggar examined it closely, and then, stepping down, he took from his dress a strong knife, and ungirt a rope of considerable length, which was wound round his person beneath his rags. With great caution, he began to force off the whole frame of the window, and, after much working, succeeded in getting it down without noise. The vagrant then fastened one end of the rope to a hook above the window, and, after bolting the door of his room, he passed his body backwards through the window, and by means of the rope, aided by the grasp of his feet upon the wall, descended safely to the ground. Leaving the rope hanging, he then cautiously but swiftly passed from the precincts of the house of Thirdpart, guided on his way by the light of a half full-moon.

Within an hour afterwards, the mendicant reached the castle of Dreel, and with some difficulty procured an audience of its proprietor. His story was soon told, and to wondering ears.

‘Sir William, your life is in danger. You have been invited to Thirdpart on the morrow at noon!’

‘I have,’ said the knight.

‘You are asked thither to be *murdered!*’ returned the beggar.

At command of Sir William, the stranger then detailed the whole of the circumstances of the previous day, and disclosed the proposal made to himself. The startled knight cross-questioned the man relative to all the parties and particulars, and found the whole statement so clear, that conviction forced itself upon his mind. A pause then ensued.

‘And how come you,’ said the knight suddenly, casting a sharp glance at the stranger, ‘to take so much friendly interest in me, as to risk thy life, perhaps, to give me this warning?’

As if conscious that the act did appear strange, the beggar looked down, and it was with some hesitation that

he replied : ' No true man should stand idly by, and see a brave gentleman borne down by traitors.'

' Ha !' said the knight, ' is this language natural to one in thy station ?'

' A poor man, Sir William, may be a true man,' said the other.

' What if I detain thee to await the issue of this affair, and put thy truth to the test ?' returned the baron.

The vagrant looked up, and replied, quietly but firmly : ' You will then, Sir William, give warning to your enemies of their betrayal, and put them so on their guard, that they may either make light of any accusation brought against them, or defy your power of retaliation. To permit proof of my words to appear, I must return to Thirdpart, and be found in the morning where I was left at night.'

Sir William thought deeply for a few moments. ' Yes,' said he, ' I will give them plot for plot ! Return, friend, to Thirdpart. We shall meet again, I doubt not, when I may thank thee more fully for this service than is now in my power.'

Once without the castle, the beggar started off at speed, and soon reached Thirdpart. By means of the rope and the activity of his limbs he reascended to his chamber. All was undisturbed. By the first light of dawn, he replaced the window as carefully as possible, and then, for the first time after his strange night-adventures, the vagrant slept soundly.

The Laird of Thirdpart received a disappointment in the morning. A messenger from the castle of Dreel announced that its lord had become suddenly unwell, though not to a very severe extent. ' So hopeful, indeed, was Sir William Anstruther of the speedy disappearance of his ailment, that he prayed his neighbour of Thirdpart, with all courtesy, to visit him on the following day.' So ran the important part of the missive. The Laird of Thirdpart saw nothing in these circumstances, excepting the occurrence of an unforeseen accident ; and he hugged himself with the consoling idea, that his revenge was but

postponed, not frustrated. He even imagined that his visit to Dreel would improve matters, by throwing the knight more off his guard ; though Thirdpart was sensible that Sir William, under any circumstances, was open and unsuspecting in temperament. The laird took care to warn certain confederates of what had happened, and he also had a conference with the beggar, whom he found in the morning quietly asleep in his place of confinement.

‘The service which I looked for at your hands cannot be done to-day,’ said Thirdpart.

‘And when may it be done?’ said the other.

‘That cannot be told at present,’ returned the laird ; ‘but the matter will be executed soon—soon, I hope. All you have in the meanwhile to do is to be at hand, and ready. Here you can find no difficulty in loitering about in your roguish profession, and be noway troubled for your safety. A boat, with a trusty hand to row it, waits at Elie, to carry you afterwards across the firth to Lothian.’

To this charge there was no remonstrance, and the treacherous laird shortly afterwards set out for the castle of Dreel. The distance being short, and the visit being one not of state but neighbourly courtesy, Thirdpart went alone, trusting also, by this show of easy and friendly confidence, to further the great purpose which he had in view, and which his dastardly spirit had brooded over, until all idea of its criminality had disappeared. It was true that in those days kings, and barons, and gentry, were all alike unscrupulous on occasions, and could take away the lives of guests sitting at their boards with confident trust in the ties of hospitality. Such deeds were not then viewed in the light which their guilt deserved ; and it was comparatively easy for the actors, by money or influence, to exonerate themselves from the vengeance of the law, or other consequences that might follow. But, on the whole, men knew well enough that such actions were vile crimes. Thirdpart was sufficiently aware of this, but the rankling sense of imaginary insults

led him to forget it, and to meditate a retaliation far, far exceeding the offence.

The knight of Dreel was made aware of Thirdpart's approach to the castle. Fisher Willie was, as we have said, naturally generous in spirit, but hot-tempered, and, like all of his class and race at the time, prone to revenge. Since the communication of the beggar had been made, the knight had meditated upon the intended assassination, until he had wrought himself into a state of wrath which he found it difficult, almost perilous, to keep within bounds. On hearing of the coming of his foe, he snatched up a pole-axe, and rushed to the landing-place at the top of the winding stair of the castle, by which Thirdpart had necessarily to ascend. The unsuspecting traitor came up the steps, with his smoothest looks called up to meet the knight. Behind him came one of the domestics of the castle, and in the train of this man followed an unnoticed guest, with quick but quiet steps. This was the beggar, who, imagining probably that the fiery knight might take some measures likely to be affected by his presence, had followed Thirdpart unperceived. But the vagrant could not foresee what the hot and rash knight was to do.

'Base traitor!' cried Sir William, at once fronting Thirdpart on the landing-place, and raising his pole-axe to his shoulder; 'how darest thou pollute this castle with thy presence? How darest thou come to smile to-day on the man whom, hadst thou attained thy base ends, thou wouldst have stabbed yesterday to the heart?'

At this sudden and unexpected charge, the conscious Thirdpart grew pale as death, and staggered backwards. His lips moved, but, in the shock of the moment, he uttered no audible words. 'Look behind thee!' cried the furious knight, whose eye had lighted on the beggar, 'and confess thy guilt!' Thirdpart unconsciously obeyed. When he saw the vagrant, he started, and could not restrain the word 'Traitor!' The word was a rash one. 'Traitor is he?' roared the knight; 'thou art the traitor,

and shalt die a traitor's death!' And as he spoke, the axe descended on the head of Thirdpart, and laid him lifeless on the spot where he stood.

The passion which dictated this dreadful act quickly abated; and while the domestic and the beggar looked with anxious faces on the body of the slain traitor, Sir William himself said, in a low voice: 'It was a hasty deed!' A long silence ensued. The reason of the knight gradually resumed its full sway, and his thoughtfulness indicated that he had become fully alive to the possible consequences of what had passed. Thirdpart was not without friends, and, through ignorance of the motives, the action might be viewed in a very unfavourable light—one much more so, at least, than those who knew the whole case would certainly view it in. 'The king! the king!' cried Sir William at length, starting from his remorseful musing; 'the king must be told all! He alone can remedy this evil hap!'

Within an hour or two afterwards, the knight of Dreel was ready to take the road, with an attendant or two. He had seen his daughter, and though the rashness of her parent had called forth many tears, the knight had partly succeeded in soothing her, and quieting her anxious fears for the consequences. 'Fear not, child, I know my royal master well,' said he. 'A thought has struck me, which I will pursue.' Accordingly, after giving particular orders for the detention of the beggar, the knight set out on his journey.

Sir William was not long in reaching the palace. Without delay, he presented himself before the king. 'A boon, a boon, my liege!' was the exclamation of the knight as he knelt before his sovereign.

'What! my burly knight of Anstruther! Welcome, welcome! How doth the fair Margaret? One word of her before aught else.'

'My daughter is well, royal sir,' replied Sir William. 'But, may it please you, listen to the suit I have humbly to prefer.'

'Speak, Sir William Anstruther,' said the king; 'it

will be a hard asking which I will refuse to a tried servant like thee.'

'I have, then, my liege,' returned Sir William gravely, 'to beg that I may live to wear the coat now upon my back, and to possess all that is in it.'

The seriousness with which this seemingly droll petition was preferred tickled the fancy of the king, as well as of the others present, and they burst into prolonged laughter. 'Thou hast thy boon, Sir William, and thy *suit* along with it,' said Robert. The courtiers were bound to laugh at the royal joke, and all enjoyed the continued solemnity of Fisher Willie's look a little longer, until one of them, with the remark that the knight was never deemed silly, suggested that the king should call for an explanation of the petition. 'I have no fears that evil lurks under it,' said Robert; 'my Fisher-knight was never a terror to me with his quarrels, like some else.' The king's glance at the previous speaker gave point to the remark. Sir William Anstruther, though assured that the king would not retract his word, and that, by the device which he had used—a device, by the way, which was far from uncommon in these strange old times—he had secured life and lands, his *charter-deeds* being in his *coat-pocket*, yet felt it a difficult matter rightly to tell the rest of his story. The account of Thirdpart's death made the king start and look grave, but when the treacherous plot of the deceased was divulged, the cloud in a great measure disappeared. Finally, Robert confirmed his first decision, that the coat and its contents should stick by the knight as long as he could stick by them. The monarch only required that a statement of the affair should be put into his hands, additionally certified, if possible, by the confession of one of the surviving parties to the plot. 'But, mark me, Sir William,' were the sovereign's last words, 'no feuds with the friends of Thirdpart. Enough of blood has been shed. Claim my protection in case of assault, and the word of a king shall be kept with you.'

It was with a lightened heart that Fisher Willie entered

his own castle again, on the third day after his departure. 'All is well, all is well, Meg,' said he, as he kissed his daughter, and gave her an account of what had passed. 'And now, Meg,' said he, 'I have a debt to pay which must stand against me no longer.' Then calling his servants, he ordered them to bring the beggar before him. In a few minutes, the vagrant stood in presence of the knight and his daughter, with head respectfully bowed towards the ground.

'I owe this man my life,' said the knight, 'how thinkest thou, daughter, he should be repaid?'

'He has the warmest gratitude of a daughter, for the boon he has conferred, in saving a father from death,' said Margaret, with moist eyes.

'By my honour, but he shall have more,' returned the knight. 'How! are fathers so plenty, or of so little worth, or so lightly esteemed, that a daughter can give but the breath of her mouth for such an act as this? No, he must have more from thee, Meg!—to be brief, he must have thy *hand*!'

'Father!' exclaimed Margaret, in tones of extreme surprise.

'Yes,' said Sir William, 'such a debt can only be paid thus. He *shall* be thy husband! I swear it, by my father's bones!'

'Father! dearest father!' cried Margaret in tones of agony—heedless of the beggar, who had started forward with clasped hands; 'dearest father, do not break my heart! Oh, say you are not in earnest! I love another!'

'Pshaw, silly girl!' exclaimed the knight, startling his daughter still further by bursting into a hearty laugh; 'can an old man's eyes detect the face which he had but once seen, while a slight disguise can blind thine, *loving* though they be?' As he spoke, he seized the long black locks of the gaberlunzie, and, snatching them off, disclosed to view the short brown hair and fine features of a youth of two-and-twenty.

'Margaret! beloved Margaret!' said Patrick Home, 'such was the unveiled beggar. The young daughter

of the knight grew suddenly red and pale by turns, and her contending emotions ere long found vent in a flood of joyful tears. These were shed in her lover's arms, which were opened to receive her, and which folded her in an embrace the more exquisite to both, as former circumstances had given but little reason to hope that such a pleasure would ever fall to their lot—at least with a parent's full sanction, and under his eye.

We have now almost closed this traditional story of Fisher Willie and the fair Margaret Anstruther. Patrick Home, whom she had met at court and loved, as already hinted, made the avowal to the knight, that he had disguised himself as a beggar, in the hope of seeing his mistress once more; and that he had brought with him a rope, prepared at all risks to attempt the accomplishment of an interview with her, without whom he felt life a burden. That rope had been of signal use to him, when, by mere accident, he had been taken into the house of Thirdpart, and had become acquainted with the designs of that personage and his associates. The knowledge that Thirdpart had been a disappointed suitor of Margaret, the descriptions of the plotters, and other circumstances, had made him fully assured that Sir William Anstruther was the victim aimed at. The rest is known to the reader. To the delight of Margaret's ears, Sir William praised loudly young Home's courage and presence of mind, which had been the means of producing such an escape. The knight also took some individual credit for detecting the youth through his rags, and admitted that the grave train of thinking which his own rash act had led to on the journey to Stirling, had determined him to cease his feudal hatred, and reward Patrick Home by consenting to the match in which his happiness and that of Margaret seemed to be bound up.

Patrick Home, soon after these events, conveyed across the firth to Berwickshire one of the loveliest brides who ever entered the bounds of the Borders. We shall only further say, that regret for his rashness made Fisher Willie more temperate in his wrath throughout his re-

maining life, though some palliation of his act was derived from the confession, under promise of safety, of one of Thirdpart's associates. But, in truth, few in those days blamed Sir William for Thirdpart's death ; and the king, in honouring the knight with new heraldic bearings, even made him take the allusive device of a 'hand with a pole-axe,' with the motto 'Perissem ni perissem ;' in English, 'I should have perished, had I not gone through with it,' or 'had I not made another perish.' To this day, the Anstruthers bear these arms ; and it is also said that the coat in which Fisher Willie went to Stirling was preserved, up till within these few years, at the modern family seat of Elie House. It was an ample garment, and very rich. A thoughtless lady-descendant unluckily cut this relic to pieces.

VISIT TO THE VOLCANO OF KIRAUEA.

THIS volcano is situated in the southern part of the island of Owyhee, the largest of the group called the Sandwich Islands. Owyhee, like many of the islands of the Pacific, is of volcanic origin. Vast streams of lava have since flowed over the greater part of it—some of these have rolled on for thirty and more miles, and then precipitated themselves over the cliffs into the sea—and so late as the year 1800, a single current from one of the large craters filled up an extensive bay, twenty miles in length, and formed the present coast. The recent lava is quite bare, without even a blade of grass, while the more ancient has become decomposed, and is covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The scenery of the island is sublime : some of the mountains are from 15,000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. The following account of a visit to the great volcano has been drawn up for Professor Silliman, from the statements of two American captains, who visited it in 1838.

'Early in the morning, on the 7th of May, Captains Chase and Parker, in company with several others, left the port at Lord Byron's Bay, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated volcano Kirauea. After travelling a few miles through a delightful country, interspersed with hill and valley, and adorned with clusters of trees hung with the richest foliage, they came to a forest several miles in extent, so entangled with shrubs, and interwoven with creeping vines, that its passage was extremely difficult. On issuing from this, the scenery again wore a pleasing aspect, but was soon changed into a dreary waste. Their route was now in the direct course of a large stream of lava, thirty miles in length and four or five in breadth. The lava was of recent formation, with a surface in some places so slippery as to endanger falling, and in others so rugged as to render it toilsome and dangerous to pass. Scattered around were a few shrubs that had taken root in the volcanic sand and scorise, and on each side of the stream grew a stunted forest. Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea were seen in the distance, and on either side stretched the broad expanse of the ocean, mingling with the far horizon. The party had travelled nearly the whole extent of the current of lava before sunset; they were, however, much fatigued, and gladly took possession of a rude hut erected by the islanders, where they slept soundly through the night. Early the next morning, ere the sun rose, they resumed their journey, and soon a beautiful landscape broke upon their view; but its delightful scenery detained them only a few moments, for the smoke of the volcano was seen rising gracefully in the distance. Quickening their march, they arrived soon after nine o'clock at a smoking lake of sulphur and scorise, from which they collected some delicate specimens of crystallised sulphur, and proceeded on. The next object which attracted their attention, was a great fissure 500 or 600 feet from the crater. It was about 30 feet wide, 500 or 600 feet long, and from all parts of it constantly issued immense bodies of steam, so hot that the guides cooked potatoes over it in a few minutes. The

steam on meeting the cold air is condensed, and not far from the fissure on the north, is a beautiful pond formed from it, that furnishes very good water, and is the only place where it occurs for many miles. The pond is surrounded with luxuriant trees, and sporting on its surface were seen large flocks of wild-fowl. It was now ten o'clock, and the whole party, since passing the lake of sulphur, had been walking over a rugged bed of lava, and standing by the side of vast chasms, of fathomless depth. They had now arrived at the great crater of Kirauea, eight miles in circumference, and stood upon the very brink of a precipice, from which they looked down more than 1000 feet into a horrid gulf, where the elements of nature seemed warring against each other. Huge masses of fire were seen rolling and tossing like the billowy ocean. From its volcanic cones, continually burst lava, glowing with the most intense heat. Hissing, rumbling, agonising sounds came from the very depths of the dread abyss, and dense clouds of smoke and steam rolled from the crater.

'Such awful thrilling sights and sounds were almost enough to make the stoutest heart recoil with horror, and shrink from the purpose of descending to the great seat of action. But men who had been constantly engaged in the most daring enterprise—whose whole lives had been spent on the stormy deep—were not easily deterred from the undertaking. Each one of the party, with a staff to test the safety of the footing, now commenced a perilous journey down a deep and rugged precipice, sometimes almost perpendicular, and frequently intersected with frightful chasms. In about forty-five minutes, they stood upon the floor of the great volcano. Twenty-six separate volcanic cones were seen, rising from twenty to sixty feet; only eight of them, however, were in operation. Up several of those that were throwing out ashes, cinders, red-hot lava, and steam, they ascended; and so near did they approach to the crater of one, that with their canes they dipped out the liquid fire. Into another they threw large masses of scorise, but they were instantly tossed

high into the air. A striking spectacle in the crater at this time, was its lakes of melted lava. There were six; but one, the south-west, occupied more space than all the others. Standing by the side of this, they looked down more than 300 feet upon its surface, glowing with heat, and saw huge billows of fire dash themselves on its rocky shore--whilst columns of molten lava, sixty or seventy feet high, were hurled into the air, rendering it so hot that they were obliged immediately to retreat. After a few minutes the violent struggle ceased, and the whole surface of the lake was changing to a black mass of scorise; but the pause was only to renew its exertions, for while they were gazing at the change, suddenly the entire crust which had been formed commenced cracking, and the burning lava soon rolled across the lake, heaving the coating on its surface like cakes of ice upon the ocean surge. Not far from the centre of the lake there was an island which the lava was never seen to overflow; but it rocked like a ship upon a stormy sea. The whole of these phenomena were witnessed by the party several times, but their repetition was always accompanied with the same effects. They now crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater, which was frequently divided by huge fissures, and came to a ridge of lava, down which they descended about forty feet, and stood upon a very level plain, occupying one-fourth of the great floor of the crater. This position, however, was found very uncomfortable to the feet, for the fire was seen in the numerous cracks that intersected the plain only one inch from the surface. Captain Chase lighted his cigar in one of them, and with their walking-sticks they could in almost any place pierce the crust, and penetrate the liquid fire. Sulphur abounds everywhere in and around the volcano; but here the whole side of the precipice, rising more than 1000 feet, was one entire mass of sulphur. They ascended several feet, and were detaching some beautiful crystallised specimens, when accidentally a large body of it was thrown down, and that rolled into a broad crack of fire, and obliged them immediately to retreat, for the

fumes that rose nearly suffocated them. They had now been in the crater more than five hours, and would gladly have lingered ; but the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the cliffs above, and they commenced their journey upward, which occupied them about one hour and a quarter. They repaired to their rude hut, and while the shades of evening were gathering, despatched their frugal meal. Curiosity, however, would not allow them to sleep without revisiting the great crater. Groping along, they reached the edge of the precipice, and again looked down into the dread abyss, now lighted up by the glowing lava. The whole surface of the plain, where they had observed cracks filled with fire, appeared as though huge cables of molten lava had been stretched across it. While examining these splendid exhibitions, the entire plain, more than one-fourth of the whole crater, was suddenly changed into a great lake of fire ; its crusts and volcanic cones melted away and mingled with the rolling mass. They now hurried back, astonished at the sight, and shuddering at the recollection that only a few hours had elapsed since they were standing upon the very spot. The next morning they returned to the crater for the last time. Everything was in the same condition : the new lake still glowed with heat, the volcanic cones hurled high in the air red-hot stones mixed with ashes and cinders, and accompanied with large volumes of steam, hissing and cracking as it escaped, and the great lake in the southwest was still in an agitated state. The situation of the volcano Kirauea is very remarkable, differing from every other of which we have an account. It is not a truncated mountain, rising high above the surrounding country, and visible from every quarter, nor is it seen until the traveller, after crossing an elevated plain near the foot of Mouna Roa, suddenly arrives at a precipice from which he looks down into its dread immensity.'—*Athenæum*.

THE CONSCRIPTION:

A FRENCH STORY.

IN one of the later years of the Empire in France, at a time when the conscription laid its terrible hands on the flower of the youth of the country, and sent them off, reluctantly or unreluctantly, to the field of battle, the society of a certain small town in one of the central departments received a notable addition in the person of the Baron de Valville, a returned emigrant. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, yet his figure retained all the erectness and elegance of early manhood. He was understood to be of one of the principal families of Normandy, and had come, it was said, to a country residence, in order to recover from the harassing effects of exile on body and mind. The little circle into which he stepped was delighted with the refined polish of his manners, and the intellectual charms of his conversation. Young men, of any rank, were scarce in those days, and the baron had few competitors in his course to popularity, and to the favour, in particular, of the ladies. His fifty years were almost forgotten, and might have been wholly so, had not his temples been undeniably whitened a little by time. The only rival, almost, of the baron, was a young man, named Florestan de Blavaux. At the first appearance of the baron, this youth had cast upon him a doubtful eye, as if afraid that the hour of M. de Valville's captivations had not yet passed by. Indeed, there was a more special and precise reason for the alarm of Blavaux—he was in love.

Some time after the baron had settled down in his new scene, Blavaux and he met in a spot where they were almost obliged to converse. The baron could not help smiling at the appearance of the other. Though young, tall, and well-formed, Blavaux wore immense blue

spectacles, and leaned over his cane, as if bent down by years. He saw the baron's scanning glance, and said, half seriously, half smilingly: 'You see before you, sir, a victim of war.'

'What!' said De Valville, 'you have served, then?—you have been wounded?'

'Wounded! yes; ruined by the enemy that wounds us all,' replied Blavaux.

'Your property has been ravaged by the enemy, perhaps?' said the baron inquiringly.

'Yes; the enemy called the conscription,' was the answer: 'for ten years I have struggled with it, and, unequal as was the contest, as yet I have triumphed. But at what a cost! dear have been my victories! Sir, I have given eight defenders to my country—I have eight representatives under our banners. You know how costly substitutes always are. Mine have cost me ten thousand francs apiece.'

'That makes in all eighty thousand francs,' said the baron—'a goodly sum!'

'Yes,' continued Blavaux in a rueful tone; 'to defray the expenses, I was obliged to sell my property. I had fifteen thousand livres of income, and now I have but three. One or two new conscriptions, and I am a beggar. Our fighting government won't hear reason. It is in vain for me to tell them that I am already a soldier—in fact, that I am eight soldiers at once; that I am serving in three armies, fighting in three places—north, east, and south; that I have received more than thirty wounds, and have lost three legs and five arms; and that I have even been twice killed on the field of battle. It is needless for me to tell them all this, true as it is. The government simply say: "We have need of men, and we take you." Never was there such a system! Being no longer able to pay with my purse, I am growing ill to avoid new and worse evils. I have certificates of rheumatism, and can prove that my sight is weakening daily.'

The baron smiled at this tirade. 'Excellent pretences for escaping being a hero!'

'Yes, baron,' said Blavaux, 'that is all very well. But my sufferings are not without some alloy of good. I have made great sacrifices for my country, and enjoy an advantage in being left almost alone—the only young man in the place. I may marry well.'

'And have you fixed on an object?' replied the baron.

'I have,' said Blavaux after a short pause; 'I have fixed my affections—yes, affections—on a certain object, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of speaking to you on the subject. Bow, and smile, and flirt, baron, with all the world but one person.'

'And who may that be?' said De Valville.

'Madame de Nercy,' returned the young man; 'I have given my heart to the young and charming widow. I know that she will not give away her hand but to one of her own age; so that you need not come in my path with serious intentions. Pray be warned! I will not bear interference in that quarter. Flirt with all else whom you please.'

The baron only laughed at Blavaux's injunctions; nor did he afterwards alter his conduct in the slightest degree towards Madame de Nercy. On the contrary, he was continually by her side, and seemed ever to call up his whole powers of pleasing when in her presence. He was in some measure not unsuccessful. The lady seemed to listen to him with delight; but Blavaux had not misrepresented her, in ascribing to her a dislike to matches, where the age was unequal. She had, in truth, suffered too much in her former wedded state, from the disparity of tastes caused by disparity of years, not to feel strongly on the subject. Thus it chanced that, when she had listened long to the attractive converse of the baron, she used to cast a glance at his gray locks, and think to herself: 'What a pity that he is fifty!' Widows are famed for telling their mind with freedom, and the baron was not long in catching up some expressions from her lips which revealed the state of her thoughts.

'Then you will only wed with one of your own age, lady!' said the baron.

‘I confess to that weakness,’ returned Madame de Nercy with a smile.

‘You are in error,’ said the baron; ‘men of mature years’——

‘Oh, pray do not trouble yourself to praise them!’ interrupted the lady; ‘my poor dead husband was of your years, and though he was as good a soul as ever lived, I learned from him that age and youth cannot assort together.’

‘Then why not marry your admirer Blavaux!’ said the baron.

‘Pshaw, Blavaux!’ replied the lady; ‘he is young, to be sure, but I will never wed a man who would hide in a closet or a tub to avoid the conscription. No, no,’ continued Madame de Nercy, ‘I am in no hurry; I will wait for the *peace*. And in the meantime, baron, do you try with all your might to grow young again. If you were twenty years younger—we should see, we should see, baron!’

M. de Valville was silent for some time. He then said: ‘Madame de Nercy, you encourage me to give utterance to a secret. I am a man of fifty, and young again I shall never be; but I have a son, the very image of myself in person, and fully twenty years younger. In him I see my very self, as I was at his age. Madame, my son loves you. He saw you but once, at a ball in Paris, during your last visit. He learned who you were; but, alas! he is so unfortunately circumstanced as to be unable to appear and own his love. Our family have ever been Royalists, and my ill-fated son was mad enough to join in a conspiracy against those in power. The plot was discovered, and he became a proscribed fugitive. For some time, he has been concealed in my own house, not in this town, but at the little country villa which I purchased near to yours. From that concealment he would ere now have burst to throw himself at your feet but for my entreaties. I promised to plead his cause with you, that he might not risk his life by exposing himself to the chance of seizure by the police. You have

now given me an opportunity to fulfil my word. Ah, madame, take pity upon him—take pity upon me! Consent to see him, and hear him plead his own cause!’

This strange revelation made a strong impression on the fair widow. A beautiful young man, deeply in love, and a proscribed fugitive, presented a most charmingly romantic picture to her fancy. ‘I go to the country to-morrow,’ said she, after some moments of blushing, yet not unpleasing confusion, ‘and you may come to me at eight in the morning. We will go together.’

‘Ah, madame,’ replied M. de Valville, ‘that is a pleasure which prudence forbids me to enjoy. Beyond a doubt, my movements are secretly watched. My son will be left to greater freedom and safety by my remaining here. In truth, it would be well for me to avert suspicion by going to some other place.’

The widow was somewhat averse to go alone, but the difficulty was got over by her resolving to take a confidential friend with her. To the country, accordingly, she went on the following day. Soon after her arrival, she received a visit from a young man, whom she could not look upon without surprise. He was the very image of his father. It was the same figure twenty years younger—eyes, look, and tone of voice being the same. The step of the son was more elastic, and in place of the gray locks of the baron, short and beautiful chestnut tresses adorned the head of the son. As to the rest, the son proved to have the very spirit of the father—intelligent, polished, and tender. The poor widow’s heart was soon in chains. At the end of a fortnight or so, she returned to town, and was soon after waited on by the baron, who, she understood, had fulfilled his intention of averting suspicion by a short tour.

‘Ah, well,’ said he, taking the hand of Madame de Nercy respectfully, ‘what have you made of my poor boy? Does he consent to take care of his safety? Is he gone?’

The widow looked down and blushed. ‘No, he is not

gone yet. Before he goes, we wish to go through a little ceremony, and I now have to ask your consent to it.'

'You have it,' replied the baron with emotion, 'and no one can pray more sincerely for your happiness. But the marriage!—it must be so far public, and I see in it new perils for my son!'

'Oh, fear nothing,' exclaimed the lady; 'we have arranged all that. The mayor, in whose presence it shall take place, is devoted to me, and will be silent, particularly as I mean to give him a piece of ground of mine, which he has long coveted. Then the publication will seem to be in your name, Adrien de Valville, which is the same as your son's. It will be believed that I espouse you, and this we will countenance. Fear nothing, dear baron. All will be done safely, though prudence may require you to be absent.'

The report, accordingly, went abroad of the approaching marriage of the baron with Madame de Nercy. One person was, or seemed to be greatly annoyed thereat. This was M. Florestan Blavaux. He visited the baron, and spoke of duels and death. The baron only smiled, and begged him in courtesy to allow the ceremony first to pass, to which request M. Florestan, being an anti-conscription man, gave his consent.

The ceremony passed over, and Madame Adrien de Valville returned alone from her country-seat, shedding many regretful tears, not on account of the ceremony, certainly, but because she had seen her young and handsome husband quit her side to seek a safer retreat, there to wait for more fortunate days. She came to her house, expecting there to meet, and to receive consolation from, her father-in-law. To her surprise, she saw there, not the gray-haired baron, but her own husband.

'You here, Adrien!' exclaimed she in terror; 'what imprudence! yet I embrace you again. Ah, I know what brought you here. You could not depart without seeing your dear father!'

The young husband knelt down before her. 'Pardon

me!' cried he; 'I and my father are one! Beloved wife, forgive me. When you saw me first as a man of fifty years, I was in disguise, and—can you bear to hear it?—on account of the conscription! But not because I would not be a soldier. No; I would have served my country cheerfully. But an eccentric relation bound me by his will to marry under a certain age. I saw you in Paris, and would have addressed you without disguise; but I was just then drawn for the army, and Napoleon himself, knowing our family's former principles, gave me positive orders to serve in person. My fortune and my love were both at stake. I disguised myself, and fled—fled to the spot where you were. This is my whole story. You will forgive me—I trust you will forgive me—the deception I have practised. Now when we are united, I will, if you permit me, serve my country wherever she has need of me. To you I would have revealed all before now, had not your declaration, that you would never wed one who fled from the conscription, terrified me into silence; and then I thought of the scheme which has been followed. Pardon me, dearest wife!'

The lady's pardon was not difficult to obtain. Soon after the disclosure which has been related, M. de Valville went to visit M. Blavaux. He found that gentleman too much absorbed in other matters to think of duelling. The unfortunate Blavaux had just been drawn for the conscription for the *ninth* time.

A SEA-CHASE.

‘Hoist the peak of the main-sail, Jupiter ; that rascal is gaining on us fast !’

‘Ow, massa, de mast be no able to bear more sail ; he creak an’ bend like a bamboo a’ready.’

‘I can’t help it—we must try ; ’tis our only chance.’

The game was fast becoming desperate. We were flying before a perfect hurricane, and had reluctantly taken in sail after sail, until we were now carrying but a small storm-jib and a half-set main-sail. The *Water Lily* was as pretty a little schooner, of some sixty tons, as the eye of a sailor would wish to look upon ; and though I knew her spars were as fine bits of wood as Bernuda could turn out, yet it was with no little anxiety that I watched the increased yielding of the main-mast to the wind, as the long peak was pointed to the sky, spreading under it a broad white sheet of canvas. But it was our only chance of escape from our pursuer.

A brig of about 200 tons was on our track ; her low black hull, long yards, and gracefully-cut canvas, proclaimed her a clipper, and we had too little reason to doubt that she was a slaver and a pirate. This was the second day she had been evidently in chase of us. She hove in sight off the Isle of Saona, on the windward corner of St Domingo, and had ever since pursued us, as with the full determination to make us her prize. So long as the wind had been moderate, we had pretty well kept our ground, but since the gale had risen to such a height as to force us to take in sail after sail, and had stirred up such a sea that the poor *Water Lily* could scarce get through, the brig had gained on us rapidly.

As soon as I suspected she was in pursuit of us, I had determined to try rather a dangerous mode of escape, but one which, from its danger, I had hoped would be successful. We had passed the wide bay that closes into

that of St Domingo ; and instead of standing out into the open sea to double Cape Mongon, a high bluff-point, formed by the range of the Barucco Mountains running down to the sea, I had kept the schooner's head close into the land, determined to try to baffle our pursuer among the shoals and rocks that extend off this point. The schooner being so much smaller, I thought might safely pass where the brig would be afraid to venture ; but to my great disappointment, I now saw that my calculations were wrong, for we were just coming upon the shoal that stretches from the small island of Beata to the point, and our persevering pursuer still kept straight upon our track. In vain we all gazed to catch the slightest deviation in her course, or the smallest alteration in her sails. Onwards she came, careering before the gale, under fore-top-gallant and top-sails ; her foresail was half clued up, to allow her jib and stay-sail to draw, and, perhaps, to enable the helmsman more truly to shape his course in our wake ; and as at this time (1812) the Western Archipelago was infested with pirates, as formidable as savagely cruel, I began to feel an uncomfortable apprehension that my earthly career, with its hopes, its fears, its ambitions, and its disappointments, was fast drawing to a close. The *Water Lily* mounted four twelve-pound carronades—formidable enough weapons when used at close quarters, and they had on a former occasion proved useful friends in repelling an attempt to take her by boarding when becalmed on this same coast of St Domingo. But our four guns and my crew of ten negroes, even though headed by their sable chief, Master Jupiter, would have proved but a mouthful to the blackguard that was now fast bearing down upon us. Old Jupiter knew this right well ; and though he offered a sort of remonstrance at my order, he hastened to see it executed ; and that done, he took his stand by the weather-shrouds, holding the peak haul-yards, once turned over the belaying-pin in his hand, and anxiously watched the motion of the seasoned spar, as it yielded to the heavier pressure of some passing gust, and then stood again stiff and erect, as in mockery of the

howling storm. With a dozen such men as Jupiter, I would not have felt much hesitation in attempting to fight off the pirate. He was about six feet two in height, and proportionally stout. Some fifty summers had passed over his head, and I daresay he had been in as many scenes where a man's life depends on his own arm. From a kidnapper of negroes on the coast of Africa, he had passed through the several stages of piracy, chains, and slavery, and was now first-lieutenant of the *Water Lily*, in the service of Messrs — of Jamaica, and spent his time in running the schooner between the islands on mercantile and trading speculations. And as the old grizzly-headed negro now stood, with nothing on but a pair of duck-trousers, and a checked handkerchief round his head—his muscular chest and tremendous arms scarred and seamed with marks of former broils—you would have imagined him a fit representative of the merciless gang who were in pursuit. Yet Jupiter, whatever he had been, was now an honest and a faithful servant. He loved me like a father; we had been long together, and I had a sincere regard for the faithful old fellow. The only ornament he possessed, I believe, was a long knife, beautifully ornamented in the blade, which was fitted into a silver case, and studded with silver knobs over its shagreen handle. He always wore this knife secured by a silver chain round his neck, and thrust into the waistband of his trousers. There was a mystery connected with it that I could never fathom. The answer I always got was: 'Neber mind, massa, old Jupiter hab him secret too; maybe he tell you some day;' and with this answer I was forced to be content.

The brig was by this time within less than a mile of us, and every moment was shortening the distance. The sea was running fearfully high, and the spray flew from the tops of the waves, as they curled before the wind, like a snow-drift. Our little schooner seemed but a mere cockle-shell amidst the waters; she was at one moment borne aloft on the crest of some towering wave, that foamed hissing and boiling around her, as it were in

utter vexation that we could not fly along with it from our pursuer; and, again, as the mass of water rolled away from under us, we sunk down into the 'valley of waters,' and for the moment the sail actually flapped in emptiness of wind ere we were again hurled onwards by the next vast billow that swept past, foaming and hissing like its predecessor.

It was truly a wild scene, and without the additional excitement of a pirate astern, was enough to have created anxiety in the mind of the stoutest-hearted blue-jacket.

Our pursuer was now near enough to try the range of her guns; but, thanks to the rolling of the sea, and consequent unsteadiness of the mark, her shot had as yet passed harmlessly over our heads or fallen short. But this was not to last long. And as we were borne upwards by a huge sea, bang went the gun, and whirr-rr whistled a shot, seemingly close to us.

'What think you of that, Jupiter?—the fellow is coming too close.'

'Tink, massa! me tink some of us lose our grog soon.'

I thought so too.

We were rapidly closing in with the land, and a high bluff-point lay over our lee-bow, on the other side of which I knew the sea took a turn inwards at right angles, forming a fine large bay, where the whole navies of the world might have rode at anchor, sheltered from the gale that was now blowing. Towards this point I kept the schooner's head; and had resolved, should no other chance of escape present itself—of which at present I saw little—to run round under the shelter of the point, and, in smooth water wait for the pirate, and endeavour to repel her attack. I mentioned this to my sable sub, Master Jupiter, and was glad to find he entirely approved.

'Ay, ay, maybe we lick 'em dam rascal after all. Old Jupiter lub more for fight nor be shot dis a way like a runaway nigger.'

Bang went another gun, whirr flew the ball, and our

lee main-shrouds were as cleanly cut through as if a knife had severed them.

‘Eh—now dat too bad,’ growled old Jupiter.

‘Never mind, my lads,’ I cried ; ‘give another haul on the weather topping-lift ; it’s a good thing it’s not our weather-shrouds.’

‘Ay, dat true ; noting so bad but he can be worse. Here, Cæsar, Jack, bring a gasket, and splice dem shroud ; quick now, fore anoder shot ketch you.’

The brig had now got within a quarter of a mile of us, and I saw that our chase was fast drawing to a close. The headland was close over our lee-bow, and there seemed no alternative but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, for I scarce dared to hope that we would succeed in beating off the brig. The one gun that had been brought to bear on us still banged away ; its shot flying sometimes near, and sometimes at a safe distance from us, and we were still creaking and straining under the canvas we had been able to stretch. Our men were now set to loading the carronades, and arms and ammunition were distributed—old Jupiter impressing upon the negroes, that the least they could expect, if captured, would be chains, and a sale to a new master, and the most likely fate they would meet would be walking the plank. The poor fellows were quite willing to fight, from whatever cause it proceeded, and eagerly set about loading their guns. They were so engaged when a shot from the brig struck us just beside the helm, where I was standing, and ploughed up the planks of the deck in a deep furrow, half the length of the vessel, upsetting in its course one of the carronades, and pitching the negroes that were engaged in loading it heads over heels like so many ninepins. A shower of splinters flew from the deck, and one poor fellow was hit severely ; a ragged bit of wood penetrated deep into his thigh. He was taken below, and I felt in the loss of even one man, that my chance in the desperate game was lessened.

We could now distinguish the deck of the brig crowded with men ; and when I considered the little chance wo

had in a struggle against such fearful odds, I hesitated for a moment whether it would not be more advisable to run the schooner ashore, and trust to hiding ourselves among the thick bush that skirted the sea. I wavered in my idea of fighting, but we were now close upon the point. 'Come, Jupiter, let go the peak halyard, and then come and stand by the main-sheet; we'll have to jibe her to round that headland, and we must shew as little canvas as possible, or we'll carry away our mast. Down came the peak as Jupiter let go the halyard, and he turned to come aft to stand by the sheet. Bang went the heavy gun from the brig. The report was followed by a sound which I can best express by the word *smash*, and a short groan. Old Jupiter doubled up, and fell forward on his face. I rushed forward to pick him up, and saw that the poor fellow's career was over. A large, ragged, horrible hole appeared about the middle of his back, and the broken handle of the knife, fastened with the chain, protruded from the wound. It was a sickening sight. The negroes crowded around the body, and gazed upon it seemingly horror-struck. We lifted him up, but there was no sign of life; the huge ball had struck him in the pit of the stomach, just on his favourite knife, and had shivered it, forcing the fragments completely through his body. For the moment I was paralysed, and forgot everything in sincere grief for the loss of my old servant, my faithful friend. But another shot from the brig roused me, as the ball whistled past.

'Come, lads, there's no time to cry; but we'll revenge poor Jupiter—we'll fight that devil.'

'Ay, ay, massa, we'll fight dat debbil,' echoed the men.

I seized the helm, which had been quitted in the horror of the moment, and cast my eyes round me to see where we were, when—could I believe my sight?—we had opened up the bay, and a large ship stood beating out towards us, under top-gallants and top-sails, and bearing at the mizzen-peak the union-jack. Hurrah!—it is—it is an English frigate. She had taken refuge from the gale in the bay, and hearing the firing, was coming out to see

what it was. 'Run Cæsar, Jack, Sambo, run below and fetch up the English ensign—run, ye rascals!' And right willingly they ran to execute my orders. The signal halyards were rove through the peak of the main-sail, and, as it was hanging against the mast, the cord would not run. The frigate was meeting us like the wind, and came on plunging and dashing through the sea most nobly. It seemed utterly incredible that she could carry so much canvas beating up against such a gale; but though her lee-scuppers were buried in the sea, as she heeled over to the storm, yet she dashed onwards, defying alike the wind and sea. Bang went her gun, and the shot skipped off the top of a wave ahead of us. 'No, no, Master Skipper, we can't broach to in such a gale, and with your leave we'll do all we can—which is just to run before it; but we'll shew you our colours.' And I jumped on the stern-sheets, and extended in my hands the ensign. We were understood, and the frigate continued her course, closing in upon us as if to speak.

It was a glorious sight to see so gallant a vessel straining and tearing through the sea, as if rejoicing in the gale that threatened momentarily to send yards and sails in shivers to leeward. And to us the sight was doubly glorious, for in the presence of that ship we felt that we were saved. Onwards she came. I stood with the speaking-trumpet in my hand, ready to hail her. She was within a hundred yards, still dashing onwards; and I own I began to have some dread lest the vast mass, that came roaring up to us, might crush us into the 'yeast of waves.' But she was under too perfect command to cause any danger of a collision; just as she seemed to be upon us, her bows fell away, and she passed close under our stern. 'Schooner ahoy!—what brig astern?' roared the hoarse voice of the commander. 'Pirates!' I answered. Dash—plunge—hiss—and she swept away past us, leaving a broad white streak upon the water, to mark for an instant her track.

Her decks were crowded; every halyard, clue-line, sheet, and down-haul, was manned by a cluster of sailors.

Here, then, was the secret of this vessel's ability to carry so much sail in the teeth of such a gale of wind. Had the finger of the anxiously-watching sailing-master but moved as a signal, in an instant every stitch of canvas would have been off the masts. This is the secret, and this is the advantage of men-of-war. They are well and ably manned, and can face danger with the knowledge that they are always prepared to avert it. They may carry sail to the very verge of rashness, for they can shorten it in an instant.

But where was our pursuer? The brig, too, saw the frigate as she came out from behind the point. Her crew had been too long in the habit of avoiding such craft not to know well that now was the time, if ever, when there existed a terrible necessity to try the virtues of their beautiful vessel. At first there seemed some confusion on board the brig, but the captain's course was soon taken; his hope lay in following our plan, and trying to escape the frigate among the rocks and shoals through which we had just passed. The helm was put down, and the graceful brig came round to the wind, on the opposite tack from the frigate, bending over to the increased pressure until her fore-yard-arm dipped into the wave. She plunged bows under into the sea, and seemed scarcely able to rise again under the mass of water that rushed over her decks. For an instant I thought she was over, but she struggled on; and though her crew might be seen clinging to the weather bulwarks and shrouds, no hand was stretched, and no order was given, or if given, could not be executed, to reduce the canvas which threatened to drive her to the bottom. It was impossible that she could long stand under so much sail—she was literally buried in the sea—and after dragging her yard-arms through the waves for a few minutes, the main top-mast snapped, and top-gallant and top-sail fell over the side. A feeling of something like pity crept over us, as we watched with intense interest the death-struggles of the graceful brig. The piratical crew were forgotten, and we gazed on the beautiful craft as if she had been a thing of

life, and was using her own faculties in these superhuman struggles for self-preservation ; and when her main top-masts went over, an involuntary expression of regret burst from us all.

That pirate captain was no laggard, however, when there was work to do. He had lost all hope of getting to windward, but another and more desperate chance still remained. In an instant the helm was put up, the yards squared, and the now maimed brig resumed her course before the wind. The fore-sheets were brought home, and the fore-top-sail yard was manned by active hands to run out studding-sail booms. The frigate instantly wore, and the two now ran before the wind, the pirate a little astern, and the frigate gradually closing in upon her. The brig commenced her fire, and poured a broadside amongst the frigate's spars, in the hope that some lucky shot might wound a spar or rend a sail ; and either a wound or rent would, with the wind that was blowing, have insured the snapping of the spar or the splitting of the sail into ribbons. Some little damage might have been done, but the frigate seemed not to heed it ; she came on as regardless of the discharge as if the guns had contained but blank cartridge. She rapidly neared the brig, and fired a gun to bring her to. It was answered by a second discharge of her broadside, but it was a scattered firing. Confusion and terror began to affect the conscience-stricken crew. This discharge, however, broke the fore-top-gallant yard of the frigate ; and the breaking of this spar would have told heavily against her had the chase been prolonged. The latter had, however, now no alternative but to return the fire of the brig ; and most fearfully it was returned. Gun after gun blazed from the frigate's starboard broadside, until every cannon was discharged. The iron shower told with fearful effect upon her opponent ; several of the poor fellows that were struggling to get out the studding-sail booms, dropped one after another from their hold. The cordage, which had before been tight and trim, now flew wildly and loosely to the gale ; the fore-mast, deprived of its stays and braces, and probably

severely wounded, waved unsteady for a few moments before the breeze, then snapped close by the deck, and fell forward with a crash, carrying with it sails, yards, and its whole tracery of cordage; and the poor brig, so shortly before so graceful and so perfect, bounding like an antelope over the waves, and bidding seeming defiance to the storm, now rolled heavily in the trough of the sea—a mere log upon the water.

The chase was over. The *Water Lily* had been flying on its course, for, having got rid of our pursuer, we did not change it, and we soon lost the frigate and her prize under the horizon. Poor Jupiter was rolled in his hammock, and dropped into the roaring sea in deep regret. Not a word was spoken as he was gently lowered over the side, but many a tear, that would not be repressed, rolled over the sable faces of his men.

Two days brought us to Montego Bay, and, before we departed, I had the pleasure of gratefully acknowledging to the officers of H.M.S. S——, the signal service they had rendered me. And, if it can be so called, I had the satisfaction of seeing a parcel of the rascally pirates swinging at the frigate's yard-arms. Poor Jupiter's death stopped the channels of my pity for the scoundrels. The poor fellow's words were long remembered by me afterwards—'Some of us may lose our grog soon'—and seemed almost like a prophecy of his own fate.

STORY OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

THE lengthened and varied annals of the Peninsula contain no episode more deeply interesting than that which the reader will find laid before him in the following brief and unvarnished narrative. The scene of the story was Portugal, and the time the middle of the fourteenth century, when Alphonso IV. sat upon the throne of that country. This prince had been distinguished in his youth for the display of almost every bad quality, having rebelled more than once against his father, and so embroiled the kingdom in repeated civil discords. When he ascended the throne, he exhibited that total disregard for his new duties which might have been expected from his previous conduct, until a solemn and bold warning from one of his chief nobles effected a compulsory reformation, rendered comparatively durable by fears for his personal safety. The caution referred to was thus given. The council of state had long waited for him one day, having affairs of consequence to transact. Alphonso had gone a-hunting, and when he appeared at length in council, it was only to entertain the grave statesmen and nobles there assembled with an account of his day's sport.

'Sire,' said one of the counsellors, 'we did not come here to listen to things fitted for the ears of huntsmen. If your highness will attend to the necessities of your subjects, you will have humble and faithful vassals; if not'—

'What then?' cried the angry king.

The minister calmly proceeded: 'If not, they will *seek another king!*'

Alphonso broke forth into a torrent of invectives; but something in the manner of those around him compelled him ultimately to moderate his passion, and to promise that, from that time forward, they would find in him, 'not Alphonso the hunter, but Alphonso the king.'

To this seasonable warning, history tells us, the Portuguese people owed many public benefits during the remainder of Alphonso's reign; but the reformation did not extend to the king's private conduct. His son and heir, Dom Pedro, was united in marriage to Constance, daughter of a powerful Castilian prince. The affections of the Infante, as the heir-apparent was called, were not consulted or engaged in this match. He was strongly attached, in fact, to another lady, named Inez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian, who had sought refuge in Portugal from perils incurred in his native province. This attachment was mutual, yet Pedro remained constant in his vows to Constance, and lived in unbroken harmony with her. It is admitted by all annalists, that the virtuous fidelity and self-command exhibited by the Portuguese prince, were as commendable as they were rare in stations like his, at that period of the world's history. However, King Alphonso was aware of his son's passion for Inez de Castro; and from the fear that circumstances might yet occur to bring about a match between them, which he regarded as one unworthy of the royal house of Portugal, the king caused Donna Inez to stand godmother to one of the Infante's children by Constance, thus creating a spiritual bar to the possibility of future wedlock between the two parties. The Church of Rome forbade the union of the sponsor of an infant with its real parent.

Nevertheless, when Constance died, as she did after being married but a few years, Dom Pedro's attachment set all such obstacles at defiance. He obtained a papal dispensation, and married Inez de Castro. At the same time, he concealed his marriage from his father and the public, the lady consenting rather to bear the imputation of an illegal connection, than to subject the Infante to the risk of Alphonso's anger. For some years, Inez lived in great seclusion at Coimbra, where she bore four children to her husband—namely, Alphonso, John, Dennis, and Beatrice. Unacknowledged as this union was, the court, nevertheless, suspected something of the kind. In

his private conduct, Pedro not only exhibited all the affection and constancy of a husband as regarded Inez, but peremptorily declined entering into any of the new matrimonial engagements which his father was perpetually proposing to him. Inez de Castro, therefore, could not but be an object of suspicion to Alphonso and his confidants, and she unfortunately incurred, through other circumstances, a degree of additional odium, which brought on the crisis of her fate. The despotism of the reigning sovereign of Castile caused many of her countrymen to fly to Portugal for protection; and by gaining for them the favour of her husband, the Infante, she was able to place them in a position that excited the envy of the native courtiers. A strong party was by degrees formed against Inez, and to these persons it became an object of importance to dispose of the unfortunate lady, ere the demise of Alphonso called his son to the throne, and consolidated her power beyond all possibility of overthrow.

This inimical party commenced operations by working on the fears of the old king, and persuading him that the life and rights of Ferdinand, his grandson by Constance, were endangered by the influence of Inez de Castro. They brought Alphonso to the belief, that the death of that unfortunate lady was indispensable to the security of the royal line and the general peace of the country; and at length the king consented to the execution of the cruel purpose to which his mind had thus been made familiar. Pedro was absent on a lengthened hunting excursion; and during that absence, Alphonso betook himself to Coimbra, accompanied by Gonsalves, Pacheco, and Coelho, those of his courtiers most hostile to Inez de Castro. He entered the dwelling where she had lived so many years in peace with her family. Alone, with her protector and husband far away, the unhappy woman beheld this intrusion with mortal alarm. She gathered her children about her, as if her feeble arms could save them from peril, and prostrated herself along with them at the feet of the old king. She implored him to have

pity on his innocent grandchildren, and on herself, their mother. The king was not without natural feelings, and these were touched by the appeal made to him, and by the sight of his son's lovely offspring and their still beauteous mother. He left her uninjured, and rejoined the three courtiers, who eagerly waited outside, expectant of a summons to complete the bloody act in contemplation. Their arguments speedily cured the king of his humane relentings, and he gave them authority to return to the chamber of Inez, and despatch her with their daggers. The three courtiers waited for no second orders, but in a few minutes had dyed their weapons in the blood of the defenceless wife of the Infante. They then hurried with the king from the scene of their barbarous crime.

Dom Pedro's rage and grief were violent in proportion to his affection for Inez, and to the happiness he had enjoyed with her during their wedded life. From the hour of her death, his very nature seemed to be changed, and one absorbing, overwhelming passion—the desire of revenge—took possession of his soul. In the first burst of his resentment, he took arms against his father, and commenced a bloody civil war. The contest was terminated, however, by the interposition of the aged queen, who represented to her son the injustice of continuing to punish the whole country for the crime of one or a few. Pedro was alive to the justice of this appeal, and laid down his arms, to save the nation from further calamities. He submitted even to a reconciliation with his father, who thenceforth employed all possible means to appease his son, and divert his thoughts from the murdered Inez. However, Alphonso allowed the actual assassins to quit the country, and take refuge in Castile. Whether or not the old monarch succeeded in banishing the remembrance of Inez from the breast of the Infante, was made apparent soon afterwards, when the latter, by the demise of his father, was called to the throne.

The first act of the new king was to conclude a treaty with the reigning sovereign of Castile, by which all

fugitives were to be given up on both sides. Pedro of Portugal shewed a desire to effect this compact at any cost. He betrothed his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian sovereign, though these daughters were illegitimate, being the offspring of Maria de Padilla—a lady for whose sake the king of Castile had cruelly misused his wedded queen. By giving his assent to this arrangement, and any others stipulated for by the other contracting party, Pedro accomplished the grand object of his wishes—the gratification of what had become the ruling passion of his life. He got into his hands the murderers of Inez de Castro. From these men Pedro had certainly received a mortal injury, and one that deserved the punishment of death. They had cruelly and treacherously violated the privacy of his home, and for ever ruined its happiness, by dipping their hands in the blood of an unoffending woman, the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his infants. But the death which Pedro inflicted on these men was one not to be excused even by the greatness of their crime. Gonsalves and Coelho (for Pacheco escaped seizure) perished by tortures too painful to describe. Naturally a man of no ungentle nature, and even admittedly possessed of many virtues, Pedro is said to have glutted his eyes with the sufferings of his victims, all other feelings being lost in the gratification of the one great passion of revenge.

Nor was the monarch satisfied with this offering to the manes of his wife. After the execution of her slayers, he assembled the cortes, and solemnly took oath that he had obtained a papal dispensation for his marriage with Inez de Castro, and that that marriage had taken place in presence of the Bishop Guarda and the equerry of his own household. These individuals confirmed by their oaths the statement of the king. This ceremony ended, a new scene took place, of a character almost unexampled in history; a scene so strange, so solemn, so fearfully impressive in its nature, that it is little marvel that the name and fate of Inez de Castro should have afforded a theme for the poet and the painter in all lands, and

throughout all succeeding times. In presence of the whole assembled court, the body of Inez de Castro, raised from the quietude of the tomb after a sleep of several years, was placed on the throne beside her husband, and there, gorgeously attired, as became the consort of a powerful monarch, was crowned with the queenly diadem of Portugal. The heir-apparent of the sceptre, Prince Ferdinand, son of Constance, knelt in homage before the corpse, and kissed her cold hand, as the first of her subjects. The whole Portuguese nobility, lords and ladies, followed the example of the prince; and, in short, every customary rite was performed which might have accompanied the coronation of the most powerful and popular of living princesses. Pedro, meanwhile, looked on in stern enjoyment of the honours paid to the remains of his beloved wife. The body of Inez was conveyed, immediately after this ceremony, to the royal burial-place at Alcobaça, and there magnificently re-interred. Pedro closed the scene by formally establishing the legitimacy of the children of Inez, and by profusely rewarding all who had ever served her, or had any claims upon her gratitude.

Thus closes the extraordinary history of Inez de Castro. It is but fair to the memory of Pedro to state, that when he had avenged the murder of his consort, and done all in his power to clear her memory from stain, he became to Portugal a just and even popular ruler. To the last, he administered the laws with severity, but at the same time with undeviating impartiality. These qualities perhaps rendered him a ruler more fit for such times than one of milder and more merciful sentiments. He shewed, also, that a sovereign austere just could also be habitually generous, and even munificent. Up till the hour of his death, Pedro retained his affection for the memory of Inez de Castro unchanged and undiminished, and it was his frequent custom to retire to her tomb, and there indulge in meditation upon her virtues and her fate.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY A FATHER ON A BELOVED DAUGHTER, HELEN—FAMILIARLY
CALLED BY HIM 'ELLY PYE'—WHO DIED 23D MAY 1839.

I SAW her in her infant day,
Whilst on a mother's lap she lay ;
Her smile was heaven—her opening eye
Reflected deep the azure sky ;
A happy, happy father I,
For oh ! how sweet my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her girlhood sporting,
To glen and woodland oft resorting ;
The flowers to cull, the notes to hear
Of sooty black-bird, whistling near,
To chase the wavering butterfly,
With nimble foot—my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her teens arrayed ;
Not now a girl—not yet a maid ;
A girlish form, a maiden mind—
The all but woman, all refined.
Such once the form that met mine eye,
And such the soul of 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her in her twentieth year,
Accomplished, lovely, and sincere ;
A full-blown rose in bower of bliss—
A father's hope, his paradise ;
My heart was light when she was by—
My dear, bewitching 'Elly Pye.'

Her years had numbered twenty-one ;
Her bloom was fled—her spirits gone—
Her eye was sunken, *sadly clear*—
And dull was now her startled ear ;
Her *hope* was with her God on high,
Her *heart* was mine—my 'Elly Pye.'

'The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear,'
She whispered low, with deadening eye,
And *kissed*, and *died*—my 'Elly Pye.'

I saw her breathe her latest breath
(And, oh ! how beautiful in death !)
The passions still—the combat o'er—
And pain and sorrow *now* no more.
I could not weep, I could not sigh,
But groaned aloud : ' My Elly Pye !'

I saw the coffin borne along,
Amidst the motley, griefless throng ;
I thought my heart would burst in twain—
I scarce can feel the like again,
Till in the grave I come to lie,
With my own darling ' Elly Pye.'

One year has passed, and still my heart
Feels all its love and all its smart ;
There's not a glen, a wood, or wild,
That has not seen me weep my child—
That has not heard my wailing cry :
' Oh ! where is now my Elly Pye !'

One year, one circling little year,
Has passed, yet Helen still is dear—
Dear as when last she blest my love,
And talked of meeting yet above ;
Yes, we shall meet again on high,
My early-sainted ' Elly Pye.'

T. G.

ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON.

ONE hot morning in November 18—, we set off from Kandy for the purpose of seeing that interesting sight, an elephant kraal, which was expected to take place the next day, eighteen miles distant. Our resting-place, however, was eight miles beyond; and although in this country twenty-six miles would be no great ride for a lady, yet in a tropical climate it was rather an undertaking. However, I must either have done so or given up what I was most desirous to witness, as we could not secure any coolies, or palanquin-bearers, at that time in Kandy, they being all engaged to carry down tents, &c., to the kraal, for the general and his party. The day was fortunately rather cloudy, and although the heat was very great, we had not the direct power of the sun to contend with. We did not reach Kornegalle till six in the evening, as we rested half-way for some hours during the hottest part of the day. I was dreadfully tired, so was glad to find that the kraal was not to take place the next day, but on the one after. It was a very pretty as well as an amusing ride; the whole country seemed in motion: elephant-carts and bullock-bandies, loaded with furniture and eatables, on their way to Cospeltie Orji, where several tents were pitched; and for some miles near the intended scene of action, the remains of fires, broken branches of trees, &c., gave it the appearance of having recently been a gipsy encampment.

On the morning of the kraal, our party started at daylight, some on horseback, and the rest in an elephant-cart, in which we got over the ground pretty well, without the pace being unpleasant. The greater part of the gentlemen arrived at Cospeltie the day before, as it was intended to drive the elephants into the enclosure in the evening, and take them prisoners next day, which would have been done easily, as in the afternoon the herd had come very near the entrance. With respect to the kraal,

it was nothing more than an enclosure about 200 yards long, and nearly square in form, made with very strong posts, or rather, small trees, stuck in the ground, and bound together. The inside was a thick jungle, with large trees in it, and the outside the same, excepting where it was cleared sufficiently to admit of the fence and a path round it. The entrance was about ten feet wide, with deep holes ready for the stakes to be driven in the moment the poor brutes were entrapped. It was covered over by a few green boughs, and is generally so contrived as to be in a track the elephants are in the habit of following. I saw several of these paths, and very curious they were: some appeared like covered archways, where the jungle was high, and were so thick, that I should think nothing but an elephant could make its way through. Kraals are only constructed in parts of the country frequented by elephants, and when it is known that there is a herd in the neighbourhood. As soon as the enclosure is finished, the elephants are surrounded by a crowd of people, who form a circle from the entrance of the kraal, and enclose them within it. This circle of course is very large, and varies according to circumstances; in this instance, when we arrived, the animals were enclosed in a circle of about two miles. Whenever they attempt to break through, they are driven back by the people, who shout and yell with all their might, beat the tom-toms, discharge guns, and at night fires are lighted at every ten or twelve yards' distance round the circle, and this always frightens the elephants. The natives are most anxious to have them destroyed, as they do much mischief, particularly to their paddy-fields; so that at all the kraals the natives in hundreds volunteer their services, which of course are gladly accepted. Government gives a premium of L.3 for every elephant captured.

A very large tree at one end of the enclosure was selected for the spectators, on which, about one-third of the height up, was laid a platform, capable of holding thirty or forty people, and formed of small branches

out his leg for the man to mount on his back, and sets off in pursuit again, which is sure to be successful in the end.

When the poor animal was noosed, he set up a dreadful yell, and tried to escape; but that was impossible, for the other tame elephants came up and headed him, whichever way he attempted to go; whilst the one to which he was fastened bent his body the way he wished to take him, and pulled him along with all his strength to the tree to which he was to be tied. When he was dragged close to it, the tame one walked round it two or three times with the rope, till he was quite secure. Another came to his other side, and thus he was wedged so closely between them, that he could not make much resistance; and if he did, he was immediately thrust at with the tusks of both of them. In this way, his legs were all firmly tied to two trees by great cable-ropes.

When the tame ones left him to go in search of the others, he began struggling most furiously, and moaned and bellowed in a very melancholy manner, frequently throwing himself on the ground, and digging his teeth into the earth, while the tears were rolling down his face. Although I came on purpose to see all this, and should have been much disappointed if I had not, still I could not help feeling very sorry to see the noble animal suffering so acutely. My consolation was, that some day he would have the pleasure of doing the same to others, for it really seemed a pleasure to the tame ones. His cries brought back the rest of the herd, which looked at him through the bushes, but did not attempt a rescue, which they often do, but took to their heels whenever they saw the tame ones turn in their direction.

In this manner they were all secured, excepting the little one, as he could not do much harm, and always kept close to his mother, which was very quiet, and was therefore only tied by three legs. A young elephant is, I think, the drollest-looking creature possible. This one was supposed to be about three months old, and was not above three feet high, but it made more noise than all the rest, and trumpeted and charged in great style.

Kraals are now much less frequent in Ceylon than they used to be. Some years ago, there was one in the town of Kandy, in which a good many elephants were taken; and a gentleman told me he was present at one in Tangalle, where 270 were enclosed, which no doubt must have been a very fine sight; but of course only a few, comparatively speaking, could have been taken, the rest must have been killed. There are now immense numbers in that part of the island, but still they are decreasing everywhere, and must continue to do so as the population increases, and the country is laid more open.

It is dangerous to meet a single elephant. He is almost sure to attack you, but a herd will allow you to come very close to them, without attempting to touch you, unless they are irritated by being hunted or fired at; but it is a hopeless case if you meet a *rogue* elephant, as a single one is called in Ceylon. People tell you that they have been dismissed from the herd for misconduct, and that that is the reason why they are always so furious. There is a little stream very near the kraal at Cospeltic, where, some years ago, the *tappal man* (as the postman is called) was killed by a rogue elephant early in the morning. The poor fellow was told that an elephant was on the road, but he did not like to delay, and pushed on. Some people, who were not far off, just heard the animal roar, and a sort of moan followed. When it was daylight, the unfortunate man's body was found crushed in a frightful manner, but his death must have been instantaneous.

There were temporary stables near Kornegalle, where the elephants were kept till tame enough to be made useful. We went and saw them. There were ten elephants in the stalls, which had been taken at a kraal in the neighbourhood a month before. Some of them were very wild and furious looking, one little one, as usual, making more noise than all the rest; and as he was strong enough to knock a man down, he was tied by the leg in the stall. He was afterwards given to the 78th Highlanders,

who brought him home, and was made a pet of by the regiment.

The situation of the elephant in his stall must be both painful and uncomfortable, and there is often great difficulty in fastening him into it; it is made just wide enough to admit him, but not sufficiently so to allow of his turning round. There is a wide stall on each side, into which two tame ones go, dragging their prisoner into the middle one, and remain beside him till he is secured to posts by each of his legs. He therefore can do no injury but with his trunk, and not much with that, as his neck is also fastened to a beam above. In this irksome position he is kept for forty days, without the power of turning round or lying down; the only change permitted is when he is taken down to the water to wash, which is done every day; and that cannot be much pleasure to him, as he walks between his two tame friends, which keep so close to him, that he has very little power to move or look about him. Each elephant has three men to wait upon him; and a native doctor is always in attendance. After forty days, he is gradually allowed more liberty, and generally in three months he is perfectly tamed, and sent down to Colombo to be educated. The most cruel part of the business is, that he is tied so tightly, his legs are full of sores, and quite raw. I think this might be obviated with a little more care; but as it does not injure his value, the people do not much concern themselves about his sufferings. Sometimes they feel their captivity so much, that they will neither eat nor drink, and actually die of a broken heart; and when a very young one is caught, it must be separated from its mother, as after the first day or two the poor thing can never give it any nourishment. They are fond of their young ones, and often the mother does not survive the separation, but pines away by degrees.

Two of those we saw captured were brought into Kornegalle the next evening; they were very quietly walking each between two tame ones, to which they were fastened by strong ropes, which were first thrown

round the necks of the tame ones, and then round those of the wild ; their hind-legs were also loosely tied together, so as to allow of their walking, and it was really surprising to see how easily they went along. Once only one of them tried to lie down, and would not move for some time ; but his companions at last roused him, by poking him well with their tusks, and after that there was no difficulty.

We stopped at the kraal the next day on our way home, and saw the rest of the animals still tied to their trees. One of them was remarkably fierce ; he trumpeted and lashed his trunk about, and tried to charge at us as far as the ropes would allow him. We heard afterwards that he broke his neck on his way to Kornegalle, from his violent efforts to break loose ; and a few days after, the mother of the little one was found strangled in her stall, probably with her exertions to get at her young one, for she was the tamest and gentlest of them all. The little thing was brought into Kandy in a bullock-cart, and required no fewer than fifty men (not Europeans) to lift him in. He was given to the general, who was very anxious to rear him ; and for a week or two he seemed to get on very well, drank twelve bottles of buffalo milk in the day, besides eating a quantity of rice and plantains ; he was very far from being tame, and was obliged to be tied. However, he died after eight or ten hours' illness, without any cause that could be assigned, but probably from overfeeding and want of exercise. He did take a walk with two attendants every morning, but of course that was not the same as roaming about in his native jungle.

There is one thing about the elephants in Ceylon that puzzles every one, and that is, whether those with tusks are a distinct breed or not. Tusked elephants are very rare ; and though they are always males, still very few have tusks, whole herds being frequently encountered without one tusker amongst them. When they do happen to have one, the others seem to be very proud of him ; he is taken the greatest care of, and always kept in

the centre, so that it is very difficult to get a shot at him. In no other respect but his tusks can he be distinguished from other elephants, and he is to be met with of all sizes. To shoot a tusker is, consequently, the ambition of all sportsmen in Ceylon.

M Y P I C N I C.

BY A MILITARY LADY.

I WAS quartered at Gibraltar in 1836. One day, to make head against ennui and the mosquitoes, I proposed a picnic. My husband being agreeable, the first business was to select the party. Mr R—— was chosen for his inexhaustible fund of good humour and good spirits; Captain O—— for his constant flow of nonsense and anecdote, chequered occasionally by wit; Mr D—— for his excellent qualifications as a listener (rare and never-to-be-enough admired quality!), and his quiet resignation to all the possible mischances of a pleasure excursion. Some others were afterwards added. We also resolved to take a couple of servants and two pair of boatmen.

The party being assembled at our quarters, a council was held to deliberate on the when and where. The when was easily fixed, but the where not quite so easily. The difficulty chiefly lay in one and all of us wishing to visit some select spot in the vicinity which we had not visited before. St Roque was voted a bore—nothing there but Spanish soldiers lounging about with everlasting cigars. The Orange Grove—beautiful! but sure to be preoccupied by some other party. Algeciras—we are generally there once a week. The council seemed nonplussed, when at last some one exclaimed: ‘What if we should go to Pigeon Island?’

‘Impossible—no one ever does go there.’

‘So much the better, for it will be at least a novelty, and we shall have something to tell of when we get back.’

Some one present now remembered having heard that there was game of some kind upon Pigeon Island. The rock, to be sure, was barren, rugged, and desolate—nothing to be seen—but the game decided the question. We determined that it would be charming for once to go and see a place where there was nothing to be seen. In fact, garrison-life is so little varied, that its victims are glad to relieve it with anything of a novel kind, even though there should be little prospect of positive pleasure.

The appointed morning arrived, and sea and sky were alike serene. At nine, after a hurried breakfast, we embarked with a variety of baskets, hampers, and other desirables, the arrangement of which cost no small thought, tramping, and tumbling. The sails were unfurled to the light breeze, and away we went. Our regimental bark, the *Fra Diavolo*, was about twenty-five feet in length—sprit-rigged, sharp, and dangerous; built under the direction of our officers at about three times the expense she was worth. For about half an hour, we enjoyed ourselves extremely; but, alas! the light breeze died away, and was succeeded by those fitful gusts and squalls peculiar to the Mediterranean, and which are so particularly troublesome to open boats in the Bay of Gibraltar. Our boatmen began to speak to each other in whispers, and to look melancholy. By way of beguiling the time, they began to recount to each other their respective experiences in such squalls, and all the dismal accidents they had ever heard of resulting from them. Snatches of the conversation, such as: ‘The boat was swamped,’ ‘Ay, it was just hereabouts,’ ‘Crew drowned,’ &c., reached my ear at intervals. Our mirth and laughter were now exchanged for serious looks, or *efforts* at jocularity. I began to wonder how I could have ever, in the hope of a day’s pleasure, exposed myself in such a manner. My sensations were evidently shared by my maid, who evinced them every few minutes by a slight hysterical scream.

There was a heavy swell, and, to preserve the balance of the boat, we were desired on no account to move. When we had obeyed this injunction for about an hour, the cramp came to add to my woes. The wind, which had continued to increase, now changed, and was dead against us. It was debated whether we ought not to give up Pigeon Island, and make the best of our way back ; but the anticipation of the laughter and ridicule with which our return would be greeted, decided against that course. Then followed a constant tacking and shifting of sails, to induce our vessel to go onward ; and, after several hours of the most disagreeable boat voyage I had ever endured, we reached Pigeon Island about half-past four o'clock, having taken seven and a half hours to go eleven miles !

After all, it seemed at first as if we should not be able to set foot on this bold and rocky isle. However, after sailing more than half round it, we espied a creek, into which the boat was put, and we then scrambled ashore the best way we could. It was decidedly too late to commence a shooting excursion ; but then to return with no trophies of sport—it was not to be thought of. So, each hastily swallowing a glass of wine, and faithfully promising to be back in an hour, off started the gentlemen, not, however, before Captain O—— had handed me a mysterious-looking wooden box, which I had not before seen, and likewise its key, desiring me to take the utmost care of both.

When they were gone, the curiosity attributed in all ages to my sex incited me, though not without a certain Mrs Bluebeard kind of compunction, to open O——'s box, which I found to contain a pie, a grape-tart, melons, and some other things, being, in fact, his contribution to the picnic. Exerting a degree of resolution for which I could not but take great credit, I locked all up again carefully, and stowed away the box in the cleft of a rock, where I thought it would be safe from every kind of danger. The breeze now died away, promising a pleasant evening for our voyage home. While sitting on the cliff, musing

agreeably on the prospect, an exclamation of surprise from one of the boatmen drew my attention to Captain O——'s precious box, which, having been reached by the rising tide, was now floating out to sea. All was immediately hurry-skurry to recover it, and to carry the hampers up to higher ground. The hour passed away without bringing back our gentlemen. When did sportsmen ever return at the stipulated time? If unsuccessful, they go on hoping for a turn of luck; if successful, the sport is *so* attractive. At length, they did come back, laden with five pigeons, and all talking very loud. It seemed that two of them disputed the honour of having shot the last bird. The point was not settled that night, nor while I was at Gibraltar; perhaps it is not laid at rest till this hour. It was, however, temporarily given up while preparations were making for our meal. A cloth being spread on a rock, the hampers were put in requisition, and Captain O——, having desired from me his key, opened his box, which he found only *half* full of salt-water. His look was dreadful. Everything was ruined. It was very unlucky, but I could not help it. After all, he shewed some magnanimity, for he did not utter a word of blame, and, having hurled back the box into the sea, resumed his good humour immediately. I have liked and admired him ever since. Enough remained for a good meal, and neither salt nor a cork-screw had been forgotten; so everything passed off very well.

Our *déjeûné* concluded, it was high time to think of returning. There was a dead calm. So sails were taken down, and oars taken up. As we passed Cabrita Point, it was proposed that the guns should be discharged for fear of accidents. This was accordingly done in two volleys, there being four double barrels. We continued our voyage for the Rock [Gibraltar]. Nothing was to be heard but the measured dip of the oars. It became nearly dark. Captain O——, totally exhausted, lay down in the bottom of the boat, and soon gave audible signs of having fallen asleep. The two volleys had a result little anticipated, for our ears were soon after struck by the noise of

many oars, and we could see at a distance through the gloom the dark form of a huge Latteen boat, with a lantern partly shaded hanging on her stern. It instantly occurred to us that she must be a Spanish guarda-costa, such vessels always lurking about Algeciras and in the Bay, on the alert to capture smugglers, which they seldom do, as the contrabandistas constantly outwit their adversaries by giving false alarms. The gentlemen, delighted with the novelty and romance of the adventure, and more than usually prepared for frolic by sundry bottles of Marsala, agreed that they would not answer when hailed. One asked if there was any chance of their firing to bring us to—a comfortable idea for my poor nerves!—but all agreed that such a thing was not to be imagined, and that the utmost they could do would be to detain us till assured of our quality. Meanwhile the guarda-costa, for so it proved, gained upon us. When about twenty yards off, ‘La bote—la bote!’ was heard from several voices; but our people still pulled on. Another minute, and they were by our side. Never shall I forget the scene. There were upwards of twenty men, all armed with boarding-pikes and muskets. Their lantern flung its dull beams on their swarthy and angry countenances. All were jabbering Spanish, and apparently bent on terrible deeds. I had determined to address them, just knowing enough of Spanish to enable me to say who we were; but my fright deprived me of the use of both my speech and my feet, except that with the latter I contrived to awaken Captain O——, who I thought would be the most useful man on the occasion, as he was best acquainted with the language. He started up, rubbing his eyes, and greatly confounded at the scene before him; but I soon acquainted him with the nature of the case, which he no sooner understood than he bawled out: ‘Amigos! amigos!’ which seemed to mollify our assailants a little. A lengthened and wrangling explanation ensued; and at length our Spanish friends sheered off, much to my comfort, but to the great *professed* mortification of our frolicsome officers.

Another spell of hard pulling, and we reached Rosia Bay, exactly at a quarter past one in the morning, by which time I deemed myself more dead than alive. So much for a day of pleasure! I trust, after what has been related, I need hardly warn any of my lady-successors in the garrison of the Rock, against making a picnic-party to Pigeon Island.

MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

IN France, the office of judicial executioner was long an important and even a respectable one, and various rights and privileges of no common nature were attached to it. The finisher of the law was held to be a regular and immediate officer of the crown. Families seem often to have held the place for successive generations. The French newspapers some years ago announced the death of a man of no slight distinction in his way, M. Sanson, the executioner of Paris, or, as the people of the French capital have emphatically styled this official, 'Monsieur de Paris.'* The progenitors of M. Sanson, for a considerable length of time, have occupied the same situation in the French metropolis, and he himself was the man who did the mournful offices of the scaffold to Louis XVI. A writer in the Book of *The Hundred and One* has given us an account of M. Sanson, which has, we imagine, a

* The term Monsieur, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, has the same meaning as our 'Mr' in its common acceptation, is pointedly applied to a few particular dignitaries by way of special distinction. The brother of a reigning sovereign of France is always called 'Monsieur,' without any other title; and Bossuet, when primate of France, was commonly known by his official name of 'Monsieur de Meaux.' A third Monsieur is the executioner, 'Monsieur de Paris.' The only thing analogous to this, observable in our own country, is the application of the word 'Master' to the eldest sons of barons in Scotland. We have also Masters of the Rolls and Masters in Chancery. But these uses of the word have by no means the same specific emphasis as in the case of the three Monsieurs of France.

peculiar interest, as well from the character and qualities of the individual, as from the complete discrepancy of the account in all its particulars with our preconceived notions on the subject of a public executioner. After some introductory observations, in which the writer describes the ideas which most people have of an executioner, he proceeds nearly thus. [We abridge the account slightly.] 'For a long time I had felt an anxiety to examine closely this occult power so dreaded by mankind; I wished to see, in the bosom of his family, the being of whom the world entertained so gloomy an idea—to hear him speak of his terrible functions, and to gather human words from his lips.

'Not finding any means of obtaining an ordinary introduction, I resolved to venture upon presenting myself without one to "Monsieur de Paris," and accordingly directed my steps one morning to No. 31 Rue des Marais du Temple, the house of M. Sanson. Arrived there, I beheld a small house, fenced by a railing, the interspaces of which were boarded up, so as to shut out the interior from the view. A small gate, with a bell beside it, formed the path of entry, and in that gate there was a letter-slit, where were deposited the fatal missives, sent to warn the executioner that his arm was in request. I touched the bell gently, and immediately appeared a man of about thirty years of age, tall in person, and vigorous in make. He asked with civility whom I wished to see? "Monsieur Henry Sanson," said I. "Enter," was the reply of the man. He was one of the assistants of the executioner, and his politeness tended at the very first to undermine my prejudices against his class. I was introduced to a little parlour, where I found a person seated at the *piano*, and drawing from it not unmelodious sounds. He was a man advanced in years, and of a frank and pleasing appearance. This was the public executioner, M. Sanson himself. Near him was seated a young man, of about thirty-four years of age, fair in complexion, and gentle, if not timid, in air. He held upon his knee a little girl, of from ten to twelve years old, extremely beautiful, and

of a lively and intelligent aspect. These parties were the son and grandchild of the executioner. For several years, this son of M. Sanson has fulfilled the chief duties of the office, though the father, being yet the only official recognised by the law, must be present at every execution.

'The sight of this family group—of the gentlemanly-looking old man at the piano, the mild and retiring son, and the lovely child—a sight so different from all that I had pre-imagined, struck me very forcibly, and even confused me a little; but the elder M. Sanson soon set me at ease by his manners, which were modest, but those of a man of the world. The apology I made for my intrusion was, that I was desirous to write on the subject of capital punishments, and had hoped that he could assist me. He entered readily into my views, and spoke with ease and freedom, though I could see that he never forgot his peculiar position for an instant. For example, his snuff-box lay before him, and I perceived that while he himself used it often, he never offered it to me, contrary to the rules of ordinary sociality. All at once, I, mechanically, as it were, offered him my own box. The expression which came over his countenance cannot be described; it chilled my very blood. An accompanying and significant elevation of his *hand*, in token of refusal, spoke of remembrances of blood—blood of yesterday—upon his fingers. He felt pollution adhering to that hand, which rendered it unfit to touch aught belonging to other men of happier fate!

The conversation of M. Sanson shewed a mind thoroughly cultivated, and a heart full of sensibility. This very man, who watches with a calm eye all the steps of an execution—who erects, part by part, the dreadful machine of destruction—who oils the cords, tries the edge of the axe, and, with a steady hand, draws the bolt which casts lifeless upon earth the work of Heaven—this same man cannot refrain from tears when the remembrance of some execution is awakened within him. You will hear him raise his voice with energy against the punishment of death, and develop with judgment the means for

abolishing it most efficaciously. On the occasion of an execution, you will find him at home, pale and exhausted, incapable of taking nourishment, and seeming as if about to suffer what others have suffered under his hands. These features in the character of the public executioner of Paris I could scarcely have believed to exist, but for the evidence of my own eyes and ears. M. Sanson told me many touching anecdotes, all illustrative of the same peculiarities in his disposition. He gave me a singular explanation of the reason for pulling down the scaffold immediately after the execution, a thing not formerly done. An execution had taken place one day, and the head-executioner had gone home, leaving his assistants to take down the scaffold, after the usual interval. This interval was spent by them in an adjoining tavern. While they were there, it chanced that a young barber's lad was caught in the act of stealing a watch among the crowd still assembled round the scaffold. The populace, prompt in ire, seized the thief, and carried him to the scaffold, where they laid him on the block, below the uplifted axe of the guillotine. But they required a key to enable them to bring down the fatal knife. They sent a messenger, with an artful tale, to procure the key from the assistant-executioners. The latter, however, had it not; it had been taken home by M. Sanson. The boy was thus saved, and was relieved from his fearful situation, after a long period of such agonising suspense as the mind can only guess at. After this event, the scaffold was never left standing longer than absolutely necessary.

I asked M. Sanson to shew me his collection of implements—those which he had used at executions during his own long career, and which his predecessors had used before him. The sight of that collection made me shudder. One object of interest only shall I speak of, however, and this was the sabre with which the Marquis de Lally was executed. It had been purposely made for the occasion, but it was chiefly on account of an anecdote which was called by the weapon to M. Sanson's recollection that I was led to view it with interest. About the

year 1750, a party of young noblemen, three in number, who had been supping with some gay party, came into the streets of Paris after midnight. They were not in a humour for repose, but could find no house open—no food for fresh amusement at that hour. At length, however, they saw lights in one house, and heard the sound of mirth and music issuing from it. Without a moment's hesitation, the young courtiers rushed to the door, and knocked at it. A man answered the call, and was addressed in such words as these by one of the youths:—

"We are merry, sir; we have been with a jovial party, and we are come, with your leave, to join yours."

"You cannot," replied the man coldly, "this is entirely a family party."

"Bah!" said one of the courtiers; "that is nothing. You *must* admit us; better company, I promise you, never entered your saloon."

They pressed the matter further, until the man said: "Gentlemen, this is folly! If you *knew me*, you would fly from my house as fast as you now desire to enter it!"

"Ha! ha!—good!" cried the leader of the youths; "so you think it would be easy to frighten us!"

"Gentlemen, do not insist on entering!"

"Who are you, then, friend?"

"I am the *executioner of Paris*!"

This announcement produced none of the expected effect. "What!" cried the leader of the youths, "you the executioner!—delightful! So you are the gentleman who nips off the people's heads, quarters their bodies, cracks their bones on the wheel, and tortures poor souls so agreeably in a dozen other ways? Eh?"

"On the *poor*," replied the executioner, with a due regard for the honour of his office, "my duty calls me not to officiate personally. But when a man of quality—a noble like yourself, sir—incur the anger of justice, I act then with my own hands." Precisely twenty years after this scene, M. Lally, who mocked the functions of the executioner in the manner now related, died by the hand of that same official of the law.

‘Though oppressed at heart with what I saw,’ says the writer of the paper in *The Hundred and One*, ‘I felt so pleased with M. Sanson, and had so far forgot his position in the charms of his society, that, on leaving his threshold after a two hours’ conversation, I involuntarily held out my hand to him. He recoiled a step, and looked at me with surprise and even confusion. This recalled freshly to my mind the incident of the snuff-box. I comprehended all the ill-fated man’s feelings. He was conscious that it became not a hand ever in contact with blood and crime, to press that of an ordinary man.’

THE MID-DAY SIGNAL OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

A FEW years ago, on a fine spring morning, illuminated by the richest rays of the sun, a troop of vagabond boys were playing about the gardens of the Palais-Royal. Hanging in clusters upon the iron railings which encircle these gardens, the band in question occupied themselves busily in throwing stones among the flowers, aiming at the sparrows, and watching fit opportunities to play other malignant tricks, whenever the backs of the guardians of the place were turned away. In such circumstances, the young rascals of Paris are most ingenious and inventive. So was it shewn on the present occasion.

The leader of the youthful band, seizing a favourable moment when no one could perceive him, adroitly scaled the balustrade of the Palais gardens, and crept along the grass, on all-fours, towards the spot where stood the mid-day cannon, which is cleverly made to announce the hour of noon by its discharge through the medium of the sun’s meridional rays. When the intruder reached the spot, the hour was exactly half-past eleven. But this did not deter the tricky youngster. He had with him a lucifer-match ; in an instant it was kindled and applied to the

cannon, which accordingly made its official detonation, announcing prematurely the hour of noon.

Immediately afterwards, in all the streets, shops, and coffee-houses of the city, men might have been seen to pull out their watches, in order to test the exactness of these articles by the infallible report. A general movement of surprise was the consequence, and a great variety of reflections came from the lips of the Parisians within hearing. 'Singular,' cried one; 'I have always found this watch of mine to go well.' 'What!' exclaimed another, 'a full half-hour behind! And this is the watch which was guaranteed to me to go without varying a minute in a month!' 'This is the first time,' muttered a third, 'that my Breguet ever went wrong!'

The watchmakers were still more astonished than other people; but the majority of them were compelled to yield to the evidence of the official detonation. A few did stand out for their chronometers; and one of these paladins of watch-making ventured upon the daring suggestion, that 'the *sun* might have gone wrong!' But, as may be imagined, this ingenious idea did not find many supporters. The infallibility of the god of day was not a thing to be generally questioned; and, accordingly, almost all who were within hearing of the cannon of the Palais-Royal, whether followers of the art of horology or simple amateurs, took their watch-keys, and set their watches to the hour of noon, or, in other words, half an hour in advance of the real time. The evidence of all the clocks of Paris could not stand against the fiat of the sun.

On first consideration, one might not be able to foresee any great mischief likely to result from this mischievous trick of the boy with his match. Grave consequences, nevertheless, were the result. To make a mistake of half an hour in the progress of time, is not an error to be committed with impunity. A watch that goes too quick or too slow will often originate a series of mistakes of the most serious kind, from the consequences of which it may be very difficult to escape.

'Already noon! Boy, my bill!' These words w---

uttered, on the morning here referred to, by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Véfour's, and who, after his meal, had fallen into a long and thoughtful reverie. This gentleman was Monsieur D——, the banker, whose affairs had long appeared to be in a flourishing state, but who had lately sustained some pecuniary reverses, which his credit found it difficult to conceal much longer. When the young rascal's lucifer had done the duty of the meridional sun, M. D—— started up in haste, and left the restaurateur's. He had in his hands at the moment a letter, which he re-read as he hurried along. It was conceived in the following terms:—

'I have received, my dear friend, the letter in which you communicate to me the disastrous position of your affairs, and tell me that you have no remaining hope but in me. My own resources are insufficient, as you well know, to enable me to relieve you, but I am about to set out, as you suggest, to the country, though with little hope, I confess. Nevertheless, it is possible that the application may be successful, and you may rest assured that I shall spare no pains to make it so. If I succeed in realising the sum necessary for your preservation, I will meet you tomorrow in the Orleans Gallery, within the hours of twelve and one, *pointedly*. You will be punctual of course in meeting me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because the precariousness of your present condition may render you afraid of receiving embarrassing visits there. If I am not at the appointed place exactly within the hour, you may be assured that I have failed; and I should advise you, in that case, to lose no time in accomplishing your project of quitting Paris. Your creditors will then see more strongly the necessity of arrangement, that they may have your personal aid in making your assets available. You may readily guess my reason for not wishing to come in person, and tell you of my having failed to procure funds. My uncle, to whom you stand so heavily indebted, would never pardon me if he thought that I had aided you in your flight. Be punctual. Yours ever, &c. Lucien B——.'

M. D—— reached the Orleans Gallery, and walked up and down in a state of great anxiety. ‘The crisis of my fate has arrived,’ thought he; ‘I am rapidly hurrying down the slope to ruin, and have only increased my danger tenfold, by endeavouring to conceal my situation while there was yet time for an honourable submission. Every hope is failing me. Lucien is the last; and if he brings not the hundred thousand francs which I must pay this day, my fate is sealed.’

Agitated by such harassing reflections, the banker looked again and again at his watch, as he paced the gallery. He had set the watch by the unlucky report of the Palais-Royal, happy at the time, poor man, that he had such an assurance of chronological accuracy. The moments passed away. No appearance of Lucien. Every minute destroyed a portion of hope, and when the unfortunate banker’s watch at last told the hour of one, a cold sweat broke out on his temples. ‘He comes not,’ muttered M. D——; ‘all is over.’ Yet he lingered on still. Again and again he trod the gallery, scanning anxiously every outlet and inlet. It was only when the watch told him that the stated hour, and twenty-five minutes more, had passed away, that he saw the necessity of acting decidedly, and hurried with speed from the gallery.

At that very moment, Lucien entered the same place by another entrance. He was still five minutes before the expiry of the hour—that is to say, it wanted five minutes of one o’clock—the banker’s watch, set by the cannon-report, having been wrong by precisely half an hour. While Lucien walked about the gallery, with the required sum of 100,000 francs in his hands, wondering what could possibly be the cause of his friend’s absence, that friend was flying at speed from Paris, in a carriage which had been in readiness for the purpose. He was flying into acknowledged bankruptcy. Lucien, meanwhile, could not but conclude that some new evil had occurred to render his friend’s affairs irretrievable. How could Lucien possibly conjecture what had been the

influence of a lucifer-match in the hands of a mischievous boy?

That little ragged rascal of the streets had caused an important bankruptcy—in fact, a pretty serious commercial crisis.

At the same period of time when these affairs were in progress, a young lady, elegantly attired, might have been seen in the passage Delorme. She was walking about with steps somewhat hurried and impatient; and an attentive observer might have remarked upon her countenance an expression of angry surprise. Nay, she might have been heard to mutter pretty loudly, and very peevishly: ‘It is scandalous! My watch *must* be right’—and here she looked at it for the tenth time—‘my watch must be right; but a few minutes have passed since I got it out of the hands of my watchmaker in the Palais-Royal. It cannot be wrong already, and Monsieur Leopold chooses to be behind his time! After my condescending, too, to listen to his humble petition that I would go to the museum with him, and going out of my way, besides, to meet him here! Scandalous!’

The surprise, impatience, and anger of the lady increased every moment—and no wonder that it was so. Young, pretty, rich, and surrounded by admirers, the widowed Madame de Luceval had distinguished in the crowd of her suitors M. Leopold de Versy. She had even given him fair grounds to hope, that ere long she would consent to resume for his sake the chains of matrimony; and, by the way, she had agreed to take his arm to visit the Museum of the Louvre—an honour envied by many and accepted by him with gratitude; yet the hour had seemingly come, the lady was in waiting, and the gentleman was not there! ‘I expected to find him before me,’ continued the irritated lady, in her meditative mood, ‘but I was in error. It was a piece of presumption on my part. M. Leopold does not plume himself on punctuality. If I am to wait thus upon him before marriage, what will be my condition afterwards? Shall I remarry only to taste again of evils which I have already felt in

such bitterness?' These murmured meditations boded no good to the unfortunate but innocent M. Leopold de Versy. The fair widow looked at her watch for the last of many times. Ten minutes past one was the hour indicated. 'My patience is at an end,' said the beautiful widow; 'the most rigorous politeness accords but a few minutes on occasions of appointments; but where one ought reasonably to expect to be eagerly waited for, this conduct on the part of Monsieur Leopold is somewhat too bad.' And the beautiful widow waited no longer, but walked away.

M. Leopold de Versy arrived at the appointed spot, on the wings of love, full ten minutes before the time agreed upon. He of course received a disappointment, nor would the lady afterwards either give or take explanations. The match between the pair was broken off decisively, and the lady sought, and soon afterwards found, a gentleman of whose punctuality she took care to be well assured.

Behold, then, what mighty consequences may flow from a little gunpowder ignited too soon! Not on the field of battle, and between two powerful armies—for there great consequences might be expected—but in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, from the premature discharge of a single harmless little cannon, through the agency of a lucifer-match, in the hands of a little mischievous boy!

Doubtless, other results, equally serious, flowed from the same event; but we can carry the inquiry no further.*

* We have translated the above from the French of Eugene Guinot.

THE PESTILENCE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING eight years in the middle of the fourteenth century, the world is thought to have lost a fourth part of its inhabitants by a pestilence which, like the cholera morbus, broke out in the East, and extended into Europe, where it was known by the terrible name of the *Black Death*.

It is remarkable that the countries where this pestilence originated, and to which it spread, were visited for some years before with an unusual amount of physical calamity. Earthquakes, inundations, and failures of crops, were the chief forms in which the evil appeared. It is more than probable that the effects thereby produced, in lessening the aliment and harassing the minds of the people, were conducive, if not to the rise, at least to the extension of the pestilence.

According to the learned Dr Hecker, whose history of the Black Death we propose to follow,* the malady originated in China, whence it moved westwards, in an unbroken though not even line of route; involving in destruction each successive country to which it came. A year or two were occupied in the transit, and it reached the Mediterranean at the close of 1347. Dr Hecker thinks it possible that the disease itself might not be given to Europe by actual contagion; but that the 'corruption of the atmosphere came from the East,' is not to be doubted. The Black Death appeared in Cyprus and Sicily in the end of 1347; in 1348, it visited Avignon; during the early part of the same year, it spread through France and Germany; in August it reached England. In 1349, it attacked Poland, Sweden, and Denmark; and in Russia it appeared in 1351. Thus the disease is seen not to have broken

* *The Black Death of the Fourteenth Century*. Translated from the German of I. F. O. Hecker, M.D., by B. G. Babington, M.D. Schloss: London. 1833.

out simultaneously, nor to have followed a direct course.

'The Black Death,' says Hecker, 'was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumours of the glands, such as break out in no other febrile disease,' and accompanied by black spots, indicative of putrid decomposition. Burning heat and thirst, with black mouth and throat, were also among the symptoms, which are so far those of ordinary Eastern plague. In from twelve hours to six days, the sufferers died. The disease was fearfully contagious. Not only the sufferer, but any article of clothing or furniture, or any animal which he had touched for an instant, gave the malady with certainty to others.

The mortality caused by this pestilence was enormous. Calculating Europe then to contain about one hundred millions of people, Professor Hecker sets down the loss of lives at *twenty-five millions*. It was reported to Pope Clement, that in Asia, exclusive of China, twenty three millions of people had perished. 'India was nearly depopulated. Tatarv was covered with dead bodies.' We cannot guess at the precise loss in Africa, but it is known that Cairo lost daily, when the plague was at its height, 15,000 persons. Annalists say that England retained but a tenth part of its population after the cessation of the mortality. This is next to incredible, yet we learn that a single burial-ground of London received 50,000 corpses. Norwich lost 51,000 people; Venice, 100,000; Florence, 60,000; Siena, 70,000; Paris, 50,000; and Avignon, 60,000. In Germany, 124,000 Franciscan friars died, and in Italy, 30,000 Minorites. Two queens perished in France, two princes in Sweden, and Alphonse XI. of Spain was one of the victims. The church-yards were soon filled everywhere, and at Avignon the pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone for the reception of the dead. From 1347 to 1350, Europe remained more or less under this frightful scourge, Russia only being afflicted at a later date. Occasional relapses took place down till 1363, but were not attended with much mortality.

Some of the features of the time, as described by contemporary annalists, are of a sufficiently striking nature. Ships, in which the whole crew had perished during their voyages, were seen drifting unmanned through the ocean, or going to pieces on the shores. Merchants of great wealth coldly and willingly renounced their goods, or, carrying their treasures to monasteries, besought the prayers of the monks, who, however, cared not to receive what, equally with less valuable articles, was calculated to communicate death. 'When the evil had become universal,' says Boccaccio, speaking of Florence, 'the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Others shut themselves up in their houses, with their wives, their children, and households, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of death or sickness was permitted to reach their ear; and they spent their time in singing and music, and other pastimes. Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them, as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavoured to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled.

'Amid this general lamentation and wo, the influence and authority of every law, human and divine, vanished. A vast number of official persons had been carried off by the plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many members of their families that they were unable to attend to their duties; so that thenceforth every one acted as he thought proper. Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course. They ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, which they smelt from time to time, in order to

invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick, and by the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the plague. Others carried their precaution still further, and thought the surest way to escape death was by flight. They therefore left the city; women as well as men abandoning their dwellings and their relations, and retiring into the country. But of these, also, many were carried off, most of them alone and deserted by all the world, themselves having previously set the example. Thus it was that one citizen fled from another—a neighbour from his neighbours—a relation from his relations; and in the end, so completely had terror extinguished every kindlier feeling, that the brother forsook the brother—the sister the sister—the wife her husband—and, at last, even the parent his own offspring—and abandoned them, unvisited and unsoothed, to their fate. Those, therefore, that stood in need of assistance, fell a prey to greedy attendants; who, for an exorbitant recompense, merely handed the sick their food and medicine, remained with them in their last moments, and then frequently became themselves victims to their avarice, and lived not to enjoy their extorted gain. Propriety and decorum were extinguished among the helpless sick. Females of rank seemed to forget their natural bashfulness, and committed the care of themselves, indiscriminately, to men and women of the lowest order. No longer were women, relatives or friends, found in the house of mourning, to share the grief of the survivors—no longer was the corpse accompanied to the grave by neighbours and a numerous train of priests carrying wax-tapers and singing psalms, nor was it borne along by other citizens of equal rank. Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying pillow; and few, indeed, were they who departed amid the lamentations and tears of their friends and kindred. Instead of sorrow and mourning, appeared indifference, frivolity, and mirth; this being considered, especially by the females, as conducive to health.' No proper regulations were made, or could be enforced, for the disposal of

the dead, who were generally taken out and laid on the streets, where 'the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted gaze of the passing stranger.'

In other parts of the world, the conduct of the people was marked by a terrible contrition and the wildest extremes of fanaticism. 'There first arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the brotherhood of the Flagellants, called also the Brethren of the Cross, or Cross-bearers, who took upon themselves the repentance of the people, for the sins they had committed, and offered prayers and supplications for the averting of this plague. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lower class, who were either actuated by sincere contrition, or who joyfully availed themselves of this pretext for idleness, and were hurried along with the tide of distracting frenzy. But as these brotherhoods gained in repute, and were welcomed by the people with veneration and enthusiasm, many nobles and ecclesiastics ranged themselves under their standard, and their bands were not unfrequently augmented by children, honourable women, and nuns; so powerfully were minds of the most opposite temperaments enslaved by this infatuation. They marched through the cities, in well-organised processions, with leaders and singers; their heads covered as far as the eyes; their look fixed on the ground, accompanied by every token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They were robed in sombre garments, with red crosses on the breast, back, and cap, and bore triple scourges, tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed. Tapers, and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold, were carried before them; wherever they made their appearance, they were welcomed by the ringing of the bells; and the people flocked from all quarters to listen to their hymns, and to witness their penance, with devotion and tears. In the year 1349, 200 Flagellants first entered Strasburg, where they were received with great joy, and hospitably lodged by the citizens. Above a thousand joined the brotherhood, which now assumed the appearance of a

wandering tribe, and separated into two bodies, for the purpose of journeying to the north and to the south. For more than half a year, new parties arrived weekly ; and, on each arrival, adults and children left their families to accompany them, till at length their sanctity was questioned, and the doors of houses and churches were closed against them. At Spires, 200 boys, of twelve years of age and under, constituted themselves into a brotherhood of the Cross, in imitation of the children who, about 100 years before, had united, at the instigation of some fanatic monks, for the purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. All the inhabitants of this town were carried away by the illusion ; they conducted the strangers to their houses with songs of thanksgiving, to regale them for the night. The women embroidered banners for them, and all were anxious to augment their pomp ; and at every succeeding pilgrimage, their influence and reputation increased. It was not merely some individual parts of the country that fostered them ; all Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Silesia, and Flanders, did homage to the mania ; and they at length became as formidable to the secular as they were to the ecclesiastical power.*

The Flagellants were not a new order, but a revival of one which had before existed. The brothers scourged their half-naked bodies in market-places and other public spots, singing psalms at the same time, and uttering loud prayers. Some subtle impostor was usually their leader, and deceived them with pretended messages from above. The church grew alarmed. The pope excommunicated them ; and the inferior clergy became, from being their supporters, their most zealous persecutors. They were ultimately suppressed, but not till they had done much evil, for their processions lasted during the plague, and undoubtedly conducted in no small degree to the spread of infection.

Another display of the fanatical spirit at this era consisted in the persecution of the Jews of Europe. The

* Dr Hecker.

cruelties to which this unhappy race were then subjected, are described as having been almost unparalleled.

The Black Death set the medical art at defiance. In many recorded instances, the physicians of the age did their duty nobly, as regarded personal exposure ; but how can we expect to find them treating the disease rationally, when we learn that almost every one of them held the belief, 'that a grand conjunction of the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Aquarius, in March 1345, was the cause of the pestilence !' Separation, and the avoidance of all contact with things touched by the infected, was the only fixed medical rule, yet it was not carried into effect by public and general consent. Of the actual cause and real nature of the Black Death, it is impossible, from the imperfect accounts before us, to form any correct estimate ; but it may be rationally concluded to have been occasioned by some species of atmospheric derangement to this day beyond the ken of science, operating originally upon frames reduced by physical privations and mental excitement, and afterwards extending by contagion to the healthy. Some of its effects, in the arresting of wars and the patching up of truces, were of a remarkable nature. By a reduction of the population, it caused such a rise in the price of labour, as Edward III. of England deemed it necessary to repress by severe regulations, all of which are believed to have been vain. Nevertheless, it was remarked that, in a wonderfully short space of time, the population of Europe had reached nearly its former limits.



STORY OF A PYRENEAN BANDIT.

'OUR peaceful mountains,' says a letter from Lavelanet, in the department of Ariège, south of France, 'have been for some months agitated by occurrences of an unusual kind. The sole and constant subject of conversation is a bandit, named Tragine, whose consummate daring and extraordinary career have made his name too famous among the Pyrenees.' This letter was dated in the year 1840, and the adventures of the person indicated in it have been of so remarkable a kind, that we conceive them likely to interest our readers, as well as to make us all beneficially sensible of the great blessings which we possess in a country of order and good government. Enjoyed daily, such advantages are too apt to be forgot, to the nursing sometimes of uncalled-for discontent.

Pierre Sarda, familiarly known by the name of Tragine, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, and, though of the common height, prodigiously strong and muscular in body. He was born on the Pyrenees of Ariège, and familiar with all their recesses. He was condemned in 1837, for an attempt at assassination, to five years' imprisonment, and was accordingly shut up in the round tower of the old castle of the Counts of Foix, but made his escape from it soon afterwards, in company with another prisoner named Sastré. From this period, Tragine became an outlawed plunderer; and such was his character for strength and daring, that he moved about almost openly in that simple district, and no one ventured to meddle with him. For sometime he had an associate in Sastré, but at length quarrelled with him, and shot him dead. After committing this crime, he coolly passed into the village of Leychert, and told what had happened. The consequence was, that he was condemned to confinement and hard labour for life, but was never caught, to be subjected to the punishment. He knew the mountains

so well, and was so active and dangerous, that no one could seize him. He had the audacity to build a hut in a lonely spot, and to bring to it his wife and two children. Here he remained, sometimes visiting the villages around, and always armed with a double-barrelled gun, two pistols, and a poniard. He would go in this guise into inns, or would visit acquaintances, asking favours which no one dared to refuse. He even presented himself more than once at church on Sundays, and attended with seeming devoutness to the services. On meeting any man, he would hold out his hand, and wo to him who refused to grasp it! In short, by dint of unparalleled effrontery and daring, Tragine made himself the annoyance and terror of the whole neighbourhood.

Such was the state of things until a new act of the bandit aroused the district to increased exertions against him. M. Pierre Pic, mayor of Leychert, was out in the fields near his own house, accompanied by a friend, an old man like himself. Tragine perceived them, and burst upon them, crying: 'Faces to the earth, and death to you if you move!' The old men recognised Tragine, and obeyed in terror. The ruffian advanced toward Pic, exclaiming: 'Ah! Mister Mayor, so you were at Foix the other day, to bring the prosecutor-fiscal and the police upon me!' With these words, he struck the poor old mayor several strokes with his gun, so severe that M. Pic, unable to endure them, grasped the weapon to prevent its further use in the same way. But the struggle was too unequal to last, and Pic fell, deeply wounded by a new blow. His passions being now awakened, the bandit did not rest here, but drew his poniard, and gave the mayor several other wounds, which dyed the grass with blood. Suddenly, however, the assassin stopped, and exclaiming: 'I have wounded you enough, but you would struggle with me, and if you do not say *you hurt yourself* in the struggle, wo be to you! Give me your hand.' The mayor could not hold out his hand, but the ruffian seized, and shook it heartily; and afterwards embraced his passive victim with great seeming fervour. He then

took him upon his shoulders, in order himself to bear the poor old man home. But the blood poured so copiously from his wounds, that Tragine was forced to set him down by the way, and then went off to announce the event in person. At the first house he came to, he stopped, and called on the occupant to go instantly to the wounded mayor. The man, recognising Tragine's voice, cried that he would go shortly; but the ruffian ordered him to appear instantly, and the other dared not disobey. By the directions given, he went straight to the unfortunate mayor. Tragine did not yet close his strange and most audacious proceedings, but went to the mayor's own house, and announced the condition in which M. Pic was. He, moreover, gathered the mayor's cows, thinking, apparently, that in the confusion they might be forgotten; and he sent them home under a safe-convoy. Nor was this all: after the mayor was carried home, and laid in bed, the attendants, late at night, were surprised by the appearance among them of a man covered with blood. He went to the bedside, embraced the sufferer, loaded him with kisses, and again disappeared. The stupidified attendants made no motion to seize the wretch till it was too late. It was Tragine!

These strange tokens of real or seeming repentance could not prevent the attempt to punish a crime so nefarious. A brigade of gendarmes was immediately stationed at Leychert, with orders to pursue the ruffian, and take him alive if possible. A public reward of 1000 francs was also offered for his capture. But, as he had already done for three successive years, Tragine continued, by his watchfulness and desperate courage, to elude all attempts to seize him; and, in fact, in place of diminishing, the presence of the gendarmes seemed to increase his effrontery. For example, learning through some of the peasants, whom either fear or favour led still to talk to him, that twenty of the police were assembled one night at Pic's house, the bandit went thither, and fired in at one of the windows. The double detonation warned the police of the party with whom they had to do, but

before they could get on his track, the ruffian was far beyond their vengeance. Unhappily, the balls, of which not less than five were found, shewing how heavily he loaded his gun, struck the mayor's son, and wounded him dangerously. Roused to violent wrath by the pursuit to which he was subjected, Tragine even menaced with death all who should assist the wounded Pics, making only one exception. To the curate of the village he sent a condescending message, bidding him do the duties of his office towards the sufferers without fear. In short, the bandit, for some weeks after the assault on M. Pierre Pic, continued to be the terror of the district, bursting upon his pursuers here and there like a meteor, but with such caution that they could not arrest him.

At length a report was studiously sent abroad that every man who saw Tragine was empowered to shoot him. This soon came to the bandit's ears, and as he had once or twice narrowly escaped by speed of foot and skill in climbing the rocks, he was much alarmed by the tidings—so much so, that he left his old haunts. Whither he went, remained for a time a mystery. In the interval, the prefect of Ariège sent orders to the mayors of all the different villages to be on the watch, and to remember the reward for the villain's capture. In the end, the mayor of Larcac, named M. Joulé, formed a plan for the capture of the bandit, but, to shew the disinterestedness of his wish to serve the public, he first refused the reward. M. Joulé was a man of thirty-five, tall in stature, and athletic in make—a man fit perhaps for a struggle with Tragine, if the latter could be caught unarmed; but there lay the difficulty, for he never parted with his fatal weapons. However, ingenuity may do much. M. Joulé having laid down his plan, went out into the streets and market-place, and there, in the hearing of many persons, descanted on the extraordinary courage and address of Tragine, adding: 'That he would be wise to retire to Spain, and that surely some mayor, if properly applied to, would grant him a passport, which must be the only difficulty in the way.' Some days afterwards, a man came and

sought a secret interview with the mayor of Larcat. The object was to know if he would grant a passport for Tragine to go to Spain. Three hundred francs were offered on the part of the bandit. M. Joulé at first refused, but afterwards consented, on condition of receiving 500 francs. An interview was to be held with Tragine, to take down his description, and a house in the country, near Foix, was fixed on as the place of the meeting.

M. Joulé was at the appointed place in good time ; but there he found, not Tragine, but his wife, who brought 400 francs, with some necessary marks for making out the passport. M. Joulé made a promise to hold the money sufficient, but it was not his purpose to do without the personal presence of the wily bandit. He therefore told the wife that he came only to take down the description, and had not brought the necessary papers with him ; but that, if Tragine would come to his house on a certain day, the passport would then be ready, except as regarded the filling up of some personal marks and the signature. On the day named, Tragine did come to Larcat, but remained at the house of an associate or friend, and sent for the mayor to come thither. M. Joulé went, and an interview took place between Tragine and him. The suspicious bandit remained inside of a window, leaning on his deadly gun, while the mayor stood outside. The latter refused to write the passport among people who might compromise him, and said, besides, that the official seal was at his own office. But the cautious robber would not trust himself in the mayor's house. Such, at least, was his first decision. The mayor, however, at last said : ' Well, well, take your money back, and go away.' These words, uttered in an easy manner, changed the resolve of Tragine.

' I will go with you,' he said, and accordingly followed the steps of the mayor homewards.

Arrived at his office, the mayor made Tragine stand before him, face to face. But the robber kept his hands firmly on the gun.

' What height are you ?' said M. Joulé at last ; ' set

down your carabine, and stand upright.' The cool, business-like regularity of the mayor's proceedings had reassured Tragine, and setting down his weapon, he placed himself in the soldier's attitude of attention. M. Joulé stood side by side, and measured him; and then, looking fair in the bandit's face, he said: 'What colour are your eyes?' Tragine opened his eyes widely, and at that instant the courageous mayor threw his arms around the robber, and pinned him as in a vice, exclaiming at the same time in a voice of thunder: 'You are my prisoner! Help, my friends, help!' When the bandit saw his mischance, his struggles to get at his carabine were fearful. But he was in the hands of a man as bold and vigorous as himself. The combatants fell both on the floor; Tragine wrought with the force of desperation to pull out one of his pistols; but the mayor relaxed not his grasp, and, indeed to do so, would have been to give Tragine an opportunity to sign a passport for him to another world.

The struggle was terminated by the entrance of two men whom M. Joulé had planted close at hand. One of them seized the formidable carabine in the first place, and then they threw strong cords around the bandit's body and arms. Thus bound, he was conveyed next day to the town of Foix, and lodged in the old rock-perched castle of the counts of that place. The whole country flocked out to see the notorious Tragine, and a general rejoicing took place throughout Ariège. The capture took place about the close of 1840.

WILLIAM PENN.

THE family of Penn occupied for several centuries a distinguished position, as regarded territorial possessions, in the counties of Buckingham and Gloucester. Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the subject of our memoir, and the head of the family, rose to great eminence as a naval commander in the times of the Protectorate, and in those succeeding the Restoration. His only son William, whose birth took place in London in the year 1644, was educated in a manner befitting his prospects as the heir of an ancient and wealthy house. He was first sent to the grammar-school of Chigwell, in Essex, adjoining his father's summer residence of Wanstead; and in due time was entered a gentleman-commoner at Christ's-church, Oxford. Here he distinguished himself by remarkable proficiency in his juvenile studies, and was also noted for his propensity to athletic exercises. At so early an age as sixteen, moreover, he displayed some of those peculiarities of thinking upon religious subjects, which affected his after-career in so prominent a degree. Having heard the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a Quaker, he adopted the opinions of that sect, so far as to neglect the established worship of the college, and attend on private meetings. He was fined, in consequence, for nonconformity. Subsequently, when an order came from court for the resumption of surplices by the students, William Penn not only declined to comply with the royal command, but even assembled some friends of his own way of thinking, and falling with them upon those colleagues who had assumed the surplice, tore the obnoxious article from their very backs. Being expelled the university for this somewhat rash behaviour, Penn went home, and attempting to justify his conduct by argument, was beaten by the hasty old admiral, and turned out of doors.

These circumstances are worth noticing, as indicative of the self-determined spirit of William Penn, even in boyhood. His father, after a time, forgave him, and sent him to travel for two years on the continent. On his return, he was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and subsequently sent to the Duke of Ormond's court at Dublin, where he was intrusted with the management of his father's extensive possessions in Ireland. Being but twenty-two years of age, he possibly might yet have been swayed from the tenets which had caught his fancy, had he not again met Loe the Quaker, who made him a complete and permanent convert. Attending sectarian meetings in Dublin, he was thrown into prison. Being liberated by application to Lord Orrery, Penn returned to England, and a new contest took place between him and the admiral. The latter found that his son had become a confirmed Quaker, and, losing hope of moving him further, only stipulated that the youth should consent to depart so far from the customs of his sect, as to take off his hat in presence of the king, the Duke of York, and himself! After a violent struggle between filial affection and religious convictions, William announced that he could not agree even to this limited amount of hat-worship, and was again turned out of doors.

Penn now began, at the age of twenty-four, to preach at meetings, and, in short, to treat devotion as the business of his life. He at this time, too, commenced his career as a polemical pamphleteer—a character which he never dropped till his dying day. Against every opponent of his sect, for a long succession of years, he presented himself as a champion, and two vast folio volumes yet exist as monuments of his zeal and industry. His most considerable work is one called *No Cross, no Crown*, which is an elaborate defence of Quakerism. By another early pamphlet, the *Sandy Foundation Shaken*, he gave such offence to the clergy, that they caused him to be thrown into the Tower. Here he was treated with great severity; but this had no effect on his indomitable spirit, and, being unable to preach, he produced six other

pamphlets during his seven months' incarceration. On the interposition of the Duke of York, moved to it by regard for the old admiral, he was at length liberated. But he had now chosen his part in the world, and nothing could make him swerve from the zealous propagation of what he believed to be the truth. His father got him out of harm's way for a short time, by sending him to Ireland; but as soon as he returned, the young Quaker was again taken into custody, and brought to trial for preaching at meetings, which was declared criminal by a law of the time against 'conventicles.' This trial was a memorable one. William Penn behaved with astonishing firmness and dignity; his judges with equal meanness and brutality. The prisoner, according to the customs of his sect, appeared with his hat on in court. The door-keeper took it off, but the judge ordered it to be replaced, and then fined the wearer for contempt of court. Penn demanded to know what law or statute he had here violated, in answer to which the recorder called him an 'impertinent fellow.' Nothing daunted, Penn instantly quoted *Magna Charta* and Lord Coke against his antagonist.

'I tell you to be silent,' cried the recorder in a passion; 'if we should suffer you to ask questions till the morning, you would be never the wiser.'

'That is *according as the answers are*,' said the imperturbable Penn.

'Take him away! take him away!' bawled the judges.

He *was* for awhile taken away, but the jury proved as nobly obstinate as the prisoner. Their first verdict was: 'We find the pannel guilty of *speaking* in Grace-Church Street.' Reproached by the court for this legally inefficient finding, and shut up till next morning without meat, drink, or fire, they still brought back the same verdict. With violent menaces, they were again enclosed, to starve for other twenty-four hours. Their finding continued the same. On the third day, the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the minds of Englishmen was produced. In place of the indirect acquittal contained in their former verdict, they now, with one

voice, pronounced the prisoner 'Not guilty!' Upon some paltry legal pretence, they were all fined for their contumacy, and Penn himself was shut up, till he should pay the mulct for contempt of court. This he would not pay, but his father, it is thought, laid down the money for him, and he was liberated.

These things occurred when Penn was at the age of twenty-five. His father died immediately afterwards, and left him a clear estate of L.1500 a year. In 1672, the young Quaker also married Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. None of these events, however, made the slightest change in the career of William Penn. He continued to preach and write without intermission, and seems to have been in prison once every six months, for a succession of years. It is saying little to state, that not a vestige of real criminality was ever brought home to him, or even laid to his charge. His patience and firmness under these reiterated persecutions were almost marvellous; but our space will not permit of our entering into details upon this subject, well worthy of record though they be. We shall only quote one appeal made by him in public, when taunted with hypocrisy by a magistrate. 'I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it a practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions.' Then turning to his calumniator, and forgetting for a moment his wonted meekness, 'Thy words,' said he, 'shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet.'

We must now turn from the detail of Penn's long and severe sufferings for conscience' sake, to the matter which gained for him his main celebrity, associating his name with one of the fairest and most important portions of the globe. He first became connected with the New World, as trustee on the estate of one Billynge, a Quaker, to whom the family of Lord Berkeley had sold a part of

the territory ceded to them by the crown in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. As agent for Billynge, William Penn drew up a charter for his friend's possessions, and superintended the emigration of a ship-load or two of Quakers to that region. Hearing the best accounts of their prosperity, he was led to think of founding a larger settlement on his own account. Fortunately, his father had had a claim upon the dissolute and needy government of Charles II. for the sum of L.16,000, and Penn proposed that, in lieu of payment, the district of Pennsylvania should be assigned to him, stipulating also, in order to insure religious tolerance and other social advantages, that extensive legislative and administrative powers should accompany the concession. His proposal was agreed to. The memorable charter, founded upon it, was drawn up on the 4th of March 1681. Penn proposed to give the name of Sylvania to the ceded territory, but the king insisted upon prefixing *Penn* to it; and after some struggles of modesty, the new proprietor agreed to the addition.

Penn gathered together, ere long, a large body of settlers for his transatlantic possessions. With a degree of humanity rare in that age, though quite in consonance with his own noble character, he forewarned all his adherents that he was determined to put the native Indians on a level with the colonists as regarded civic rights, and that all differences between the two parties should be settled by an equal number of referees from both sides. Having prepared them for acting upon such wise and merciful principles, he first sent out a section of his party, under the charge of his relative and secretary, Colonel Markham, and followed with the remainder, at the close of the year 1682. Before departing, he addressed letters of counsel to his wife and children, some passages of which are so impressive, and honourable to the writer, that we cannot refrain from giving a brief specimen. 'My dear wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly

comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world; take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.' He next addresses himself to his children: 'Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you, for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding—qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors. And though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish your dear mother!'

Penn embarked, and arrived safely in the Delaware with his company. Most of his contemporaries, to whom lands were ceded in these regions by the government at home, held that they had by that cession acquired all the necessary rights, and that no other parties were entitled to a voice in the matter. Not so thought William Penn. Immediately on landing, he made arrangements for meeting the chief men of the Indians, who were still numerous in the region, and for *purchasing* from them a district sufficient for the purposes of the colonists. A grand convocation, accordingly, of the Indians and settlers—the latter headed by Penn—was held near the site of the present city of Philadelphia. The natives came to the place of meeting in great numbers, and all armed;

Penn came, with his friends, unarmed. The only mark of distinction which the leader of the settlers presented was a sash of blue silk net-work, and the parchment-roll which he held in his hand, and which contained the conditions of the treaty. The Indians, on his approach, threw down their arms, and seated themselves on the ground; on which their chiefs announced to Penn that they were ready to hear him. Tradition has preserved the main points in Penn's address on this memorable occasion.

He began: 'The Great Spirit,' he said, 'who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love.' After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. 'Among other things,' says the writer of an abstract of the Memoirs of Penn in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before

them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did—that is, call them children or brothers only, for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

The Indian chiefs answered in lengthened speeches, and pledged themselves 'to live in love with William Penn and his children, so long as sun and moon should endure.' The treaty was concluded—a treaty of which it has been remarked with truthful severity, that it was the only one concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by oaths, and the only one that never was broken!

This was at least the case while William Penn and his friends, the makers of the treaty, lived to carry its conditions into effect. Subsequent to this convocation, Penn held meetings among the settlers for the establishment of equable laws, and fifty-nine statutes were passed in three days. These statutes testify not less strongly to the humanity than to the enlightenment and ability of William Penn. He abolished capital punishments, excepting in the two cases of murder and high treason; and he made the prisons of the settlement the scene of compulsive industry and instruction. That the enlightened of the present day should be struggling for the introduction of reforms approximating to these, affords a wonderful

proof of the high moral feeling and sagacity of William Penn.

After a residence of two years in Pennsylvania, during which time he was incessantly engaged in labouring for the public good, Penn returned to Great Britain, only to undergo new persecutions for conscience' sake. The Revolution ended his public troubles in a great measure, but he was afterwards afflicted by severe domestic distress, losing both his wife and his son. After travelling to recruit his health and spirits, he married a second time, and in 1699 returned for two additional years to his beloved colony of Pennsylvania. Coming again to England, he was attacked with apoplexy in his latter days, and finally expired in 1718, at the age of seventy-four. To the last, or as long, at least, as the ability was left to him, he continued unweariedly to preach and publish those doctrines on which he conceived the welfare of mankind to depend.

In the Life of Penn, drawn up by Thomas Clarkson, we find his character summed up in a few words. 'He was a kind husband, a tender father, a noble patriot, and a good man.' The effects of his labours can never be effaced or forgotten in the colony which he founded. Like all of the sect to which he attached himself, Penn was extremely neat and cleanly in person and attire, and his dislike to tobacco-smoking had well-nigh undermined his popularity in his transatlantic settlements. But his great merits overbore all such petty objections.

AN OLD STORY OF FLANDERS.

THE small towns of Couvin and Chimay, situated on the borders of Belgium and France, were under the dominion, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of two baronial families, who habitually viewed each other with feelings of jealousy and dislike. The people of Chimay shared in the sentiments of their count in this respect, as did those of Couvin in the prejudices of their marquis; and hence originated many a scene of bloody dissension and strife, continued with little intermission for a long period of years.

At a time when the towns of Couvin and Chimay were both under the dominion of youthful and high-spirited lords, a new incident occurred to widen the hereditary breach between the two families, and increased an animosity which was already excessive. The Marquis de Couvin and the Count de Chimay chanced to be both present at an assembly, where the nobility of the province had met for festive purposes. The daughter of a neighbouring baron was presented on the occasion for the first time to society. She was a creature of surpassing beauty, both as regarded form and face, and an air of languor, almost of melancholy, was apparent in her large dark eyes, which made her charms more touching and resistless. So felt, at least, the young barons of Couvin and Chimay. Love for the first time dawned on the souls of both—love, ardent and strong as the morning sun of midsummer; but with it came also its too frequent attendant, jealousy, like the cloud which often dims the brightness of the orb of nature, even amidst its July splendours. The count and marquis had their eyes respectively sharpened by the strength of their feelings, and each was conscious of the other's state of mind and heart. Though, as may be imagined, their feudal enmity was by no means diminished by these circumstances, no visible results ensued, until

the fate of their passion was determined by its common object. The barons again met the lady at a provincial festival, and the fair one had to fix upon one of the two as her partner for the evening. Indeed, the choice was for life ; and so it was felt to be by all parties. The Lord of Chimay was the fortunate man.

Not long afterwards, the Count and Countess of Chimay were spending the first weeks of their wedded life at the castle of the bridegroom. These weeks were in all respects happy, though the count was obliged to keep a guard on his movements ; for the marquis and his vassals evinced and avowed a burning thirst for revenge. In enjoying the pleasures of the chase, the count was compelled to confine himself to the precincts of his castle, and to have a guard of hunters constantly about him. However, as a month or two rolled away, he grew less cautious ; and one day, when his dogs had started a large wild-boar, he allowed himself to become so hot in the pursuit, that he lost sight of all his hunters. It was not long ere the latter took the alarm, and searched for him everywhere, but in vain. They then repaired to the customary place of gathering, and waited for their master there. Hour after hour flew past, however, and the count reappeared not. Again they sent out scouts in every direction, but with the same want of success. Finally, after a great part of the night had been spent in these fruitless searches, the hunters returned to the castle, clinging to the slight hope that the count might have reached home by a circuitous route. He had not been heard of, and they were then under the necessity of communicating the tidings of their master's loss to the countess. Already much alarmed by his delayed return, the lady was thrown into a state of inexpressible anguish. For a time she was incapable of any exertion, but at length, arousing herself, she insisted upon recommencing in person the search for her husband. The most faithful and experienced vassals of the count accompanied her. They searched every hill and plain, every glade and thicket ; inquired of all persons in the neighbourhood ;

but every effort was unavailing. The count could not be heard of.

Eight days passed away, and found the countess still in a state of widowed suffering and sorrow. At last, as an extreme step, she resolved to address her formidable neighbour of Couvin. To him all thoughts turned, as the party most likely to know the truth, if the count's disappearance had been the result of violence; but there was not a vestige of proof against the marquis. The poor countess knew what her influence over him had once been, and she hoped not to invoke his aid, at least, in vain. She believed him to be honourable.

Dressed in deep mourning, and all in tears, she presented herself, with a numerous suite attired in the same way, before the Marquis of Couvin, and called upon him to say, 'on his word as a knight,' if he knew aught of the lost Count of Chimay. The marquis swore to her, upon his honour, that he knew nought of her husband's fate. 'Oh, my lord!' said the countess, 'shew then to the world, in these melancholy circumstances, the magnanimity of your heart. Grant me your generous assistance in discovering the fate of my husband, who, though once your rival, will become, if found, your friend for ever! Order search to be made over your domains; be the protector of the unfortunate! Honour commands it, and a lady entreats it!'

The Lord of Couvin, with great apparent sympathy and compassion, promised to do everything in his power to aid the countess, and pressed her to stay at Couvin till a new search had been made. But perceiving the anxious looks of her old vassals, and herself feeling little confidence in the professions of the marquis, the countess returned directly to her own castle. There she awaited the result of the new inquiry. It was the same as the last—the Lord of Chimay remained undiscovered.

Several years elapsed without changing the position of affairs. The mateless countess lived in her castle, lonely and sorrowful, wearing ever her mournings, and praying that the truth might yet be revealed. She could

not believe her lord to be dead. It may be conceived, therefore, what her answer was, when she ultimately received a proposal of marriage from the Marquis de Couvin, upon the plea of uniting the long-divided vassals of Couvin and Chimay. Her reply was brief: 'I have no hand to dispose of. Had I thought myself free, I should long ago have ceased to live.'

In the seventh year after the disappearance of the Lord of Chimay, it chanced that a young shepherd lad, a vassal of the demesne, saw a rabbit in the grounds bordering the estate of Couvin. He had his bow and arrows, and shot at it, but missed. Still he pursued it, and, getting heated in the chase, lost all thought of time or distance. His last arrow was fired at the animal as it sprung up a steep rock, and again the rabbit escaped, for the lad saw his arrow sticking in a crevice of the cliff. Young Basler, as he was named, now looked about him, and saw, to his dismay, that he had approached to the very rock on which stood the hostile castle of Couvin. However, he thought he might as well try to recover his arrow, as his chance of a supper depended much upon it. He accordingly clambered up the rock, and got at the arrow; but when he attempted to pull it out, he felt a strong resistance. Plunging in his arm to loosen the point, to his horror he felt a damp hand grasp his own, and place between his fingers the head of his arrow, along with a soft substance! The lad, terror-struck, pulled out his hand with its contents, and found that he had got a piece of linen, marked with bloody characters. For a moment he sat motionless; but at length starting up, he fled home as fast as his feet could carry him, to tell his adventure to his parents, and shew them the rag. Fortunately, the boy's father was so far a scholar as to make out the words: 'To the Countess of Chimay.' The recollection of his lord burst on old Basler's mind at once, and he set off with all speed to the castle. The countess was ever accessible to her vassals, and virtue was in this case its own reward. She got the piece of linen, and no sooner saw it than she screamed aloud. But she composed

herself, and read these words : 'If thou art still true and faithful to me, arm thy vassals, and release me from the dungeons of Couvin.'

'It is my husband's writing and signature !' cried the delighted yet agitated and anxious countess. Without a moment's delay, she summoned all her vassals around her, and would have led them on the instant to the rescue of her lord ; but the wiser of them advised her to make success secure by calling in the assistance of her neighbours, who would necessarily be indignant at the conduct of Couvin. The countess saw the propriety of acceding to this suggestion, and as many friends as could be summoned were assembled during the night. Beyond the morning, the noble lady would not delay her adventure. Fortunately, a force was by that time gathered, sufficient for the accomplishment of the enterprise.

The castle of Couvin was attacked by surprise, and taken. Its villainous lord was brought on his knees before the countess, but he sullenly denied all knowledge of the fate of the Lord of Chimay. Nevertheless, his servants, afraid for their lives, were less obstinate under question. One of them offered to lead the way to the cell in which the captive was kept, and thither he went, followed by the anxious countess. The poor prisoner was found in a melancholy state of weakness. His life, spared but to lengthen out his torments, would soon have come to an end but for the timely relief afforded. Indeed, when the count found himself in the arms of his beloved wife, whom he had long lost all hope of seeing again, the excess of his joy had nearly overpowered his weak frame. But he was now in the hands of a kind nurse. Before he left his dungeon, he suddenly turned round. 'I had nearly forgotten my only friend—my deliverer,' said he ; and he pointed out to his friends a little rabbit, the same which young Basler had shot at. The creature was taken up by Basler himself, and carried away from the dungeon.

The Count de Chimay was conveyed homewards in triumph, accompanied by his numerous attendants. He

told his friends his simple story. On the day of the hunt, he had been seized by Couvin and a party lying in watch for him, and cast into the dungeon. A morsel of food was daily thrown to him, and he had never seen living thing for seven years, with the exception of the young rabbit, which crept in through the crevice that yielded the cell its only light, and had become the tame companion of the captive. The scrap of writing which had been given to young Basler had been long prepared for such a purpose, though with little hope that it would ever be put to use.

The Basler family were not among the least happy of the friends and vassals of Chimay on this occasion. In consideration of the service rendered by the youth, the father was made ranger of the woods of Chimay. One grant more was made to the family, and it was by this that the event was kept long in remembrance: the count decreed that a dish should be sent daily to the Baslers and their descendants, in time coming, from the table of the Lords of Chimay; and during many centuries this privilege was kept in use.

If the story, which is a true one, has no other merit, it may at least serve as an illustration of the manners of a period which we are too apt by the influence of imagination to dignify by the appellation of the 'good old times.'

THE VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS PARDOE.

I HEARD a voice, a childish voice,
 And it bade my inmost soul rejoice ;
 It spoke of pure and pleasant things,
 Of birds and bees, of flowers and springs :
 All that was sunshiny and fair,
 To grace a tale, was gathered there !
 Oh ! childhood hath a gushing tone,
 A clear sweet music all its own ;
 A flute-like sound, a wilding thrill,
 Like the low rushing of a rill
 Which gaily murmurs on its way,
 Beside some ruin old and gray ;
 Untainted by the touch of time,
 Unchanged by darkness or decay,
 And laughing in its sunny prime,
 That anything should pass away !

Yes—this is childhood, as it sports
 Within a world of care and coil ;
 Heedless alike of camps and courts ;
 Thoughtless alike of grief and toil ;
 Oh ! it is pleasant, in the shade
 Of leaves and flowers, to hear the voice
 Of children singing out the glee
 Of their heart-gladness merrily,
 Making the silence of the glade
 Echo their cheerful song—' Rejoice !'
 And childhood is a lovely thing
 In its first freshness ; ere the wing
 Of Time hath swept its downy cheek,
 And left its trace of tears :
 Ere we hath made its young voice speak
 The tale of after-years !

It is so fair—so pure—so bright—
 So redolent of joy ;
 Sad, that its visions of delight
 Should ever know alloy !
 Its eye is like the glittering star
 On Heaven's forehead set ;
 Its golden hair gleams lovelier far
 Than the attendant vapours are,
 When the bright clouds have met ;
 Ten thousand splendours blent in one,
 The funeral pageant of the sun !
 Its brow is placid, pure, and fair,
 Untainted and untouched by care :
 Its laughter, to maternal ears,
 Seems the glad music of the spheres ;
 While its light form with artless grace,
 Makes ' sunshine in a shady place.'
 Its fairy foot, its bounding pace,
 So lightly tempt life's cheating race,
 As forward, with elastic limb,
 It seems o'er sorrow's self to skim ;
 Wiping the tear as soon as shed,
 And casting every care behind—
 Alas ! my heart hath often bled
 To think that it would one day find
 (Like He who peopled earth, by flinging
 Stones, backward on the path he fled)
 The cark and coil, for ever springing
 Close on its track, with hydra head,
 O'er which, in its first bloomy years,
 It gaily passed—awaken tears
 It never thought to shed !

Thus muse I in my silent hour ;
 But childhood, by the simple power
 Of its free, fond, and flute-like voice,
 Dispels the gloom, and says : ' Rejoice !'

FIELD-SPORTS IN NORMANDY.

To the British or Hibernian fox-hunter, accustomed to turn out in pink and white tights and tops, upon a thorough-bred horse, with a well-appointed pack of hounds, and to make a run through a close or heavy country, ten or twenty miles ahead, the ordinary mode of conducting the chase in France will appear extraordinary.

Before we give any sketch of the manner of hunting in Normandy, we must notice the description of dogs employed in the chase. The genuine Norman hound, which was originally introduced from Denmark by Rollo, is now very scarce; its characteristics are—great height and proportional strength, erect carriage, large and wrinkled head, a thick muzzle and hanging lips, a powerful throat, a dewlap resembling that of the ox, and a thin tail. This fine specimen of the canine race wanted speed only; but in the attainment of this excellence (especially desirable for wolf-hunting) by admixture with the British variety, other valuable qualities have been lost; and the admirers of the true Norman dog lament the deterioration introduced by the rage for hunting in the English fashion, which has prevailed since the year 1815; and one of the old school pathetically asks: ‘Why could not the English remain satisfied with increasing the speed of their horses, without making actual hares of their hounds!’

The French and English breeds were, however, much commingled long before that time. From a French manuscript of the seventeenth century, it appears that the sportsmen of that age considered the English hounds highly valuable, especially for their fleetness, and even as the *most* valuable variety, if they could be brought under command; the same opinion prevailed in the hunting establishment of Louis XV., composed of 140

dogs, of which a fourth was of English breed. Beagles were introduced into Lower Normandy before the great Revolution, by M. de Rouskerolle, but soon after his death, they degenerated, from indiscriminate crossing with other hounds.

The Frenchman says that the hounds of his country have a finer-toned cry, hunt with more spirit, carry their tails higher, try back, and make off their hits better, and that they may be heard five miles off, when the cry of an English pack would not be heard one. This supposed vocal superiority results not from any peculiar organisation of lungs, but from the style of running usual with the French hounds, which bear their heads erect, and not with the nose on the ground, and the voice consequently muffled. So much for the animals now employed in the chase by the Norman French.

The clearing of woods, with the progress of civilisation, has everywhere diminished, and in some districts almost annihilated the deer where they used to be numerous. In all Normandy, there are but half-a-dozen woods in which deer now abound, and not more than two well-appointed hunting-establishments of stag-hounds in that extensive province.

It was our good fortune to be present once at a stag-hunt at Chantilly, when the last of the princes of Condé partook of the amusement with an equipage suited to his princely rank and possessions. The arrangements were on the most effective scale. The prince, with his personal staff of gentlemen and huntsmen, with their subordinates, appeared on the field with twenty-eight horses. He himself, with those of his suite who had personal or official rank, were dressed—not in pinks and whites, but in buff-coloured coats, somewhat of a frock form, boots partaking of the heavy cavalry cut, cocked-hats, and a *couteau de chasse* at the side. A crowd of less important personages followed in his rear.

The field-operations were planned and conducted thus:—The corps, which consisted of forty couples (a small portion of the entire force kept in the kennel at Chantilly),

was separated into four unequal divisions, or *relais*, as they are termed. The first, called the *lance*, was composed of the *élite* as to speed and scent. The second division, which was termed the first *relais*, comprised about the same number of the second-best troops. The third also contained the same in number. The fourth was a kind of veteran battalion, consisting of the remainder of the force, divided into very small parties of observation, to be brought into action and pursuit on the doubles of the enemy, and to harass him in the rear, or cut off his retreat.

The previous dispositions being thus made upon the ground, the manœuvring commenced thus:—The man (*valet de limier*) who had the charge of the single stanch hound, on whose accuracy of scent in discovering the first tracks of the stag the utmost dependence is placed, laid him upon what he conjectured to be the true track, holding him always by a leash, in order at once to restrain and guide his motions; at the same time, the huntsman took a circuit outside the wood with a single dog, to have an eye upon the passes by which the stag was likely to return into the covert if he should have been driven out in other quarters. There was a great deal of preliminary movement of this kind; the valet inside being as cautious in his observations as an Indian hunter, and apparently as quick of apprehension in noticing all the indications of the movements of the stag in advance or retreat, making fresh *brises* wherever the sagacity of his hound or his own acuteness led him to perceive that the hunted stag had doubled in the covert or started another in his place to mislead his pursuers.

On the particular occasion to which we allude, the preparations had been so completely made, that little time was lost in this way; the precise retreat of the stag was soon ascertained and reported to the nobleman who conducted the proceedings, and who ordered the advance of one of the *relais*. The attacking party was led by the *piqueur* on foot, who seemed to say to them, with the

pithy eloquence of a distinguished general : 'There is the enemy !' They rushed in as fast as the restraining couples would permit, and wagged their tails and snuffed the scent in the canine fashion : he sounded on his horn a few notes of encouragement, while the prince and other horsemen were eagerly watching on the outside of the wood, speculating upon the passes through which they might best traverse it.

We were fortunate enough at Chantilly to witness a fine pursuit, without serious checks, or even once hearing the *requête*—the signal of retreat. Full of ardour and that love of glory which the young pack always possesses, the first relais pressed on the heels of the flying foe, without breaking their ranks, without confusion or perplexity of any sort, during a chase of twelve miles.

The prince and his suite had a splendid gallop through the open passes of the forest and the surrounding country, without the impediment of a five-barred gate or any sort of fence, which, notwithstanding the ardour of their movements, would have been insurmountable barriers to men and horses accustomed only to a clear course. In point of fact, none of us (for *we* had our charger too) would have seen much of the sport, if there had not been ready-made roads for our gallop. As the stag went off without the doubles, which would have rendered necessary the advance of any of the other relais, the first division had the undivided glory of this pursuit, and very wearied they were ; and very foot-worn, and exhausted, and miserable, was the enemy in the last stage of his retreat. His instinct led him to cross and recross rivulets. He halted for a moment in a little woody island—took shorter and shorter rings in a small area—stooped his noble head—seemed bewildered with agonising fear at every moment—staggered frequently from exhaustion—and then, as a last but vain security, with nerveless limbs, threw himself into the middle of a deep pond, turning to his almost breathless assailants his armed and still formidable front. But in vain ; the whole body of pursuers, human and canine, arrived—the cry resounded ; and one

of the boldest of the gentlemen in advance put an end to the sufferings of his prostrate foe with a *couteau de chasse*.

The huntsman—oh, Sport! what hast thou not to answer for!—after the dogs had gratified their revenge by trampling upon the body and licking the blood, cut off the right foot, and plaiting a bit of the skin attached, presented it to the prince, who soon came up. After this preliminary mutilation, the body was placed on its back, and the skin removed; the first incision was made at the knee and hock joints; the muzzle, pluck, tongue, ears, fillet, haunch, and other dainty morsels, were then laid aside for the table; the body was then rolled up in its skin, like a defunct warrior in his watch-cloak, and placed upon the belly in the attitude of repose. The huntsman then sounded a *vue*; the dog-boy removed the skin, shouting the cry of victory—*hallali! hallali!*—and the dogs uncoupled, rushed upon the poor remains of the carcass with very enviable appetites. We do not here mean to present to the reader any details of the chase of the boar or the wolf, and shall only add a few remarks respecting fox-hunting, in which the Englishman feels a nearer interest.

The French fox-hunter goes on foot to the cover, and prepares to attack Reynard in his own peculiar fashion. Instead of the smart and showy costume familiar to us, he is probably clad in strong trousers, gaitered or jack-booted half way up his thighs, has his body enveloped in a brown goatskin jacket or some other dark-coloured material—not *à la Brien O'Lynn*, but with the hairy side out—and his head incased in a cap slouched over his ears, while his chin is defended from the wind with a thick bushy covering of natural hair, such as might render a buck-goat jealous; he carries a rifle or fowling-piece slung over his shoulder.

The French idea of fox-hunting is, that it is only suited to bungling and inexperienced sportsmen, and an inferior kind of hound; and in point of practice, it is merely a system for destroying the animal, without much regard to the sport itself; just as the Scottish Highlander would

kill him for the security of his master's sheep, and with the sole object of producing the head, in proof of his industry, on quarter-day.

Instead of stopping the earths in our fashion, the experienced earth-stopper in Normandy puts opposite to each hole at night a piece of well-oiled white paper, fastened to a wooden pin stuck into the ground, which has the double advantage of not preventing the egress of the fox, and yet of deterring him from entering during the night, if he had been previously without. The number of dogs used in the chase of the fox is so small, that it is very hard to make him break cover; nor is this desired, for in such case the sportsman would never see any more of him. He takes up his position in the wood, and there the manœuvres on both sides are conducted, though the piqueur himself can do little in person but sound his horn and shout as a Frenchman loves to do.

The sportsman, clad in his dark jacket, stands to leeward, but under the close shelter of a tree or hedge, in order that the fox may neither wind nor view him; and he places himself on the paths by which the fox is likely to make his retreating doubles, because if he be not pressed or disturbed, he is sure to try them, and all his earths in the neighbourhood.

The cries of the different persons in the wood indicate the close appearance of the fox. If the riflemen in ambush can get a shot at the poor fellow, who is by one contrivance or another prevented from entering his earth, the battle is won; otherwise, he is destroyed by the terriers in the earths, or in running from one stronghold to another; and sometimes he and a whole family, perhaps, are destroyed in his barracks with sulphur put into the earth, which is closed at the entrance. In short, there is no sport at all in the whole affair, except in a few localities where the English have introduced something of regular hunting. The flesh may possibly, to some persons, be an inducement to persecute him; it is said not to be *very bad*, if pickled, roasted, and served up in a hare ragout.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

IN the early part of the month of October of the year 1822, having passed the night at Spoleto, which still looks as if the fatal earthquake of 1703 had shaken all the inhabitants out of it, we proceeded, after breakfast, over the mountains to Terni, visiting by the way the curious remains of an ancient aqueduct, and an arch called the Arch of Hannibal, under which he is said to have passed in triumph after the battle of Thrasymene. Though we had but fifteen miles to travel, yet, as we had to creep over the Apennines a great part of it, it was towards the middle of the day when we heard our postillions crying 'Via! via!' as we drove up to the door of the hotel at Terni. An odd-looking foreign carriage that impeded our way moved forward upon this summons, and we took its place; and having alighted, were conducted to a room on the first floor. 'Will there be time enough for us to see the falls to-day?' was our first inquiry, for we were anxious to reach Rome on the following evening, and to do this an early start was necessary.

'Certainly,' said the host, 'provided your excellencies' [excellencies are cheap there] 'do not lose time.'

However, the air of the mountains had given us an appetite, and it was agreed that eat we must before we did anything else; but it was arranged that, whilst we took our repast, a carriage should be prepared, and that we should set out immediately afterwards. In the meanwhile, we took our seats at the window, and looked abroad to see what was to be seen.

'What is that building opposite?' inquired I of the waiter.

'That is the jail,' he replied.

'And whose carriage is this at the door?' said I; for the odd-looking foreign carriage was still there.

'It belongs to the Count and Countess Z——,' answered he; 'they are just going off to the falls.'

Effectively, two minutes afterwards, we saw the footman advance to open the door, and presently a gentleman and lady stepped out of the house and entered the vehicle. After handing her in, the count turned round and said something to the host, which gave us an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his face. It was a young and handsome one, dark, and somewhat sallow; his figure, too, was good; and he was well dressed, in a blue coat, dark trousers, and light waistcoat. Whilst he was speaking, the lady bent forwards to observe him, and as she did so, she caught a view of our English phizzes at the window, and looked up at us.

'Heavens! what an Italian face that is!' I exclaimed to my companion.

'What do you mean?' said he.

'Why, I mean,' I replied, 'that there is a ready-made romance in it.'

'What sort of a romance?' inquired he.

'Why,' I answered, 'Vandyck is said to have predicted, on seeing a portrait of Lord Strafford, that he was destined to come to a bad end; now, I do not think that lady is destined to come to a good one.'

'She is very handsome,' observed my friend.

'Very,' I replied; and so she was—dark-complexioned, magnificent full black eyes, a finely-formed mouth and nose, though these were rather on the large scale, and with that uniformity of colour often so beautiful in Spanish and Italian women. She was attired in a pale silk of *ventre de biche*, and wore a delicate pink satin bonnet, and an elegant white blond veil. Whilst we were making these observations, the gentleman stepped in, the carriage drove away, and our luncheon being shortly announced, we ceased to think more of the Count and Countess Z——.

As soon, however, as we had satisfied the claims of hunger, we remembered the business that was before us, and calling for our carriage, we proceeded to the foot of

Mount St Angelo, where we alighted, in order to walk up the hill. There stood the foreign carriage; and I rather hoped that, as its owners were still viewing the falls, we might have another opportunity of inspecting the handsome pair. Some children, who are always in waiting to earn a few pence by shewing travellers the way, here joined us, and advancing leisurely on account of the heat, we commenced the ascent. There were gates at different intervals on the road, at each of which some children were stationed, one or two of whom, after letting us through, generally fell into our train. I think we had passed two or three of these, when we saw several people hastening down the mountain toward us, with a speed that implied they were urged by some more than common motive; and as they drew nearer, we distinguished a clamour, mostly of children, all talking as fast as they could at the top of their voices, and gesticulating with the utmost violence.

'Che sia?' (What is the matter?) said I to our little guides.

'Non so' (We don't know), said they.

They then carried on a dispute amongst themselves, in which some said 'Yea,' and others 'No;' but we could not understand more of their *patois*. At length, one of them, pointing at the advancing group, cried out, with characteristic energy: 'Si eccolo!' (Yes, there he is); and on looking forwards, I descried in the midst of the party, walking so fast that he seemed either to be under the influence of the highest excitement, or else trying to outwalk his companions, the owner of the carriage, Count Z—. He was bare-headed, his waistcoat was unbuttoned, and one side of his coat was torn clean off from the lappel to the waist. His face—but no—Fuseli might have painted it—words cannot describe it; the deadly hue, the white lips, the staring eyes, the horrid distortion of the whole features!

'Che sia? che sia?' I exclaimed eagerly, as we reached the party; but they all dashed past us, whilst the whole of our train fell into theirs; and if my companion had

not laid violent hands on one urchin, and prevented his secession, we should have been left standing on the hill-side by ourselves. After straining our eyes after them for some minutes, guessing, and wondering, and perplexing ourselves as to what had happened, and where the lady could be, we resolved to hasten forwards with all the speed we could, in the hope of having our curiosity satisfied, and of perhaps meeting the countess at the farmhouse, or cottage, which we understood was to be found at the top of the mountain.

When we got in sight of this dwelling, our little guide ran forwards; and we presently saw him talking to a woman who was standing at the door, and who ultimately appeared to be the only living soul left upon the hill. The woman gesticulated, the boy held up his hands, and I once more called out: 'Che sia? Dov'è la donna?' (Where is the lady?)

'Morta!' (Dead!) was the reply.

'Dead!' we reiterated in amazement.

'Dead!' repeated the woman; 'murdered—drowned—gone over the falls—by this time you would not find a remnant of her as big as my hand—she must be dashed into a thousand pieces amongst the rocks. When the gentleman ascended the hill,' she continued, in answer to our questions, 'he drove the children back, and desired them not to follow him; and when they reached this place, he threw money to those who wanted to conduct him, saying he knew the falls as well as they did, and added no guide. Most of them returned; but two, either from curiosity, or in the hope of getting more, followed at a little distance, hiding themselves amongst the trees that border the river. They had not been long of being sight above a quarter of an hour, when running back, all aghast and out of breath, he gentleman had conducted the lady to the place where the river falls over the precipice; there they saw him stoop down and look at the body; he then appeared to invite the lady to follow him, and seemed to be shewing her something

in the stream. The children averred that she appeared unwilling, and that he rather forced her to comply; but that as it may, however, no sooner did she stoop, than, going behind her, he gave her a sudden thrust, and pushed her into the water. She snatched at his breast as she fell, but he tore himself from her grasp, leaving one side of his coat in her hand; and in another instant, she was over the edge of the precipice, whirling in the torrent, tossing amongst the rocks—one piercing scream alone was heard to testify that she was conscious of her fearful fate. Ere the children had well finished their tale,' the woman added, 'the gentleman had himself appeared in the state we saw him.'

Whether he was so overcome by remorse as to be unable to attempt giving the colour he had intended to the transaction, or whether he saw by the demeanour of the people that it would be useless, remains uncertain; but whatever his motive might be, he merely glanced at them as he passed, clasped his hands as if in great agony, and then hurried down the mountain at the pace we met him, followed by all the inhabitants. There, then, was my romance, even to the dire catastrophe, completed already!

It may be imagined with what strange and awe-struck feelings we proceeded to view the falls. The river that flows across the top of the hill is called the Velim. On each side there are trees—I think the willow and the ash—which droop over its margin, and cast a deep shade on the water. We walked along the bank till we approached the torrent, and within a few yards of the precipice, we thought we could discover the very spot where the catastrophe had happened. The soil on the edge of the bank had evidently been newly disturbed; the grass, too, was impressed and trodden—we concluded, by the count's feet in the moment of the struggle. There was something white on the ground; we picked it up; it was a little scallop of very fine blond—a morsel of the veil I had admired! We were dumb with horror, for everything was so vividly present to our

imagination, that we felt as if we had actually witnessed the murder.

Our anxiety to learn what was going on below rather precipitated our movements; so we descended the hill, and getting into our carriage, drove round to the bottom of the falls, to take the other view of them. A river, called the Nera, flows round the foot of the mountain, into which the cascade tumbles; and as the clouds of white spray, tinged here and there with many a gorgeous hue, tossed in graceful wreaths before us, we more than once fancied that we caught shadowy glimpses of the veil, the drapery, or the pink bonnet of the poor victim. But these were the mere tricks of imagination. All must have been whirled away by the torrent, and carried far from the spot before we reached it.

When we arrived at the inn, and eagerly inquired for the count, 'He is there,' replied the waiter, pointing to the heavy-looking building on the opposite side of the way—'there, in the jail.'

'And what will they do to him?' said I.

The man shrugged his shoulders. 'E nobile [He is a noble]; most likely nothing.'

On the following morning, we proceeded on our way to Rome, but not without making arrangements for the satisfaction of our curiosity as to the causes which had led to this melancholy catastrophe. What follows is the substance of what we heard.

The late Count Z—— had two sons, Giovanni and Alessandro. The family was both noble and ancient, but owing to a variety of circumstances, the patrimonial estates, which had once been large, had been gradually reduced, till there was scarcely enough left to educate the two young men and support them in the *dolce far niente** that became their birth and station. In this strait, the old count looked about for an alliance that might patch up their tattered fortunes; and it was not long before he found what he wanted in the family of a

* Soft idleness—doing nothing.

Count Boboli. Boboli had been an adventurer; in short, no one knew very well what he had been, for his early history was a secret. All that was known was, that he had appeared in Rome at the time of the French occupation, and that he had found some means or other of recommending himself to Napoleon, to whom he owed his patent of nobility. He had also found the means of accumulating immense wealth, the whole of which was designed for his beautiful daughter and only child, Carlotta. The count of a hundred ancestors found no difficulty in obtaining the acquaintance of the new-made noble; and as each could bestow what the other wanted, they very soon understood each other, and a compact was formed between them well calculated to satisfy the ambition of both. It was agreed that the beautiful Carlotta should become the wife of the count's eldest son, and in exchange for the noble name of Z——, should carry with her the whole of her father's immense fortune. The wedding was appointed to take place the day after Giovanni came of age, of which period he wanted six months; and this interval it was that was the cause of all the wo. Giovanni no sooner saw his intended bride, than he became desperately in love with her; never was wealth purchased at a less sacrifice; he felt he would rather a thousand times resign every ducat of the fortune than resign the lady. He devoted the whole of his time to attending her pleasures and following her footsteps; and the consequence was, that Alessandro, the younger brother, to whom he was greatly attached, and who was generally by his side, was thrown much into her company. It seemed to have been universally admitted that Alessandro was the handsomest man of the two; some said also that he was the most agreeable, but on this point the world appears to have differed. Unfortunately, the mind of the beautiful Carlotta entertained no doubts on the subject; she resigned her affections, heart and soul, to Alessandro. Relying on her influence over her father, when she found that she could not fulfil the engagement he had made for her without disgust,

she threw herself at his feet, and implored him either to bestow her hand on the younger brother, or to break the compact altogether, and permit her to go into a convent. Neither proposal, however, accorded with the old man's ambition; and the only effect her entreaties had was, that he adopted means to keep the object of her attachment out of her way, trusting that, when she no longer saw him by his brother's side, she would cease to make comparisons disadvantageous to her intended, and would be resigned, if not happy, to become the wife of Giovanni.

But Carlotta was a woman of sterner stuff than her father had reckoned upon. Absence had no effect upon her passion; opposition rather increased than diminished it; and at length, a few days before that appointed for the wedding, she took an opportunity of disclosing the truth to her unhappy lover, and entreated him, by the love he bore her, to resign her hand himself, and to use all his influence to procure that she should be married to his brother. The poor young man, desperately in love as he was, could at first scarcely believe his misfortune—so near the consummation of his dearest hopes—within three days of the longed-for happiness—and the cup was dashed from his lips! As soon, however, as he had sufficiently collected his senses to speak, he told her that, from the moment he had first seen her, he had only lived to make her happy; and that he had looked forward to spending his days in that, to him, most blessed vocation; but that, since he found that this was a felicity not designed for him, he had nothing more to do with life. Finally, he promised that she should be obeyed, and should become the wife of his brother. He then went home, and after writing a letter to Alessandro, detailing what had led to the catastrophe, he stabbed himself to the heart.

The younger brother had now become the elder heir to the title, and the legitimate claimant of the lady's hand and fortune. But, alas! he was no more disposed to marry Carlotta than she had been to marry Giovanni. Old Boboli, by way of separating him from his daughter,

had contrived to get him sent to Paris; and by his interest there, had managed to place him in some situation about the court, where the young man soon found his heart assailed by the charms of the fair Mademoiselle Coralie de la Rivière, who shewed herself not insensible to his admiration, and whom he loved with all the intensity that belonged to his nation, and to his peculiarly ardent character.

His brother's letter, therefore, was a *coup de foudre* ;* the fortune had no charms for him without Coralie; and besides, with that instinct that sometimes seems to guide our loves and our hates, from the very first interview he had with Carlotta, he had taken an aversion to her. However, he obeyed his father's summons to return immediately to the Abruzzi, where stood, frowning amongst the mountains, the old castle of Z——, but with a firm determination to refuse the hand of Carlotta, in spite of every means that should be used to influence him. But when people make these resolutions, they should take care to keep themselves out of the reach of everybody whose interest it is to induce them to break them. We are all apt to think resolutions much less brittle things than they are, till they have been tried in the furnace. Although Alessandro from the first had boldly declared that nothing should ever persuade him to marry a woman whom he had always hated, and whom he now hated infinitely more, since she had been the cause of his brother's cruel death, his father's pertinacity did not give way one inch. While his aversion by no means diminished, his resolutions gradually gave way before the old man's firmness on the one hand, tears and entreaties on the other, and his own horror at the idea of his ancient house and all its ancestral honours sinking into utter penury and hopeless obscurity, when it was in his power, by marrying the heiress, to restore it to all its original splendour.

Whether, at this time, any forefalling shadow of the

* Thunderbolt.

future had passed before his eyes—whether the idea that he might wed Carlotta, secure the fortune, and then find means to be again a free man, had ever presented itself to his mind—whether he had allowed it to dwell there—whether he had given it welcome—hugged it, cherished it, resolved on it—can now never be known; but certain it is, that he suddenly changed his mind, avowed himself prepared to obey his father's commands, and ready to lead the daughter of Boboli to the altar. The period for the wedding was then fixed; but he declared his determination of spending the interval at Paris, where, he said, the duties of his office called him.

When the time arrived that he should have returned, he wrote an excuse, alleging that he was still detained by business; and this he continued to do, week after week, till the period appointed for the wedding was close at hand. At length, on the evening before that fixed for the ceremony, he reached home. He had travelled, he said, with the greatest speed, having only been able to obtain a certain number of days' leave; and added, that the very moment the marriage was solemnised, the bride must be prepared to step into his travelling-carriage, and accompany him back to Paris. Carlotta, who, with her father and other members of both families, was waiting for him at the Castle Z—, made no objection to this arrangement. She must have been aware that he did not marry her from choice; but the amount of his aversion, or that he had another attachment, she did not appear to have suspected. She probably imagined that the wealth and importance he was attaining by her means, and the compliment she had paid him by her decided preference, were sufficient to expiate the wrong she had done his brother; and trusted to her beauty and her love to accomplish the rest.

The evening was passed in the society assembled at the castle; and it was afterwards remembered that, after the first salutation, he had never been seen to address her. On the following morning, there was a great deal of business to be transacted, many arrangements to be

made, and he was fully occupied till night ; when, at the hour appointed, he and his friends entered the chapel at one door, whilst the bride and her party advanced by the other. The ceremony was performed—Carlotta was his wedded wife—after which the whole party withdrew to the saloon and supped ; and then, ere the repast was well over, Alessandro's servant having announced that the carriage was at the door, the bride and bridegroom bade farewell to their friends and relatives, and departed on their way to Paris.

'You'll reach Terni to breakfast,' said Boboli, as he conducted his daughter through the hall.

'Yes—to a late breakfast,' replied Alessandro.

'Let us hear of you from thence,' said Boboli.

'You shall hear of us from Terni,' replied Alessandro.

'Adieu ! my dear father,' cried Carlotta, waving her handkerchief from the window.

'Adieu ! my child, adieu ! May the Virgin protect you !' cried Boboli, as he turned and re-entered the castle.

Many of the party asserted afterwards, that she had appeared agitated and uneasy during the supper ; and some declared that they had observed her watching her young husband's countenance with an eye of terror and perplexity. Her maid, too, affirmed, that she was quite certain her lady's heart had failed, and that she had some misgivings that evil awaited her. 'When I gave my lady her shawl and bonnet,' she said, 'she shook like an olive leaf ; and when I asked her if anything was wrong, all she said was : "Madre di Dio, pietà ! pietà !" (Mother of God, have pity on me !)

They travelled all night—at least all the remainder of the night, for it was past midnight when they started—only stopping to change horses, and had arrived at Terni to a late breakfast, as Boboli had predicted. Whilst the breakfast was preparing, the young countess changed her dress ; and the maid asserted that she here again betrayed considerable agitation, and that she heard her say to herself : 'Ahi, mio padre ! ahi, Giovanni !' (Alas, my

father ! alas, my Giovanni !) The waiter and the host who had attended them, remarked that she ate nothing, swallowing only a little wine ; and that the count himself appeared to have equally little appetite. No conversation passed between them, till, suddenly, her husband asked her if she was ready. She started at the sound of his voice, as if it were something unusual to her ; but immediately rose from her seat, and said, Yes.

‘Come, then,’ he said, and giving her his arm, he conducted her down stairs. The horses for the falls had been ordered by the servant immediately on their arrival, and were now waiting at the door ; and it was at the precise period our story has now reached, that we had looked out of the window, and saw them enter the carriage and drive away.

‘What did he say to you,’ I inquired of the host, ‘when he turned to speak to you on the steps !’

‘He desired me to have horses ready for Spoleto, as they should start the moment they returned from the falls.’

‘Your waiter says he will escape because he is noble—is that so ?’

‘E possibile’ (It is possible), replied the host, shrugging his shoulders.

But he did not escape : the young Count Alessandro Z—— was condemned and executed ; partly, however, through the strong interest that Boboli made against him. Nothing more of the mystery was ever disclosed, except to his confessor. ‘He died, and made no sign.’

D I N N E R S.

It has somehow become a kind of reproach to the English, that they are unduly fond of dining. It is said that there are few occasions of public rejoicing, of public charity, or private entertainment, but must be celebrated or enjoyed over a dinner. Yet I cannot understand why this harmless propensity should be alluded to with implied censure. There is much philosophy in it. It cannot be denied that eating, when temperately indulged in, is not only a necessity, but a pleasure. Why, then, may not that pleasure be heightened by social intercourse? And where does social intercourse so well, so conveniently flow, as at the dinner-table? When are men's brows most unclouded, their hearts most open, their conversation most fluent? I answer after a good—which means a temperate—dinner. The company and the viands act upon each other to produce enjoyment; 'each lends to each a double charm.' The appetite enjoys its food, the intellect its company, and it is through both these media of enjoyment that we obtain harmless and legitimate entertainment. To dine for the sole sake of the meats, is mere gluttony; to declare society to be the entire attraction, is pure affectation. Now, the former of these faults is charged upon us Englishmen. We are accused of assembling frequently at table, *only* to indulge in eating and drinking. I deny this. Our companions, though not the sole, form the main attraction. Ask nine out of ten which they would prefer—an indifferent dinner along with agreeable persons, or an exquisite repast with a dull, uninformed, unconvivial party. The replies would prove that, under such circumstances, the inferior dinner would command a preponderating majority. In the former case, one or even more bad dishes would have little effect in marring the entertainment; but in the latter, the most delicious dinner that ever was given,

loses its comfort and relish by the presence of a single stupid, gluttonous, or garrulous guest. It is on record, that a promising dinner-party was utterly marred by the presence of a man in whom were combined the two former faults. The poet Coleridge was a guest, and mistaking the expansive forehead and long silence of this person for indications of talent and intelligence, was effectually undeceived on the appearance of some apple-dumplings. The hitherto silent guest immediately commenced rubbing his hands, and with an expression bordering on enthusiasm, exclaimed: 'Them's the jockeys for my money!' The poet was so shocked at this, that he declined talking before a man who was evidently incapable of appreciating what he might say, and remained dumb during the whole evening. Thus the expectations of pleasure from his conversation were completely disappointed. This single dolt spoiled the entertainment—a result which the worst cook in Christendom could but have produced.

An irresistible plea in favour of dinner-parties, large and small, public or private, is the fact of social intercourse at and after dinner being favourable to health. It is pronounced by the high authority of Dr Combe, that solitary meals are decidedly difficult of digestion. 'There is,' he declares, 'no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.' More than this, the merrier the assembly, the better their digestion. 'Laughter,' says Professor Heufeland of Berlin, 'is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles. In a word, *endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals*: what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity, will certainly produce good and light blood.' It is upon this rule—though without knowing that there is any rule in the matter—that Englishmen act. They make any excuse first to have the meals, and then to collect

at them 'merry and cheerful companions;' or, if those companions be not naturally of a cheerful temperament, they make them so by a good dinner, which, when cleverly managed, acts directly upon the mind, and changes the very nature of a man. Entice a miser to a charity feast, and his contribution will be liberal. At corporation dinners, discontented patriots have been heard to utter the most loyal speeches; at private ones, bitter enemies have shaken hands. I therefore repeat it, there is deep and practical philosophy in the English propensity for dining. It takes root in the heartiest benevolence, combined with the wariest expediency.

It is a startling fact, but nevertheless it is one, that dining and dinner-giving form a part of the British Constitution! These are as much a means of government as the prime minister and the police. It is a system which begins at the throne, goes through every department of church and state, and ends at the local magistracy and the petty-sessions. It is as clearly a non-official institution of the country, as the three estates and trial by jury are official ones. It is therefore a question whether the business of this country could be adequately carried on without its dinners.

To pursue argument or research to the dinner-table daily spread before the throne, would be impertinent. We therefore simply refer our readers to that portion of the London newspapers headed the 'Court Circular,' for information. Neither will the periodical dinners given at Lambeth Palace to the clergy of England by its primate, bear, for a similar reason, any more than a passing allusion. Those of the Lord-Commissioner, at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, tended, till lately, in a powerful degree, to promote that harmony which a few years ago was unfortunately broken. And to shew what stress is laid upon this agreeable item in church management, the crown annually provides its representative on this occasion with L.2000 for the good entertainment of the Scottish convocation during its short sojourn in Edinburgh.

In the political world, the knife and fork play a no less prominent part. The Speaker of the House of Commons derives a regular income from the state, to give what are known as 'parliamentary dinners' to the members in turn. Over party politics, also, this species of entertainment exercises a great influence. It has become an established rule for the leaders of each party to give a continual succession of entertainments. 'No one,' remarks an excellent authority on this subject, 'who knows anything of human nature, will deny that it is of the last importance to a party to have a few noble and highly-distinguished houses, where all its rank and beauty, wit, eloquence, accomplishment, and agreeability, may congregate; where, *above all*, each young recruit of promise may be received on an apparent footing of equality, his feelings taken captive by kindness, his vanity conciliated by flattery.' Many a time has a young politician, with unsettled views and undefined principles, received the political creed which guided his after-career at one of these party-dinners, to which he may have gone through the apparent accident of an off-hand invitation. Thus a young member is subjected to the tactics which he perhaps caused to be practised upon the constituency at his election. Many a vote has been gained by a good dinner and a good speech. It is stated by the above authority, that a former minister, celebrated for his amiable disposition and convivial qualifications, organised a regular series of entertainments, with an especial view to obtaining parliamentary proselytes.

In the army and navy, dining may be said to form part of the discipline. In the former service, the officers' 'mess' is especially useful. When men of equal birth and education are so constantly associated, a great degree of familiarity must naturally exist amongst them, whatever be the disparity of military rank. And this gives rise to the difficulty of preventing that familiarity from impairing the official respect and deference to orders, which must be rigidly exacted from the subaltern to his superiors. All this is set to rights by the mess. While

on duty, the differences of rank are most strongly marked, and obedience to the smallest command exacted in a peremptory tone, which a civilian would call harshness. But at the mess-table, the order of things is reversed. Every expedient that ingenuity could invent has been adopted to put all the officers on a friendly equality. Their dresses—which, upon parade, mark their difference of rank—are now exactly alike; so that it is impossible to tell the youngest ensign, by his costume,* from his colonel. In addressing each other, the surname is simply used. The designation ‘captain,’ ‘major,’ or ‘colonel,’ so rigidly exacted on parade, is seldom heard at table. The offices of president and vice-president are undertaken by each member of the mess in turn, so that no permanent superiority may exist in that respect. The field-officer, who has perhaps in the morning been giving a subaltern a severe reprimand—in military parlance, a ‘wiggling’—may now be seen chatting and laughing with the same individual with the most unrestrained familiarity. The dinner is the great harmoniser: under its genial influence, all misunderstandings are charmed away, all differences forgotten.

The good effects of the dinner-system in the naval service are no less apparent. The opinion of Captain Basil Hall is decisive on this point. Dinner-parties, he asserts, contribute, ‘and that in a most essential degree, to the maintenance of strict discipline on board ship.’ Their mode of operation he graphically describes, by supposing a captain to have reprimanded his lieutenant with undue severity for some trifling fault. The latter, smarting under the infliction, meets in the ward-room a marine officer, to whom he tells his grievance, finishing the narrative by exclaiming: “It’s quite clear that the captain has a spite against me, and is determined to drive me out of the ship, to make way for some follower of his own.” “Stuff and nonsense!” exclaims the peace-making

* This is what is called a ‘shell-jacket,’ with small shoulder-knots of gold lace by way of epaulets; a white waistcoat; and the regulation boots and trousers.

man-of-war. "The captain is the best friend you have." "Friend!" roars the other; "I tell you what"— But just at this moment the captain's steward enters the ward-room, and going up to the enraged officer, says mechanically to him: "The captain's compliments, sir, and will be glad of your company to dinner." To which the officer replies quite as mechanically: "My compliments, and I'll wait on him." But as soon as the door is shut, he turns again to the marine, and says: "I'm deucedly sorry now that I did not refuse." The dinner is afterwards announced, and the sulky lieutenant takes his appointed seat at the captain's table. 'The pea-soup,' continues Captain Hall, 'is discussed in pretty solemn silence; but while the remove is under adjustment, the captain says to his offended officer: "Come, Mr Haultight, shall you and I have a glass of wine? What shall it be?" By these few magical words, and in a single glass of sherry, is forgotten for ever and ever all the previous irritation. It is not by the words so much, as by the tone and manner of saying them, that the captain makes the officer feel how anxious he is to have the good understanding restored, or that he regrets what is passed. Of course, if the officer be not one of those pig-headed and inflexible fellows, upon whom all sense of kindness is wasted, he seizes the bottle, and filling his glass replies: "With all my heart, sir!" And there, in all probability, is an end to the matter.'

Once a week the captain becomes a guest of the officers in the ward-room, and should any little differences be outstanding, they are pretty certain of being adjusted on that occasion by some adroit civility from the captain to the person in dudgeon.

We now turn to the jurisprudence of our dinner-loving nation. The road to the English bar may be considered one of the easiest and most pleasant of all the highways and byways to fame. The first step is taken solely by dint of dining. The candidate for forensic honours, having enrolled himself a member of one of the inns of court, is bound to keep twenty terms; but if he have

been educated at a university, twelve will suffice. 'Keeping terms' means simply the act of dining at the inn-hall every day during term-time, for three or five years. This gastronomic probation over, the 'student,' as he is styled, is called to the bar by the lord high-chancellor. The first time he dons the wig and gown, it is customary for him to give a supplementary entertainment on his own account, to the most intimate of his fellow-students: my own experience of these 'call-dinners' assures me, that they are not always conducted with the sober formality of the hall-dinners. No crabbed benchers are present to check the mirth, or to prescribe the exact modicum of wine, of which they are said, by nearly all the students of every inn, to be especially chary. On great public occasions, however, champagne has been known to flow 'in hall' with a liberality which far from corroborates the charge. It is on these opportunities that the students take ample revenge for what they term short-commons. At the Inner Temple, on certain grand days, a silver goblet is passed down the hall, filled with a compound, immemorially called sack. The butlers attend its progress, to replenish it; and each student is restricted to a single sip. Yet it chanced, some time ago, that seventy sips from this tankard (such being the number of diners on the occasion) were found to have caused the disappearance of thirty-six quarts of the beverage!

The student having eaten his way to the bar, the only road to the bench is by means of constant application to a profession decidedly more intellectually and physically laborious than any other. But it is the dinners which lay a solid foundation: for to what, I ask, is to be attributed that universal harmony which exists amongst the members of a profession, entirely supported by the contentions of other people? I refer for a reply to the early and lasting friendships formed at the hall-dinners. The term, 'my learned friend,' has more frequently than not a deeper meaning than that of being a mere formulary of legal etiquette.

To go lower in the scale of justice, we shall find that, upon the county bench, dinners have an omnipotent effect. Of the performances of road-trustees in this respect, it may be said with truth, that the excellence of English highways may be in some degree attributed to the heartiness of country gentlemen's appetites, and the excellence of English dinners. Again, how would directors of unsuccessful railways be able to meet the clamours of hungry shareholders, did they not fortify themselves previously with a good dinner? Lastly, let any person take a review of the municipal corporations of Great Britain, and he will find that the public business is most harmoniously conducted wherever the most dinners are given. Parish dinners are, I regret to observe, sadly on the decline; and I cannot but look upon it as a poor consolation, that the parish rates have decreased in consequence.

Having followed the English practice of dining through most of its ramifications, from the throne to the parish vestry, I have cleared the way for a few words on social dining. It is in the sphere of private life that the true philosophy of the thing develops itself. Whatever is brought nearest to our homes and our firesides, is most readily and generally appreciated; and though all kinds of public feasts have their separate attraction, none possess the charm of a 'friendly' dinner.

As nothing is worth doing at all which is not worth doing well, a few remarks on the best mode of giving this excellent kind of entertainment will not, perhaps, be taken amiss. In the first place, 'let not the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.' Secondly, do not fall into the too common error, of attempting more than can be well performed. A few plain dishes, well dressed, will be better relished than a great many rare ones ill done. All too highly-spiced dishes are not only bad in themselves, but in bad taste. There is a most fallacious supposition afloat on this subject. It is imagined that eminent foreign cooks are famous for imparting out-of-the-way flavours to the viands. The reverse is the fact; the most proficient in

their art heighten, rather than distort, the natural flavour of edibles. In proof of this, I need only refer to the particulars of a dinner given by Baron Rothschild, the great capitalist, to Lady Morgan, and cooked by Carême, a celebrated professor of his art.* It has been often alluded to as the perfection of expensive good taste, which, from her ladyship's account of it, it appears to have been. 'Every meat,' she says, 'presented its own natural aroma—every vegetable its own shade of verdure.' *Now, the plainer the dinner, the nearer this kind of perfection will be attained.* The next question is, what must be considered a plain dinner? A late accomplished but eccentric nobleman was wont to observe, that 'a good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot-tart, is a dinner for an emperor—when he cannot get a better.' In this I perfectly agree with him; but there is no doubt he would have thought it a plain dinner, and so would an emperor. I, on the contrary, in common, doubtless, with most of my readers, deem it a luxurious one. Thus, the definition of a plain dinner fluctuates according to the affluence of the person who provides or eats it. The rule I would lay down, then, is—let your entertainment be plain, according to the acceptation that term receives in the station of life to which you belong. The wines, therefore, need not only be limited in variety, but in quantity; for the least excess in drinking is so entirely exploded, that such a thing seldom or never occurs.

The custom of 'taking wine' with one's friends at dinner, is a most agreeable and social one. In fact, I look upon it as forming a main charm. It is sometimes productive of great benefit, particularly in case of a previous quarrel or misunderstanding. Let us suppose that Mr Brown and Mr Jones have had a 'tiff.' They meet at Mr Robinson's to dine. All have taken wine together, except the two on ill terms. Mr Brown begins to think

* This fastidious cook refused to remain with the Prince-Regent, at Carlton House, upon a salary of £1000 a year, because, he said, the royal establishment was too tradesman-like (*ménage bourgeois*).

that the omission will cause remark ; and being, moreover, in an excellent humour, from a pleasingly gratified appetite, he begins to consider, that perhaps Jones was not so very wrong, after all, concerning the matter in dispute, nor himself so very right. Upon this thought, he resolutely places his hand upon the neck of the decanter, catches Mr Jones's eye, bows, and desires 'the pleasure of a glass of wine.' Jones, delighted at this mark of concession, cordially agrees : they smile, and sip. From that moment the quarrel is made up, and they become the best friends of the party. The custom, therefore, now adopted in the higher circles, of being helped by servants from the sideboard, though it may prevent fussiness, is decidedly unsocial. While taking exceptions, I may notice one radical defect in our system : it is that of allowing the diners to carve. This is a tax never imposed on the continent, where the dishes are first displayed in tempting array upon the table, and then removed to a sideboard, to be dissected by servants. A lady presides most frequently at the head of our tables, and, consequently, has the most important dish to carve. The utter impracticability of the thing is shewn in the necessary politeness of her next male neighbour, who always relieves her of the trouble. This inconvenient system ought to be summarily abolished.

The charms of music are most properly invoked at the dinner-table. A song adds to the pleasures of the meeting, even if it be indifferently executed ; for at such times there is generally a *gusto* and meaning thrown into it, that amply compensates any little musical deficiency. This remark does not, however, apply to part-singing. A glee should never be attempted, unless it can be guaranteed beforehand to be well in tune, and free from the slightest wavering in time. Speaking of time reminds me of a caution concerning punctuality, which ought to have been given earlier. The hour of meeting agreed upon should be most strictly kept. Ten minutes' law is the utmost a host ought to allow, either to his cook or to his guests.

Passing from town to country—from great to small things—let us just take a glance in at a cottage-door after morning-service on a Sunday. Is it possible to behold a more gratifying sight? The labourer and his family, all cleanly clad, are seated round the white dinner-board. This is the only time when they can all be assembled, for, during the week, their avocations lie miles apart. With what appetite they eat! What unalloyed cheerfulness sits upon each countenance! Their relish for the humble fare before them far exceeds that of a confirmed epicure over his most coveted dish.

And here I conclude my defence of dining. It is a custom which is, more or less, observed at some period of the day by every nation upon earth. I do not, therefore, see the justice of that raillery—good-humoured though it be—with which Englishmen are liberally assailed concerning this matter. The charge of dining overmuch I have endeavoured to disprove. All that our countrymen can be justly accused of, is a propensity for dining in crowds and parties.

THE PROCESS OF MACLOU GERARD:

A MODERN CAUSE CELEBRE.

ON the 5th of October 1819, a young man stood at the bar of the court of Montmersan, in the department of the Landes, accused of the commission of a serious crime. The history of the case may be best gathered from the following summary of the advocate's address to the jury in favour of the prisoner:—

Maclou Gerard was the only son of an humble but respectable farmer near St Etienne. At the age of ten, the youth left his home, being placed in the establishment of M. de Laborde, a wealthy proprietor of the Landes, who at first intended to train up Maclou as a domestic,

hoping to make of him an attached and useful one. Ere-long, however, the boy won so much upon the affections of his patron, that the latter resolved to give him the advantages of a superior education, and to take corresponding care of his fortunes in life. From that time forwards, Maclou Gerard became like an adopted child of the house, and grew up on terms of apparent equality with Mademoiselle Marie de Laborde, the daughter of his benefactor. The children were mates at school and play, being nearly of the same age.

At sixteen, Marie de Laborde had sprung up into a very lovely young woman, and Maclou Gerard, at the same epoch, was even more peculiarly remarkable for personal advantages. He possessed, besides, a mind now highly cultivated. He had acquired the dead and several of the living languages; was well instructed in drawing, music, and other accomplishments; and displayed an elegant taste for poetry. In short, the young peasant of St Etienne shewed no traces of the comparative humility of his birth and early breeding. Thrown constantly together, in the case of these young people the usual and natural consequences took place. They loved each other; and M. de Laborde soon saw the error he had committed, in giving opportunities for such a result. Though at heart good-natured, he was a proud and weak-minded man, and began to treat Maclou in a very harsh way, as if the youth was really the party in fault. At first, M. de Laborde only grumbled and murmured against his poor protégé; by and by, he stormed against and insulted him; and, finally, seeing matters not likely to be otherwise cured, he resolved to expel from his mansion the youth who had, he said, behaved so ungratefully.

Mild in temper, and mindful of past benefactions, poor Maclou Gerard confined to his own bosom his anguish when M. de Laborde imperiously exacted from him the following promises:—‘You will go immediately to the new farm which I have given to your father at a league or two’s distance. You promise you will never seek to see my daughter, and never set foot in this village again?’

Maclou gave these promises with a sad heart.

‘But if you would have me pardon your ingratitude in lifting your eyes to my daughter, you must do yet more,’ said M. de Laborde.

‘Would you have me dead?’ asked Maclou mournfully.

‘No; but I wish you to promise, that if you meet Mademoiselle de Laborde, you will not speak to her.’

Maclou Gerard gave the desired promise. On that same evening, divesting himself of the handsome attire which he owed to the former friendliness of M. de Laborde, he put on the garb of a peasant, and set off for his father’s house.

For some time after his arrival there, the young man struggled earnestly to accommodate himself to his altered position. He had been wont to wield a pen—he took up in its place a hatchet; he had been used to labour in the field of letters and poesy—and he now set himself to toil on the sterile soil of the Landes. The rude jeers of the more skilful boors around him he bore uncomplainingly. In every respect, indeed, he made a manful struggle against fortune; but it did not last long. His spirits and strength gradually deserted him; hope gave place to despair; and it was soon apparent to his anxious father, that the very reason of his unfortunate son was tottering on its throne. One day Maclou Gerard proved the justice of these fears, by raising a weapon against his own life. By an accident, he did not injure himself; but the moment was a critical one. When the weapon fell harmless from his hands, his reason also departed!

It was afterwards said, by some persons concerned in establishing the opposite fact, that the young man had never lost his mental balance. This was an error. It is true that he was a monomaniac of the most harmless kind, gentle, tranquil, and melancholy; but he was not the less unsettled in his wits. He roamed the dark woods all day, and often through the whole night, talking to the trees, or to a beautiful vision which was ever by his side. The birds seemed familiar with him, and scarcely fled his approach. He was so perfectly innocent, that

no one harmed him, but at the same time so weakened in reason, that the village-boys could make him dance to them for hours ; and many, many would gather to look on the poor innocent, for he excelled in the accomplishment. He also sang beautifully, and the villagers loved well to hear him. Strange to say, he still wrote songs, and songs that indicated a full sense of the sad state into which he had fallen. A verse or two of one of his songs were produced in court, when his condition was afterwards inquired into.

Who, when he sees, at morning-tide,
The bird desert its nest,
Can make it warble by his side,
Or nestle in his breast ?
It is Maclou, the innocent,
The crazy village-boy,
Who now pours forth a wild lament,
Now chants a stave of joy !

Who knows at evening-fall to sing
Such songs beside the hearth,
As can the tears to bright eyes bring,
Or children fill with mirth ?
It is Maclou, &c.

What time the butterfly doth tower
With pinion bright in air,
As if it were a winged flower,
Who runs to cull it there ?
It is Maclou, &c.

For two years, the mania of Maclou Gerard underwent no change, until a strange accident wrought effects upon his condition at once happy and disastrous. Mademoiselle Marie de Laborde suddenly and unexpectedly paid a visit to his father's cottage. The young lady, in spite of the care of her father, had latterly received a hint of the real state into which poor Maclou had fallen ; and then the wish to see him, suppressed before with difficulty at her father's command, became altogether incontrollable. She had been partly prepared for an alteration, but not such a one as she found in Maclou. The countenance on which the light of intellect once played vividly, was mantled in

unmeaning smiles—the smiles of helpless imbecility. He gave Marie no other sign of recognition. Deeply shocked, and blaming herself bitterly as the cause of the ill, the young lady knelt on the floor before him, as if to ask pardon, and burst into a flood of tears.

The sight produced an instantaneous effect on Maclou. He knelt down beside her, and endeavoured, with trembling lips, to kiss away the pearly drops as they fell. ‘You know me, then, dear Maclou!’ cried the young lady, eagerly. ‘Oh, thank Heaven! I am come to see you, to speak with you, to save you! Sit down by me, dearest Maclou; I will embrace you, because I love you—and yet I detest you!’

‘Detest me?’ cried Maclou in an anxious voice.

‘I shall tell you wherefore,’ answered Marie. ‘The other day, I had walked and wandered till I came to the limits of the lands of St Magné. There I saw a young man lying on the ground; the birds seemed to flutter and warble close by him without fear. I knew him. Trembling with anxiety, I called to him: “Maclou! Maclou!” The ingrate heard me, and looked; but immediately afterwards he fled and left me.’

‘It is true,’ said Maclou, and he spoke the truth. The commands of M. de Laborde had been too deeply stamped upon his brain to be forgotten amid all his craziness.

Marie heard his answer, and resumed her discourse. ‘Listen to me, Maclou. They wish to marry me to Monsieur de Lachapelle, a rich gentleman whom I have seen once or twice. He is very gallant, and tells me he will die without me; but I detest him. Are you pleased with me, Maclou?’

The poor youth, whose faculties seemed to have been wonderfully revived by the presence of Marie, only smiled in reply.

Marie continued: ‘Yes; this marriage never shall take place. My father cannot persist in what will kill me. And for you, Maclou, I have already spoken to an excellent physician; he will come every day to see you, and I shall

come too. You will recover your strength soon ; and as I never can love any other, my father must consent to your coming back to us, never to go away again. But now we must part. Hold, however ; I have a present—it is a knife, a knife for the woods, with both our initials upon it, and a chain of silver.'

'Ah !' cried Maclou with a trembling voice, 'do not give it to me, Marie ; it is fatal as a gift ! Sell it to me ; here is a piece of money for it !'

'Well, well, dear Maclou,' said Marie, 'as you please. Why,' continued she, turning with a joyful tear in her eye to the father of her lover, who had witnessed the scene, 'I find him well and thoughtful. Come, I have a long way to walk. Will you go so far with me ?'

Maclou joyfully assented ; and about six in the evening, the pair set out on their way, arm-in-arm. After a short walk, they reached the bank of the Gave, a stream which serves as the boundary between the Landes and Basses-Pyrenees. The Gave is in some places very deep, and the path which the lovers entered upon is a very narrow footway, closely overhanging the river. One only could pursue the path at a time, and Maclou was desired by Marie to go before her. He did so, and for a time they walked on, conversing kindly, until Marie chanced to mention M. de Lachapelle.

The name jarred on the confused brain of the young man. He stopped suddenly. 'Halt !' he said wildly ; 'who is this Monsieur de Lachapelle ?'

'I told you, Maclou, that he was the husband my father would have me to take,' said Marie.

'And you will wed this miserable man of wealth ?' asked the agitated Maclou.

'Dear Maclou,' answered Marie, somewhat alarmed at his manner, 'you forget : I assured you that I would never marry him.'

'You deceive me !' cried the youth ; 'you are going home to wed him ; he is waiting for you now.'

'He is our neighbour, and may be with my father just now,' said Marie ; 'but I will never wed him, Maclou.'

'You deceive me!' cried the youth with increasing wildness of tone; 'you are about to abandon me! You shall return home no more!'

'Dearest Maclou, what mean you?' asked the alarmed young lady.

'You have given me a knife!' exclaimed he; 'it was meant to punish treachery, and I will use it.'

'Maclou! leave me, or I shall cry for help!' answered the trembling girl. 'I love you—I will never forsake you!'

'You will!' said Maclou.

He had now unsheathed the knife. Marie screamed loudly, and attempted to retreat; but the excited Maclou grasped her arm, struck her one blow, and she fell down the bank into the deep waters of the Gave.

Her screams had happily been heard. They were heard by one who, knowing the unsettled state of the crazed youth, had watched the pair on their whole route. It was the father of Maclou Gerard. He was near enough to rescue the young lady from the waters ere she had been there many minutes. Let the advocate for Maclou Gerard, at the trial which followed, tell the rest in his own words. 'Gentlemen, the young lady was saved. Beautiful as formerly, and in blooming health, she is now before you, and listens to me, alternately with sobs and smiles. She has long pardoned Maclou Gerard. But how am I to describe the effect of his wild act on the young man himself? Gentlemen, feelings of terror and remorse, and, above all, the spectacle of the young object of his love, bleeding, insensible, and apparently dying before him, had the effect of perfectly restoring the reason of Maclou Gerard, the shock operating apparently on his mental system as the electrical fluid acts on the organs of physical sensation.' The advocate then concluded by calling upon the public tribunal for that pardon which the condition of the youth had already gained for him from the private parties concerned. And a full acquittal was indeed the result.

Restored to reason, Maclou Gerard was also reinstated

in the favour and friendship of M. de Laborde, whom reflection had made conscious of his being the cause of Maclou's misfortunes, and who saw his daughter's attachment to be unalterable. A short term of prudent probation was all that the father demanded ere he sanctioned the union of Maclou and Marie.

A STORY OF TEA-POTS.

WHEN Corfu was ceded to Britain at the general division of spoils in 1815, the troops that were first sent out to garrison the island found a melancholy destitution of all those little comforts and conveniences of life that John Bull and his wife know so little how to dispense with. Miserable quarters, every article of furniture scarce and bad, the most common utensils for cookery unattainable, and such wretched shops, that you left hope at the door when you stepped over the threshold. In short, the shifts to which they were put were often so ludicrous, that the laugh they got at their own expense was the only consolation they had in their misery. But of all the wants that afflicted their souls, none fell so heavily on their spirits as the want of tea-pots. Fancy any family in Great Britain without a tea-pot! Probably such an anomaly does not exist; but here there were three or four regiments—several hundreds of wretched Christians—without a tea-pot amongst them. But we are wrong when we say without a tea-pot—there was one tea-pot, a silver one, a piece of family-plate that the owner had brought out with her to be used on grand occasions. But what a life it led!—and what a life its mistress led! It was certainly a grand thing to be the possessor of the only tea-pot on the island—the position was imposing; but the glory, like many other glories, was onerous in the extreme, and many a day poor Mrs

R—— was induced to wish that she had hid her light under a bushel, rather than have exposed herself to be eternally pestered for the loan of the tea-pot. Besides, it could not satisfy all wants; when Mrs A—— had it, Mrs B—— was obliged to go without it; and when Mrs C—— sent for it, she was too often told that Mrs D——'s maid had just carried it away. Then of course it only circulated amongst the officers' families; the unfortunate soldiers' wives had not even the consolation of hoping to have a turn out of it; they had all heard of it—they knew that the thing existed, but that was all—they never so much as got a glimpse of it.

Such was the condition of the community when, one fine morning, a small trading-vessel was seen to sail into the harbour. It was a country vessel, as appeared by the rigging; and as they seldom brought anything that was useful to the unfortunate exiles, there was not much to be hoped from it. However, as the smallest trifle would have been acceptable, as the beggars say, Colonel G—— desired one of his sergeants to go down to the quay and inquire what they had on board. Picture to yourself, reader, what must have been the feelings of Sergeant L—— on being informed by the captain that they were freighted with tea-pots!

'What have you got?' said he.

'Tea-pots?' said the captain.

'You'll have plenty of custom, then, my fine fellow,' said the sergeant, and away he flew to spread the news. 'It's the most providentialist thing,' he observed, 'that ever happened;' and, indeed, so thought everybody.

The blessed intelligence ran like wild-fire. In ten minutes, every woman in the garrison, high and low, and every bachelor that wanted to make a comfortable cup of tea for himself, might be seen rushing across the esplanade towards the quay pell-mell, all hurried and anxious, pushing and driving, each afraid of being last, lest the supply, being limited, should be exhausted before all wants were satisfied.

'Which is the ship?' cried a chorus of eager voices to

Sergeant L——, who, flushed with conscious importance, headed the procession.

‘This is her,’ said he, as he stepped on to the deck of the little trader, accompanied by as many of his followers as could find footing, whilst the less fortunate candidates gathered to the side as close as they could, all with one voice vociferating: ‘Tea-pots! tea-pots!—shew us the tea-pots!’

‘Tea-pots!’ echoed the captain, nodding his head affirmatively.

‘Where *are* the tea-pots! we all want tea-pots,’ cried the English.

‘Tea-pots!’ said the captain, with a smile and a bow—and the crew repeated after him ‘tea-pots!’

But by this time the extraordinary commotion had drawn to the shore, amongst other spectators of the scene, a certain Italian cook, who, happening to have a smattering both of English and Romaic, stepped forward to offer his services as interpreter.

‘He says he’s freighted with tea-pots,’ said Sergeant L——; ‘do make him produce them.’

‘What have you brought!’ said the cook to the captain.

‘Tea-pots!’ replied the captain.

‘Ah,’ said the cook, turning to the anxious expectants, ‘he say he bring *típotas*—dat mean, in his language, *noting*!’

REMARKABLE TRIAL AT GIBRALTAR.

IN the year 1841, at Gibraltar, there occurred one of those extraordinary cases, which shew us how ineffectively the romancist, even when his imagination is strained to the uttermost, can portray the extremes of passion of which human nature is susceptible. A communication, bearing date February the 20th, from the rock-built fortress which England keeps as a key to the Mediterranean, relates the following particulars :—

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar, induced partly by the circumstance of his being of the same religious persuasion to which the people of his adopted country belonged. For many years he occupied a small dwelling near the base of Mount St Michael, so renowned for its caves and crystallisations. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired, in truth, a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange in Europe.

James Baxwell had a daughter, an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty. Her countenance and figure combined in a most agreeable manner the peculiar charms of the Englishwoman with the soft and languishing characteristics of the Spaniard. Young as she was, she had been for some two or three years an object of devoted admiration to all the youths around Gibraltar. At church they devoured her with their eyes; and many, many a one thought to himself that happy above all men would be he who could win the smiles of Elezia Baxwell. But Elezia bestowed her smiles upon no one. She seemed, to those whose involuntary sighs

she excited, to carry maidenly modesty to freezing coldness. At mass, *her*' eyes were ever bent upon her book, regardless of all the glances cast upon her by others.

Such was at least the case till shortly before the events to be narrated. At length, however, Elezia did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. To her he seemed a being superior to all the young men she had ever yet beheld. From that moment, her calm and self-possessed demeanour left her for ever. Abroad and at home, she was restless and uneasy. But, ere long, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed at no great distance of time.

Assured of the affections of Elezia, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr Baxwell. 'I am named William Katt,' said he to the merchant; 'I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young, and wealthy. Give me your daughter—we love one another.'

'Never!' said James Baxwell, to whom the position and circumstances of the young man were not unknown; 'never! You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and so long. You are a Lutheran and my daughter is a Catholic. Such a union could not be happy; nor will I ever give my consent to it. Elezia shall never be yours!' The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Elezia and her parent. The blood of the fiery south coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she *would* marry the object of her choice, despite of all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner *kill her* with his own hands, than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who

stood by at this scene, he kept silence. What thoughts were revolving in his mind, it would be difficult to say.

Two days afterwards, an alarming noise was heard by the neighbours to issue from a cave immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. The noise consisted at first of loud cries, which gradually became fainter, and at length died altogether away. The auditors looked at each other with amazement, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of the sounds alluded to. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Elezia had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many low murmurs had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing, certainly; but whither she had gone, he knew not. He had nothing whatever to do, he said, with her disappearance.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter, to prevent her marriage with William Katt, and, ultimately, this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities, that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminatory was found. 'The cave! the cave is the place!' cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cave, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Elezia's dress, sprinkled all over with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair, clotted with gore, and that hair was recognised by many as having been taken from the head of Elezia.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But the proof seemed strong against him, and he was regularly brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy merchant trembled to excess, and afterwards seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a

state almost of total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day, the jailer came to announce to him, for the final time, that the moment of fate was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling, and he cried, what he had reiterated to all who saw him in his confinement : ' Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death ! '

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who, it should have been said, was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Elezia. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot of the scaffold : ' My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me.' Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt were very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal the depth of his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner, to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying in a loud voice : ' Justice is doing ! Justice is done ! ' He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in front so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold : '*It is I who am guilty !—I alone !*'

This cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Elezia, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off, in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which

he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Elezia's dress, which he had purloined. These articles he had placed in the cave, and there, also, had he emitted personally those cries, which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold, had awakened (the young man said) instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

This confession was partly made at the scaffold, and partly afterwards. As soon as Katt had spoken out decisively, the executioner had turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down into a sitting posture. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from off his eyes and head. It was found that he was a corpse! No exertions had the slightest effect in awakening in him the spark of life. The physicians, saying all they could on such a subject, declared that he had died from the effects of strong imagination.

William Katt was conducted to prison amid the clamours of the populace, there to await judgment for his misdeeds.

Elezia, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, retired to a convent for life immediately on learning all that had passed.

ANECDOTE TOLD BY THE LATE DR MACINTOSH.

THOSE who remember the fund of humour possessed by the late Dr John Macintosh of Edinburgh, so eminent for his professional knowledge, will alone be able to conceive the charm which he threw around such anecdotes as the following, introduced by him in rich profusion, both into his private conversation and into his medical lectures to his pupils. In the latter case, he always contrived to make them illustrate and enforce some point of practical interest to his hearers.

Speaking of the amount of physical pain which man is capable of enduring, and of instances of constancy under such trials, Dr Macintosh used to say that one case had come under his own notice, which seemed to him scarcely to have a parallel in all the annals of 'Greek and Roman fame.' Dr Macintosh had served with our armies abroad, in the capacity of regimental-surgeon, or assistant-surgeon. 'We chanced on one occasion,' said he, 'to be stationed in country quarters, at a place affording considerable opportunities for our enjoyment of the sports of the field. These opportunities were not let slip. All the officers of our regiment contrived to furnish themselves with horses, and away we set to the fields, to rouse up the fox, wild-boar, or anything that came in our way, being perfectly regardless what the chase was, provided we had but the exercise and the excitement. The officers "of ours" were all English, with the exception of a young ensign and myself, who were Scotsmen. Hence my story.

'We had not been long in the field, ere some prospect of game caused us to put our steeds to their mettle. They were awkward brutes, and perhaps we, being of a foot corps, were awkward, or, at least, not freshly-practised riders. However this may be, it so happened that my young countryman, to whom I have alluded, got a serious

tumble. It took place in sight of the whole party, and, as he was very generally liked, they came to a pause almost to a man, and crowded round him. I was soon at the spot with the rest. From the appearance of the sufferer, and his involuntary movements and writhings, it was plain, not only to my own practised eye, but to every one present, that his shoulder was dislocated. "Here is the doctor!" cried a dozen voices; "take off his coat!" I, myself, without thinking for a moment of being refused, also begged him to allow me to assist him in getting his coat off. To the surprise of all of us, he drew back, and said firmly: "No! there is nothing the matter. I will have it looked to afterwards, but not now. It is but a bruise at most." The position of the injured limb, sticking out angularly from the side, and the depression above, convinced myself that this was nonsense, and that a dislocation downwards into the armpit had been the consequence of the fall upon the shoulder. Even the others saw, and were persuaded of this fact; and the involuntary writhings of the sufferer, with the large drops of perspiration upon his brow, confirmed every one in their conviction. "My dear fellow," was the general and kindly cry, "the thing will grow worse and worse, and your pain will be doubled by delay." I, also, as became my place, was earnest in my entreaty that he should allow me to undress and examine the arm. He thanked us for our kindness, but his answer was still "No;" and our reiterated entreaties could not move him one whit from his resolve.

'We were naturally all surprised, and greatly surprised, by this conduct. But there seemed no help for it, and the rest of the officers slowly betook themselves to their horses, in order to resume their route. I, the most astonished man of the whole, as being the best assured of what had taken place, was the last to turn to my steed. I had not mounted, and had just wheeled round to cast a last glance at my countryman, when a peculiar look and motion of his hand caught my attention. I stopped, allowed the rest to ride away, and then walked up to him.

"New," said he, "I will allow *you* to look at my arm. You are my countryman; these are all English: and I have an eruptive affection on my arm which I would not betray to any one but a countryman. You know how vile our beds have been for three or four nights. In consequence of sleeping in them, it strikes me, I have received an affection which appeared yesterday on my arms, and which has spread so rapidly, that I have not yet had time to speak to you. I was about to do so, however, this very evening. You know the paltry scandal against our country about eruptions of this kind. Our messmates—good fellows as they are—might have pitied and sympathised with me just now, but we should have had no end to their jocularities. No, no! I would go with my arm dangling by my side all my days, ere the honour of old Scotland should be tarnished in me!"

'I could not help admiring the noble young fellow, fantastical in some respects as his conduct and notions here may have been. All the while, too, he was suffering a degree of torture with which few bodily pains are comparable—the torture of a violently dislocated joint. However, I wasted no time in words, but immediately set about attempting his relief, for the perspiration was still pouring from his brow. Unfortunately, assistance was out of the question in the case; we were alone. Nevertheless, I contrived to strip him, and directed him to lay himself down upon the ground on his back at length. He did so. I then laid myself down by his side the reverse way, and, placing my foot in the armpit of the dislocated limb, I took hold of his hand. One pull and a firm push restored the limb to its place. He was afterwards able to walk home with me in comfort, and his cutaneous affection, a simple matter, was easily cured, freeing him from all risk of what he thought a disgraceful exposure in that way for the time coming.'

Such was the doctor's story. Would that many more of the good ones which he told were preserved also, and in an abler way!

A STORY OF MODERN ROME.

SOME years ago, there dwelt in Rome a baker called Tomaso Paffalto, who had a daughter, an only child, and who was of great service to him in the way of business. Tomaso was very proud of his young Lucia, not, however, from any superior mental qualifications, but from her exquisite personal beauty, which assisted not a little in attracting customers to his shop from the highest classes in the city.

As may easily be supposed from these premises, the young fornarina, or bakeress, had plenty admirers, and could have commanded a match considerably above the station in which she professionally moved. Among the host of youngsters who sighed in vain for the hand of the fair Lucia, was Giachimo, who had for many years been in the service of Tomaso : and though of daring disposition, felt that he stood at too great a distance below the object of his attachment to make his feelings distinctly known. Not that he did not get many a smile and a kind look from her, but the fornarina bestowed smiles and kind looks upon all men ; and this Giachimo knew, and daily saw, and he had therefore discretion enough left to build no castles on such shadowy foundations. Besides, Giachimo's situation was a very humble one : he was but a journeyman ; and having no friends that he knew of in the world likely to give him any assistance, he had little prospect of mending his position. Added to all this, the fair Lucia, as he learned, was on the eve of matrimony with Pietro Botta, a husband selected for her by her father. Tomaso had for sometime found himself getting old and very fat : and his wife having been long dead, he began to feel the charge of watching over his beautiful daughter a little irksome. Besides, he could not help sometimes reflecting seriously on what might be her fate were he to die and leave her unmarried.

It is true her conduct had hitherto been quite blameless ; nor had she ever even evinced the slightest preference for any one of her admirers—a singularity which might either arise from a natural coldness of temperament, or from having her attention distracted by so great a number of dangles ; also, from there being no leisure nor opportunity left for any individual to acquire an influence, or stamp an impression deep enough to be lasting.

Certain it is, whatever were the cause, that, although the fair Lucia was in the daily practice of serving out her *piani buffetti* to the most accomplished cavaliers in Rome, whose visits, she was well aware, were in reality so many homages paid to the perfection of her beauty, rather than to the excellence of her father's oven, yet when old Tomaso made known to her his intention of bestowing her fair hand and the shop on Pietro Botta, she made not the slightest opposition to the arrangement.

With respect to the second clause of the agreement, Tomaso was actuated by no romantic generosity, but by a calculating spirit of foresight. He knew very well that his daughter was his real property, and that the shop and oven were merely accidents attached to her, and which, with the whole train of customers, would follow wherever she went. So he transferred the entire concern to the bridegroom, merely stipulating for a liferent for himself out of the proceeds, sufficient to maintain his declining years in ease and leisure. The marriage, accordingly, took place with the usual festivities, and all parties seem to have been pleased on the occasion, except the forlorn Giachimo, who, resisting all offers to be continued in his situation, as well as all the kind remonstrances of his brother journeyman, Guiseppe, resolved to depart from Rome, and visit the scenes of his infancy in a distant part of the country.

With respect to the progress of events for a few months after the marriage, they require no particular detail ; and it is only necessary to say, that La Bella Fornarina, now La Signora Botta, who, as formerly, acted shop-mistress,

continued to attract purchasers to the establishment over which she so elegantly presided.

Matters, however, did not go on so smoothly with the married pair, as the father, in his fond anticipations had expected. In short, the plain and somewhat gruff Pietro was anything but an agreeable partner; and Lucia, on her part, took small pains to conceal how little affection she felt towards one whom she was legally bound both to love and obey. The imprudent conduct of the young wife in flirting before the very eyes of the jealous Pietro with various individuals of noble lineage, but, like the greater part of the higher order of Romans, men of profligate character, added another cause of offence; the lady, out of pique, seeming to take a kind of wicked pleasure in vexing her husband on this tender point. The catastrophe which followed was altogether so remarkable, that it is necessary to prepare the mind of the reader by saying that it was an actual occurrence.

Signora Botta's waiting-maid was a much less conscientious personage than her mistress, and carried on a private correspondence by means of letters with a worthless intimate of the family, named Paolo Peverino, who one day seated himself in the window of a certain coffee-house, to watch for the approach of the usual and humble bearer of the furtive epistles—namely, the lad whose duty was to supply his master's customers with bread. By a singular coincidence, Giachimo, who had in the meantime returned to Rome, seated himself in the same coffee-house; and when he saw his old acquaintance approaching, and obviously desirous of delivering a letter, he imagined it was a communication sent to him from Guiseppe. Without reflecting for a moment on the absurdity of the supposition that Guiseppe knew of his arrival, and before the boy had got well past the window of the coffee-house, he had started from his seat, rushed into the street, and was just on the point of hailing him and seizing the letter, when he saw the important paper snatched by another hand, and felt himself at the same moment grasped firmly by the collar; whilst the

boy, amazed and terrified, dropping his load, took suddenly to his heels, and rushing through the street without even turning to look behind him, never stopped till he had crossed the Bridge of St Angelo, and had taken refuge in the house of a friend on the other side of the river. Indeed, he had good reason to be frightened, for the assailant was no other than Pietro Botta himself, who, having had his suspicions awakened, had followed the lad out of the house, and, by a *coup de main*, had thus possessed himself of the letter, and seized, as he supposed, the person to whom it was addressed, being, unfortunately for Giachimo, in too great a rage to wait till he had ascertained the fact by referring to the superscription.

Both under the influence of excessive irritation—the husband from jealousy, and Giachimo from the assault and hatred of the assailant—a violent altercation ensued, wherein free use was made of their tongues, but none of their hands; for they were each unarmed, and Italians rarely strike with their fists. In the course of this war of words, many threats of ulterior vengeance were thrown out by both parties; and when at length, having pretty well exhausted their vocabulary of abuse, they parted, it was with a mutual declaration that the quarrel, far from ending there, could only be terminated by a final consummation that each was warned he might speedily look for; and accordingly the bystanders entertained very little doubt, that one or the other of them, before many days had elapsed, would be despatched either by the dagger of his adversary, or by the weapon of a hired assassin. Amongst the witnesses of this scene was Paolo Peverino, who, not knowing who Giachimo was, nor understanding the source of his attempt to possess himself of the letter, did not very well comprehend it. He naturally supposed that the stranger was a rival, and therefore, whilst he earnestly hoped that Giachimo would fulfil his threats with respect to Pietro, he felt very desirous that Pietro should have an opportunity of returning the compliment.

The most urgent point, however, for him to attend to at the moment was his own safety; for, as he had not

obtained a view of the letter, he could not be certain whether there was anything either in it or on it indicating to whom it was addressed. He therefore hastily quitted the spot, and proceeded to his own lodgings, where, having clothed himself in female attire, being always provided with such disguises in case of emergency, he thought he might venture an attempt to communicate to the attendant of the *fornarina* what had happened, and endeavour to obtain some information with respect to the appearance of the mysterious stranger, and the amount of his own peril.

With a dagger concealed about his person in case of danger, he sallied forth, and proceeding cautiously along the *Strada del Bobbino*, towards the *Strada del Croce*, he approached the baker's shop. It was now night, and the lower windows were closed ; but he descried a light in a room above, which he knew to be the one occupied by the fair Lucia. Whilst he was looking up, and wondering whether she was alone, and considering how he could attract her attention to his presence, the door opened, and Pietro Botta himself stepped out ; and having locked it behind him, turned down the street, and walked away. What was the amount of information derived by Paolo at the house of the baker, it is of little consequence to speculate upon, and it will suffice to say, that he departed under the impression that Botta, believing that his attentions were insidiously directed towards his wife, sought to do him a mortal injury. Oppressed with heavy thoughts, he betook himself on his way homeward. Let us now leave him, and see how Giachimo had in the meanwhile employed himself. As soon as he had freed himself from Pietro's grasp at the door of the coffee-house, under the influence of rage, he flew to the nearest armourer he knew of, and provided himself with the means of fulfilling his threat against his detested assailant. At that time, however, it was yet daylight ; and Pietro having, luckily for himself, gone home in the interval, the adversaries did not meet while their wrath was upon them ; and as Giachimo's spirit was by no means an implacable one, by

the time he had called on a friend or two, and looked out a lodging for the night, his anger had completely subsided.

It was night ; and pondering on what was past and what was to come, and keeping in the middle of the dark street, from the recollection that he had an enemy in the city, Giachimo was stepping cautiously along, when, just as he reached the end of the *Vicolo dei Greci*, a woman, running at full speed, came in violent contact with his person, and nearly upset both him and herself. She, however, recovered her equilibrium, and, without pausing to apologise, rushed forwards ; whilst he, after stopping a moment to look after her, moved on the way he was going. But he had not advanced many yards, when curiosity induced him again to turn his head in the direction in which he still heard her receding steps, and at that moment, whilst he was walking blindly forwards, he stumbled over something on the ground, and fell.

That it was a human body that had arrested his steps, it needed no light to tell him ; but whose it was he might not so soon have discovered, had not the words ‘ Accursed woman ! ’ which broke from the lips of the dying man, told him too truly that the victim was no other than *Pietro Botta* himself.

In an instant the whole extent of his own danger rushed upon his mind ; and leaving his hat behind him, which had fallen from his head when he stumbled, terror lending wings to his feet, he fled. But, alas ! he was not fated to escape so easily. He had not proceeded far, when, as ill-fortune would have it, he ran right against the horse of the commander of a troop of carabineers, who happened just then to be going their rounds.

‘ Seize that fellow ! ’ cried the sergeant, irritated by the unpleasant shock which had nearly unhorsed him.

‘ I swear before Heaven I did not do it ! ’ cried Giachimo. ‘ It was not I that murdered the man ! Ask him yourselves ! For the sake of the blessed Virgin, let me go ! I call all the saints to witness that I had no hand in it ! ’

It may be easily conceived that this sort of address, together with his wild and agitated deportment, was not very likely to obtain his liberty ; on the contrary, he was secured, and desired to conduct them to the body of the man he spoke of, which he forthwith did, protesting his innocence, and calling on the Virgin and all the saints to justify him, as he went along.

But neither those he invoked, nor any one else, appeared to answer his appeal ; and his hat being found upon the spot, and a dagger about his person, which, by the laws of Rome, it is penal to carry, the proofs of his guilt were considered sufficiently decisive to authorise his seizure and committal ; and it may be easily conceived that, when on his trial, which immediately followed, the witnesses of the scene at the coffee-house came forward and swore to the quarrel, and the armourer to the subsequent purchase of the dagger, no shade of doubt disturbed the minds of his judges.

There was but one circumstance in his favour, which was, that the dagger he carried was not stained with blood, and that the one which occasioned Pietro's death was found sticking in his body. But Giachimo might have provided himself with two ; at all events, this single circumstance in his favour was not considered sufficiently weighty to overbalance the strong evidence against him. He was pronounced guilty, and condemned to death.

All was ready ; the priest had listened to his earnest asseverations of innocence, and was in the act of giving him his last exhortation and blessing before he ascended the scaffold, when the sound of horses' feet approaching at full speed, and the echo of many voices, drew the attention of the crowd, and arrested the proceedings of the officials. The republican army of France was advancing on the city ; and 'The French ! the French are at hand !' was the astounding cry—'in another hour they will be at the gates !'

Who could stop to think of beheading Giachimo at such a moment ? Some ran one way, some another ; he was dragged back to his prison, permitted to

retain his life till a more convenient opportunity offered for taking it away.

The history of the French occupation does not concern us further than as it regarded Giachimo ; and it therefore suffices to say, that as soon as the invaders had established their sway, and arranged their more urgent affairs, the French magistrates ordered a revision of all the unexecuted sentences, and that such as were confirmed should be forthwith carried into effect ; and amongst those that were looked upon as admitting of no question, was this of Giachimo's, who was, therefore, a second time ordered for immediate execution.

But, in the interim betwixt the last day of execution and the one now appointed, Giachimo had found friends, who, though with little means, had every desire to serve him.

Pending the confusion that reigned in the city during the early days of the invasion, the prisons were less strictly guarded than they had been ; and the fornarina, by the aid of her purse, and her beauty's persuasive eloquence, had contrived to obtain an interview with the prisoner, and had not only satisfied herself of his innocence, but was also equally assured of Paolo's guilt, the circumstance of the woman that Giachimo had encountered just before he stumbled over the body, bringing conviction to her mind on the subject. Her strong suspicions were confirmed by her assistant Guiseppe, who, on being shewn the dagger that had been the instrument of murdering his unfortunate master, declared that he had frequently seen it in the possession of Paolo. This confirmation of other circumstances appeared to them sufficiently important to authorise their communicating their suspicions to the authorities ; who having, by due interrogation, extracted the principal features of the case, took an opportunity of visiting Paolo's lodgings in his absence, where they found, amongst many other disguises, a suit of female attire, corresponding exactly with that which the waiting-maid and her mistress had described Peverino as wearing on the night of the

murder. Moreover, the garment was stained with blood ; and, above all, in the pocket of it was found the fatal letter which Pietro had, in evil hour, snatched from the boy, in presence of Giachimo, and which the fornarina swore to her husband's having had about him when he left her, after their last sad interview.

Paolo was seized, condemned, and executed ; his intriguing correspondent was dismissed from the service of her mistress ; whilst the love and sufferings of the faithful Giachimo found their due reward in the hand of the beautiful fornarina, who, under the more judicious management of an affectionate and reasonable husband, became a prudent woman and an exemplary wife.

THE HONEST WIDOW:

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

THE Irish character has afforded subject for many masterly and graphic sketches ; yet in the delineation, the real is so often blended with the caricature impersonation, that the Irishman is at a loss to recognise his own features in the portraiture. The following is a tale of facts, which recently occurred in humble life, and from which the reader may derive a lesson of disinterested generosity. The noble and upright conduct of the widow, who disdained to augment her daughter's income to the injury of the brother and sisters of her proposed son-in-law, is worthy of imitation in any station. The reality of the sketch may possibly compensate for its deficiencies in construction, and the want of character and incident.

In the southern part of the county of Wexford, there is a small water-mill at the junction of two streams, which take their rise in the so-called mountain of Forth (though its elevation is of the most diminutive character), and after running in their narrow channels through a flat tract

of country for some miles, fall into an arm of the sea. Andy Furlong, the owner of this mill, had a snug farm in connection with it, and had passed there, in the twofold character of miller and farmer, nearly half a century, with an unimpeachable character for probity. By the necessities, Andy was especially beloved, for though a miller, he never ground *them*, in seasons of scarcity and distress, as rogues in grain so often do to the poor and needy; he never exacted more for the labour of his wheel in the season of want than in the days of plenty; and as one good turn deserves another, every one who wanted a turn of the mill-wheel came to him: he had plenty of grist.

Andy, however, was not very successful in saving—he was too good a fellow for that; he gave the best dinners of any man in the parish to the priest, and expended a good deal in the improvement of his farm; his landlord being a just man, and he himself a regular and solvent tenant, he was not afraid of losing his land at the expiration of his term, and felt confident that his family would reap the benefit of his outlay.

But, like every one else, he had a ‘besetting sin,’ and had no desire to call upon Father Mathew to remove it: he liked the company of some of his jovial neighbours far better than any of the teetotallers, and in consequence, became indolent and of a full habit. This constitutional inertness, perhaps, was the cause of his dislike to the execution of his will; or he might have thought—as many a wiser and better-informed man has—that signing a will was a certain forerunner of death. Alas! the older we grow the greater is our attachment to life. This disinclination to make a formal testament was the more to be deplored, as Andy had a wife and four children. He had often declared his *intentions* to his neighbours as to the disposition of his affairs, which were, that his wife should have the mill and farm during her life, and that after her demise his eldest boy, Nicholas, should have them, with no other incumbrance than the payment of fifty pounds to his brother and each of his sisters.

That son was a smart, intelligent lad, very keen, thrifty,

clever as a miller, and therefore a great favourite with his father, who deferred very much to his judgment. One Sunday, on their return from mass, as they both walked home together, and got into chat about the farm and some improvements in the machinery of the mill which Andy had designed to make, Andy, turning suddenly to his son, said : ' But maybe, Nick, I'd never live to see them finished—there's no knowing when one's to die—and I have never spoken to you yet on a thing that's near my heart : somehow or other, Nick, I never liked making my will, but I think that your father's son will do justice to his mother without being tied by parchment. I told Father Devereux what I wish to have done, and every one of the neighbours knows my intentions : will you promise to act up to them ? '

' I will, father ; sure I love my mother, and James, and the girls.'

' Well, well, that's enough,' said the other ; ' the honest thing for ever ! I always thought well of you, and I'll not begin to think otherwise now.'

Some months elapsed after this brief conversation, when one evening Andy was sitting over his tumbler, and, in the midst of some foolish argument with a neighbour about the produce of a field of oats, laying down the law with tipsy wisdom, he seized his half-full tumbler, and spluttering and stammering, drained its contents at one gulp. The blood rushed into his face, shedding a purple hue over his entire countenance, the protruded eyes rolled in agony, and he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. I pass over the subsequent scenes of sorrow as briefly as possible. Andy was carried to his bed, whence he never rose : he lingered speechless for twenty-four hours, and then died ; was waked with the usual disgusting accompaniments of whisky-drinking and tobacco-smoking ; and was buried.

When Mrs Furlong had sufficiently recovered to take the active duty that devolved upon her, she became the nominal mistress of the place ; but Nicholas was so active and vigilant, that everything, in reality, was done as he wished. At first his conduct was excellent—submissive

to his mother, kind to his brother and sisters ; his determination to fulfil his father's wishes was sincere. But gradually the demon of self-interest took possession of him, and the consciousness that he was *master* made him occasionally imperious in his directions to his family ; but at first only so when his mother's back was turned. His filial respect for her, and the knowledge that a third of the property was legally hers, if any altercation took place between them, and she chose to enforce her claim, made him obedient. Indeed, the idea of not acting as his father enjoined, probably did not enter into his mind for a considerable time ; the *possibility* of it at length occurred to him—but for a moment at first—gradually it became more familiarised to his contemplation, and less revolting to his conscience. Years passed on, and during their progress Nicholas had impressed his mother with such an opinion of his management, that everything proceeded under his direction ; his first encroachments were met by concession, and by degrees she became reconciled to his control, as his conduct was so artful that she had nothing tangible to complain of.

But this state of things did not long continue. Mrs Furlong was seized with a malady, which rapidly ran its fatal course, hardly allowing her an interval of cessation from pain, and reason to converse with Nicholas about her other children. What did pass upon the subject, however, was brief and emphatic.

‘My child,’ said she, ‘I am going to leave you.’

‘Maybe not, mother ; perhaps you’ll mend again.’

‘No—I feel it here,’ placing her hand upon her throbbing heart ; ‘death is coming, and I am going to *him* who was a loving husband to me and a kind father to you ; but Nick, dear’——

‘Well, mother.’

‘I’m uneasy about James and the little girls ; you’ll make my mind quiet if you’ll get a deed drawn, as you promised, and settle the fifty pound apiece upon them. Do, my good boy, and you’ll have my blessing ; but sure you’ll have that whether or not.’

‘Why, mother,’ replied Nick, after some hesitation, ‘sure my father never bound me, and why should you doubt me? Besides, a hundred and fifty pound is a large sum of money, and how could I put so much together?’

‘I thought we made more than that by the mill since *he* died,’ feebly and slowly articulated the dying woman.

‘So we did, mother; but then I paid heavy charges for my father’s berrin’ and *memories*, and the new stones and wheel for the mill cost a sight of money; and then, if you die now, the cost of *that* will fall upon me too.’

‘It’s true, it’s true, my poor boy; but then, Nick dear, sure you wouldn’t have the heart to leave the other children without their share? They won’t press for the money—just give them the bit of writing for it—do, and God bless you.’

‘Why, mother, don’t be disquieting yourself—don’t misdoubt me; they shall have their share, but I don’t like to put my hand to a paper. I’m my father’s son in *that*.’

Mrs Furlong was too much exhausted to say more, and she died in the hope that her other children would be justly dealt with by their eldest brother.

At that time Nicholas was sincere, and resolved that the adjuration of both his parents should not be in vain. But good impulses are evanescent where no solid principle exists to make them durable. After a few months, fraternal affection was overpowered in the heart of this young man by the basest selfishness, and the gradations in his manner, from kindness to austerity, were rapid.

After the first surprise at the total change of deportment in his brother, James, who was a high-spirited lad, remonstrated, and asked for his portion of the property, with the design of leaving his brother’s roof. Nicholas was at first disposed to evade the subject altogether: an angry discussion then took place. James indignantly asserted his right to fifty pounds, and accused Nicholas of

being forsworn to both his parents. His complaint might have been couched in the words of Orlando in the opening scene of *As You Like It*:—‘But I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me—he lets me feed with his hinds, and bars me the place of a brother.’

The dispute was long and stormy, and ended by Nicholas refusing to give James anything, and James swearing that if there was law or justice in Ireland he would have it. He immediately went for advice to Father Devereux, who told him he was in his brother’s power, and recommended him not to break with him entirely, but to return. With difficulty he persuaded the irritated and justly incensed young man to resume his galling servitude.

Discontent, disunion, and unhappiness, were the results of these family divisions; the house, from having been the most cheerful, was now the most uncomfortable; constraint was apparent in everything; a sullen silence was preserved between the brothers, proving, by contrast, the beauty of the inspired sentiment—‘How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!’

Matters went on in this state for some time. At length, Nicholas began to absent himself a good deal in the evenings, never mentioning where he went: his absence, however, was rather a relief to the other inmates, and they hardly thought of inquiring into the cause of it.

One morning, at breakfast, he dispelled the mystery, and told his sisters to prepare for a mistress, as he was going to get married to Mary Murphy. This intelligence was conveyed so abruptly and ungraciously, that the poor girls burst into tears: the idea of a stranger occupying the place which their mother had so recently filled, overpowered them; and without a word they left the room to

consult with James, who, knowing that something decisive must be done, went instantly to his intended sister-in-law, whom, with her mother, he found in their little parlour. He gave them a full and feeling statement of his brother's conduct; asked Mary to consider whether a bad brother would make a good husband; implored them both to use their influence over Nicholas to a good purpose, and to make him provide for his orphan sisters. For himself, he said, it was not much-matter—he could 'list.' He urged all his arguments as forcibly as he could—Mary only interrupting him when he said anything very harsh of Nicholas—and, begging of them to consider them, departed.

Everything at this time had been arranged between Nicholas and Mrs Murphy respecting the marriage. Mary liked the young man so well, that she had no objection to take up her quarters in the mill-house in the double capacity of wife and mistress; but she was a good-hearted girl, and had no notion of the unhappiness that existed there, nor of Nick's dishonesty.

When James had gone away, her mother looked hard at her, as if anxious to ascertain her thoughts on the subject; and perceiving that the poor girl looked disappointed and ashamed of her lover's conduct, said: 'It's true enough, child, Nick Furlong isn't the honest boy I thought him.' Mary put her apron to her face, and wiped her eyes. 'His father was honest, and his mother was honest, and the whole breed of them was always honest; but Nicholas isn't doing the right thing to James and the girls.'

'But, mother,' said Mary, catching at a straw, 'there are two sides to a story; maybe old Andy Furlong never left it upon Nick to do as James says, and that if he wasn't taken so short and so rough about it by James, he'd do it of his own free-will.'

'Whist, whist, child; all the country knows that Andy Furlong left the three younger children fifty pounds apiece; and why not? and more shame to the son that would deny his father's words. Well, well, I never knew

Nick was a lawyer before. What difference does the stamp and the squeezing of wax make to an honest man! Shame, shame upon him!

Mary had a great mind to cry, but refrained. 'What will we do, mother?' said she at last.

'He must pay the one hundred and fifty pounds to James and the two girls, or he never darkens my door again,' said Mrs Murphy; 'and then we'll consider about other matters.'

Both mother and daughter then became silent. Occupied with their respective thoughts upon the subject, they refrained from any further allusion to it; but the elder woman looked as if she felt honest indignation, and her daughter appeared heart-stricken. When Nicholas made his appearance next day, Mrs Murphy hardly addressed him, and Mary did not receive him with her usual frankness and unrestrained familiarity. The young man looked aghast, for he had no notion what had passed; but Mrs Murphy very soon explained the cause of her displeasure.

Nicholas admitted his obligation in *equity* to provide for his family, but sheltered himself under the letter of *law* for the violation of it. He seemed at least to think that he was not bound to pay quite so much as the sum which his father had stipulated for the younger children, declaring that if he did, Mary and he would not have enough to begin life with. Mrs Murphy assured him with great energy of manner, that unless he fulfilled his father's will—though it was but a verbal one—he should never have Mary with her consent.

And she nobly kept her word and determination: to every suggestion of a compromise she turned a deaf ear. 'It should not be laid to her child's door that she or any one of hers was richer to the injury of the fatherless, especially when the children of her old neighbour, Andy Furlong, were in question. Andy would have been the first to have got their rights for her children, if they were wronged and he to the fore.' No selfish consideration weighed an instant with her; and so much was she

dissatisfied with Nick for hesitating a moment on compliance with her injunctions to 'do the honest thing,' that she dismissed him very unceremoniously, and in great apprehension that he was not to be the husband of Mary.

That affectionate girl, however, did not intend willingly to break her engagement with him, and took an opportunity of suggesting—as his property was not altogether in ready money—that her own hundred pounds should be handed over to a trustee for Nick's sisters, on their coming of age or obtaining husbands to his liking, and that James should be paid his share, 'down on the nail at once,' by Nicholas himself.

And so it was arranged: James got his money, and took a small farm and a wife to himself, and his sisters went to live with him.

Instead of being in a state of animosity and feuds, the two families are now on very happy terms; 'bygones are bygones' with them. Nick is now a very fair character, and the sisters-in-law are especially attached to one another, and no doubt very grateful to the HONEST WIDOW who effected so much harmony and happiness.

JOKES FROM THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

AN ABERDEEN WONDER.

JOHN BERVIE, an honest, industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the 'auld toon o' Aberdeen,' had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father from time to time small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion, he sent by the hand of a friend

a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would by no means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the 'north countrie,' and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath-day, and shew it to his astonished neighbours as a 'wonderfu' wonder;' for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the 'gowd guinea.' But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the church-yard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas! the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him, as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea; but John told them, with a sorrowful heart, and as sorrowful a countenance, 'that he couldna let them see't ony mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, and a sair partin' it was to him.' His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship, and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. 'Come a' back, lads,' cried John; 'come a' back, fat are ye a' gaen awa' for! gin I canna let you see the guinea itsel' for a penny, I'll let ye see the cloutie it was rowed in for a hawbee!'

CROSS-QUESTIONING.

The Rev. Mr L——, of E——, in going the rounds of his parish, accompanied by the elder of the district, called on a kind of half-conscientious Sawney, who, when asked if he kept worship in his family morning and evening, equivocated thus: 'Ye see, sir, I'm often awa' frae hame—I maun be aff in the morning before the weans are out o' their bed, and when I come hame at night, they're a' skepit again—and I maun say, sir, deed maun I, that it's maistly on Sundays.' 'But, John, you must surely be sometimes

present with your family both ends of the day, and I hope on those occasions you do not omit the performance of this duty?' John, who could not afford to tell a lie, although he could omit the duty, still waived the question. 'Ay, it's a' true, very true, sir, but really ye see, sir, as I was saying afore—I maun say—it's maistly on Sundays.' The next person visited was an Irishman, who did or did not everything, positive and negative, as he thought might please his reverence. 'Do you read portions of Scripture morning and evening to your family?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you inquire whether they understand what you have read to them?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And you never omit family worship morning or night?' 'Never, sir.' This was all beautiful to Mr L——; but the elder knew the world rather better, and after leaving the house, he remarked: 'Weel, sir, if ye dinna see ony difference between thae twa men that ye hae visited, I do. The first canna tell ye a lie, though he would let ye gang awa' believing ane; the ither is everything, according to himsel', that ye could wish; now, to my certain knowledge, the Bible and he seldom shake hands thegither, though he says otherwise to you. I 'wouldna speer owre mony questions; just caution them weel.'

CHURCH-GOING.

An old man, who had walked every Sunday for many years from Newhaven to Edinburgh, to attend the late Dr Jones's church, was complimented by that venerable clergyman for the length and regularity of his appearance in church. The old man unconsciously evinced how little he deserved the compliment, by this reply: 'Deed, sir, it's very true; but aboon a', I like to hear the sugh and jingling o' the bells, and see a' the braw folk.'

A TASTEFUL TRANSLATION.

During the Reform mania, a person in a news-room at Beith read aloud, for the general benefit, an article in which the value of the franchise was strongly and repeatedly insisted on. This word he pronounced fran-

sheese, which one of the quidnuncs, who was ignorant of the term, mistook for French cheese. His national pride being offended by the supposed preference given to the foreign commodity, he exclaimed: 'They hae a puir taste that say sae muckle about fushionless French cheese; I wadna gie ane o' our ain Dunlap kebbucks for a hail cartload o' them.'

A CONVENIENT SYNONYM.

A native of the county of Fife, while on a visit to a friend in London, who was one of the directors of the Cutlers' Company, was requested to accompany his friend to the annual dinner given by the members to the president and directors. After the list of toasts was exhausted, and the set of songs of the evening performed, the draft was made on the guests for volunteers, and the man from Torryburn had to exhibit in turn. 'Clean pease strae' was the selection made by him; and after the concluding lines of the chorus—

Though ye should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae—

the chairman, apprehending the term cuddle to be the Scotch synonym for cuttle, 'returned thanks to his friend from the north for the excellent song that he had composed, and sung so admirably in honour of the Cutlers' Company!'

THE DEAD DEFUNCT.

A learned weaver, in stating his case before the provost of a certain western burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed: 'What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel?'. 'The defunct's dead, my lord,' replied the weaver. 'Oh! that alters the case,' gravely observed the sapient provost.

A CONSULTATION.

The late Lord Auchinleck had several times sunk a shaft, with the expectation of getting coal on his own domains, but in every case had been disappointed; he at last invited the most experienced of his tenantry to meet together on his grounds, to give their respective opinions. The parties met, and proceeded to inspect the places which were most likely to contain the black diamond, when Will Speir also made his appearance, and offered his counsel to his lordship. Tapping Lord Auchinleck on the shoulder, Will began by saying: 'May a daft body hae a word o' ye, my lord?' 'By all means, Will.' 'Weel, my lord, you're gaun down for coal, are ye?' 'Yes, Will, I mean to try again, for as often as I have been disappointed.' 'I was just gaun to say, my lord, sin' you're set on gaun down again, do't in Aird's Moss east by there—gin ye shouldna get coals, ye'll get plenty o' gude peats at ony rate!'



END OF VOL. XXI.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

VISIT TO THE SAILORS' HOME IN LONDON.

IN a brief residence in London a few years ago, I accidentally heard of an institution, of a most interesting nature, in the eastern part of the city, designed for the benefit of the men connected with our commercial marine service. It is entitled the Sailors' Home, and is, practically, a boarding-house for sailors, but under circumstances of a peculiarly favourable nature, and upon a scale which gives it no mean place among the public institutions of the metropolis. I resolved to visit the establishment, and to give to the public as correct an account of it as possible, being convinced that it was of a nature to excite some general interest, and also that its being made more widely known would not be unfavourable to the benevolent objects for which it was founded.

The usual conduct of sailors ashore is matter of notoriety. In the simple and uninstructed minds of these men, wherever they exist as a class, the idea seems naturally to arise, that, to make up for the confinement and other hardships which they endure at sea, they are entitled, when they land with their wages in their pockets,

to launch out into a career to which the term *frolic* is the gentlest that can be applied. Accordingly, in every seaport, or that portion of large cities which adjoins to the port, there is sure to be a considerable number of persons who make it their business to take advantage of this inclination of the sailors, so as to relieve them of their money. There are tavern-keepers who allow of every kind of excess in their houses; low traders (often of the Jewish nation) who sell their necessaries upon unfair terms; and degraded females, sufficient of themselves to insure the sailor being deprived of his hard-earned gains. Generally, three or four days ashore are sufficient to effect this, and at the end of that period, the victim is left perfectly destitute, perhaps injured in health, and only too happy to be immediately re-employed in the hard service which he had but recently left. Some years ago, when about a thousand men were discharged at once at Boston, Massachusetts, with money to the amount of £30,000, in their pockets, scarcely one of them possessed any remnant of his funds at the end of three weeks: the whole had been squandered upon profligates, who had beset them on their landing. We can believe this to be quite true. Let any one walk into the part of London where the docks are situated, and he will see in every direction, in the houses and the figures walking the streets, unequivocal symptoms of the system which exists for the emptying of the pockets of sailors. It is not only the wild passions of these men which operate to their ruin, but their ignorance of the world, and particularly their ignorance of the value of money. Unused to buy necessaries for themselves, they have extravagant notions as to the prices of things, and thus fall an easy prey to sharpers. One almost invariable consequence of their spending so carelessly is, that they have no store from which to purchase an outfit for a new voyage. Hence has arisen a custom to allow to sailors, before setting sail, bills for their first two months' wages, usually amounting in this country to £3, 10s. These bills they have to turn into cash by allowing a discount, and this discount must needs be large, in order

to cover the risk incurred in consequence of so many sailors failing (generally through the results of dissipation) in their bargains with the masters of vessels. There are traders who take the bills at a discount of 25 per cent., and who generally make their case a little better by furnishing necessaries at twice their proper price. Thus the destitution which the sailor runs into, and his ignorance of business, unite to make him realise only about one-third of the gains of his first two months' service in every voyage.

It was a consideration of these unhappy circumstances in the lot of sailors which led several benevolent persons some years ago to raise the establishment which I am about to describe. It is a large building in Well Street, occupying the site of a place of entertainment (the Brunswick Theatre), the fall of which will be generally remembered.* In the midst of a district of mean narrow streets, full of filth inconceivable, and occupied generally by the basest classes of a city population, the Sailors' Home rears its clean and decent-looking front—an oasis in a moral desert. I was received with kindness by a gentleman who has all along taken a leading part in its affairs—namely, the honorary secretary, Captain R. J. Elliot, R.N., one of those rare individuals who seem disposed to give up their whole being to philanthropic objects, while the common world goes on tearing and groaning at its selfish pursuits everywhere around them. By this excellent person I was conducted into a large stone-paved room level with the street, which may be described as a kind of reception-room or hall. At one corner of it was hung a large ship's bell, used for the purpose of sounding the hours, according to the fashion followed on board ships at sea. On a bench near the door were seated a few sailors newly arrived, and who had not yet passed through the preliminaries to their being accommodated in the house. Underneath this great room was the kitchen, where a good dinner for about a hundred persons was in the

* See vol. xvii. p. 176.

course of preparation. On the same floor, near the entrance, I afterwards found the counting-room—a place of more consequence than might be expected, as not only do the clerks keep an account of charges against the inmates, but act as their bankers, and pay their tradesmen's accounts of every kind. I shall have more to say respecting this department of the Sailors' Home.

The Sailors' Home is, as already mentioned, in the main, a boarding-house for the sailors connected with the port of London during the intervals between voyages. Sailors here obtain food, lodging, and a certain amount of washing, at fourteen shillings a week, or two shillings a day—a charge too little to pay the expenses of the house, part of which is therefore disbursed by a set of benevolent contributors. The great object is to keep the poor sailor out of the besetting temptations of the district, and to accommodate him in such a way as to sustain his bodily and moral health, and at the same time preserve his money for purposes useful to himself. The reader will now accompany me to the second floor, the central part of which forms one spacious room, containing on one side a range of tables somewhat like those of a coffee-room, where newspapers, literary periodicals, and books of either an innocently amusing or an useful kind are placed for the service of those who may be disposed to spend their spare hours in reading, besides a few draught-boards for those who may choose a lighter way of passing their time. In the centre of the room are the tables at which the inmates take their meals, which are four in number—namely, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. Beer is allowed at some of these meals, but, excepting this particular, the house is conducted on the principles of the Temperance Societies—not a drop of spirituous liquor being ever allowed to enter it on any pretext whatever. The two wings of the building on this and the ground-floors, together with the centre of the floor above, form in all six sleeping-galleries, passing across the length of the house, and fitted up with cabins or small chambers, in the manner of the galleries at Greenwich, Chelsea, and

some other hospitals. Each cabin contains a bed for one person, and affords, besides, sufficient space in which to keep the inmate's chest, and any other things he may have in his possession, for the protection of all of which by day he is furnished with a key to his door. The six galleries contain in all 200 sleeping-berths: one of them is called the City of London, and the other the City of Edinburgh Gallery, the funds for-fitting them up having been supplied from those capitals respectively. Every forenoon, each of the cabins, and the whole of the galleries, and all the other parts of the house, are thoroughly washed: the Sailors' Home has consequently a remarkably clean and wholesome appearance. I could have only wished that the means of a constant ventilation were added to the other excellent arrangements. Sailors, among their other prejudices, have one against open doors and windows. I was informed that they cannot be induced to allow even the window of their cabin to remain open during the night. To be shut up in so small a place for several hours, cannot be favourable to their health, and hence there seems to be peculiar need for a ventilating arrangement in these dormitories. It would be easy to have a tube opening from each cabin, and meeting in a general tube connected with a furnace or active flue, whereby a constant draught would be kept up, and an incessant change of air in the sleeping-berths rendered unavoidable.

The chief patrons of the institution are persons of marked piety, and hence one of its leading aims is to cultivate the religious feelings of the sailors. Prayers are read twice a day, and there is a regular service every Wednesday evening. Religious books are also presented to the attention of the men, and they are encouraged to be regular attenders of the neighbouring *floating chapel*. At the same time, care is taken not to render the subject so prominent as to have the effect of repelling from the walls those who unfortunately feel a repugnance to religious exercises. This is quite right, for those who would be so repelled are obviously that very class for

it is absolutely necessary to do so many things, merely to preserve them from becoming a prey to the ministers of vice.

Nearly 3000 men, described as 'of almost every country that traffics on the sea, of every persuasion that has been set up in the world, and every shade of colour that distinguishes mankind,' take advantage of the Sailors' Home in the course of a year, the usual number of inmates at one time being from 100 to 150. To account for the resort not being greater, we must bear in mind the efforts of interested parties against it, and the inveterate inclination of sailors to signalise their life on shore by a burst of almost frantic licence and folly. We may surely hope that, as the real character of the establishment becomes better known, and as its effects are more widely experienced, it will be much more frequented. I can most cordially say, after a careful inspection of its accommodations, and inquiry into its management, that it appears most admirably calculated for the objects it professes, and is conducted in every particular on conscientious and benevolent principles. It is of great consequence to impress this fact on sailors, for they are so accustomed to be preyed upon, that they may well have a difficulty in believing that any persons whom they never saw before really mean them well. I would earnestly press upon merchants and masters of vessels the duty of recommending this and similar institutions to sailors—and not only the duty, but the interest, seeing that the men, by being made more orderly and decent in their habits, would be rendered only the more fit for their work. If any sailor reads this, and is disposed to believe the word of those who write it, let him depend upon what we say, when we tell him that the Sailors' Home in Well Street, is *the best home to which he, being a stranger in London, can go.*

Near the Sailors' Home, and under the same good care, is a large house called the *Destitute Sailors' Asylum*, designed to receive outcast and mendicant seamen, to whom work is given as a test of the genuineness of their

claims as objects of charity. It is also a clean and orderly establishment, reflecting great credit on the benevolent parties concerned in it.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

THE names of Petrarch and Laura have acquired a greater degree of celebrity, perhaps, than those of any other individuals mentioned in literary history. The life-long devotion of the poet to the object of his affection has become a proverb in the annals of sentimental love. While we cannot help thinking that Petrarch spent far too much of his time and existence in moaning over the unavoidable disappointments attending a misplaced attachment, at the same time the circumstances of his case have become, through the influence of his genius, so famous and interesting, that we believe almost all our readers will feel gratified by having the true incidents of the story laid before them. Mr Campbell's work on the career of the Italian poet affords us an apt opportunity for doing this.*

The family of Francesco Petrarca, or Petrarch, was originally of Florence, but his father was compelled, by political disturbances, to fly to the town of Arezzo, in Tuscany, where, on the 20th of July 1304, the future poet was born. Not being included in the sentence of exile virtually pronounced against her husband, Eletta, the mother of Francesco, took up her abode at Ancisa, fourteen miles from Florence, and there was her son nurtured in infancy. His parents afterwards settled for a time at Avignon. While very young, Petrarch manifested extraordinary sensibility to the charms of nature, and a spot which he afterwards celebrated caught his

* *Life of Petrarch*, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. H. Colburn, London. 1841.

fancy in mere boyhood. 'One day, when he was at the latter residence, a party was made up to see the Fountain of Vaucluse, a few leagues from Avignon. The little Francesco had no sooner arrived at the lovely landscape, than he was struck with its beauties, and exclaimed : " Here, now, is a retirement suited to my taste, and preferable, in my eyes, to the greatest and most splendid cities."'

The father of the poet wished to make him a lawyer, but the boy shewed an ineradicable predilection for classical literature of a general kind, which was then much neglected, and the taste for which Petrarch did so much in after-years to revive. The father even journeyed purposely to Bologna, at the schools of which Petrarch had been placed, in order to alter the course of his son's studies. 'Petrarch, guessing at the motive of his arrival, hid the copies of Cicero, Virgil, and some other authors, which composed his small library, and to purchase which he had deprived himself of almost the necessities of life. His father, however, soon discovered the place of their concealment, and threw them into the fire. Petrarch exhibited as much feeling of agony as if he had been himself the martyr of his father's resentment. But the parent was so much affected by his son's tears, that he rescued from the flames Cicero and Virgil, and presenting them to Petrarch, he said : " Virgil will console you for the loss of your other manuscripts, and Cicero will prepare you for the study of the law."'

Not having any taste for the law, and having acquired the friendship of one of the members of the Colonna family, who had great interest in the church, Petrarch, at the age of twenty-two, so far adopted the clerical profession as to submit to the tonsure. But he proceeded no further in his theological career, his tendencies towards a literary life being marked and overpowering. Besides, he was assailed at a very early period by that one absorbing passion which kept him in bonds through life. Mr Campbell tells the history of this attachment in a pleasing and downright way. 'He had nearly finished his twenty-

third year without having ever seriously known the passion of love. In that year he first saw Laura. Concerning this lady, at one time, when no life of Petrarch had been yet written that was not crude and inaccurate, his biographers launched into the wildest speculations. One author considered her as an allegorical being; another discovered her to be a type of the Virgin Mary; another thought her an allegory of poetry and repentance. Some denied even her allegorical existence, and deemed her a mere phantom beauty, with which the poet had fallen in love, like Pygmalion with the work of his own creation. All these caprices about Laura's history have been long since dissipated, though the principal facts respecting her were never distinctly verified, till De Sade, her own descendant, wrote his memoirs of the life of Petrarch.

'Petrarch himself relates that, in 1327, exactly at the first hour of the 6th of April, he first beheld Laura in the church of St Clara of Avignon, where neither the sacredness of the place, nor the solemnity of the day, could prevent him from being smitten for life with human love. In that fatal hour he saw a lady, a little younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell plaited in tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage. The impression which she made on his heart was sudden, yet it was never effaced. Laura, descended from a family of ancient and noble extraction, was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, a Provençal nobleman, by his wife Eamessenda. She was born at Avignon probably in 1308. She had a considerable fortune, and was married in 1325 to Hugh de Sade.' Laura was thus, when first seen by Petrarch, a married woman; and, though well aware of this fact, the monomaniacal poet, for he can be called nothing else, continued ever after to entertain an affection for the lady, who, to her credit, appears to have uniformly laughed at, or been vexed with, the ridiculousness of the passion; moreover, although her husband was an ill-tempered man, she lived happily and respectably with him, and was the mother of a large family.

It is impossible to speak with any degree of patience of the sentimental frenzy which affected Petrarch from this unfortunate cause, and the best that can be said of it is, that his reason was in some sort upset, and unable to combat the delusive fancy which had taken possession of him. We are informed by his biographers, that he really was aware of his folly, and made strong exertions to divert his imagination into a new channel. He travelled for some years from place to place, varying the scene to himself, and gathering all the while additional knowledge. The patronage of the Colonna family yielded him in part the means for most of these journeys, and he inherited some considerable property from his parents. In the meantime, he formed the acquaintance of many men of letters at Avignon and elsewhere, and became himself distinguished by the publication of sonnets, chiefly on the subject of his unfortunate passion. At length he resolved to settle in retirement, and chose Vaucluse as the spot best fitted for his purpose. 'Vaucluse,' says Mr Campbell, 'or Vallis Clausa, the shut up valley, is a most beautiful spot, watered by the windings of the Sorgue. It is indeed one of the loveliest seclusions in the world. It terminates in a semicircle of rocks of stupendous height, that seem to have been hewn down perpendicularly. At the head and centre of the vast amphitheatre, and at the foot of one of its enormous rocks, there is a cavern of proportional size, hollowed out by the hand of nature. Its opening is an arch sixty feet high ; but it is a double cavern, there being an interior one with an entrance thirty feet high. In the midst of these there is an oval basin, having eighteen fathoms for its longest diameter, and from this basin rises the copious stream which forms the Sorgue. The surface of the fountain is black, an appearance produced by its depth, from the darkness of the rocks, and the obscurity of the cavern, for on being brought to light, nothing can be clearer than its water.'

Resolving to fix his residence here, Petrarch bought a little cottage and an adjoining field, and repaired to Vaucluse with no other companions than his books. To

this day, the ruins of a small house are shewn at Vacluse, which tradition says was his habitation. If his object was to forget Laura, the composition of sonnets upon her in this hermitage was unlikely to be an antidote to his recollections. It would seem as if he meant to cherish rather than to get rid of his love. But if he nursed his passion, it was a dry nursing, for he led a lonely, ascetic, and, if it were not for his studies, we might say a savage life. In one of his letters, written not long after his settling at Vacluse, he says: 'As to my dress, there is an entire change; you would take me for a labourer or a shepherd. My mansion resembles that of Cato or Fabricius. My whole house-establishment consists of myself, my old fisherman and his wife, and a dog. My fisherman's cottage is contiguous to mine; when I want him, I call; when I no longer need him, he returns to his cottage. I have made two gardens that please me wonderfully. I do not think they are to be equalled in all the world.

'One of these gardens is shady, formed for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It overhangs the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks, and by places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus; and, what is extremely singular, it is in the midst of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a bridge of rocks, and there is a natural grotto under the rocks, which gives them the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun never penetrate. I am confident that it much resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim. It invites to study. Hither I retreat during the noontide hours; my mornings are engaged upon the hills, or in the gardens sacred to Apollo. Here I would most willingly pass my days, were I not too near Avignon, and too far from Italy. For why should I conceal this weakness of my soul? I love Italy, and I hate Avignon. The pestilential influence of this horrid place empisons the pure air of Vacluse, and will compel me to quit my retirement.'

At this spot Petrarch composed the greater part of his poetry, both in his native (Italian) tongue and in Latin. Here he also wrote his books on *Solitude*, and on *Religious Tranquillity*; and his long poem, entitled *Africa*, on which he placed a value not admitted by the world. These productions, given to the public from time to time, gained him a high degree of literary reputation; and ultimately, the highest honour that could be conferred on any poet was offered to him, and accepted. It had been the custom to crown eminent poets with a laurel chaplet in the Capitol of Rome. Thither, to receive that distinction, Petrarch went. The scene of the coronation was a grand one. 'The morning,' says Mr Campbell, 'of the 8th of April 1341, was ushered in by the sound of trumpets; and the people, ever fond of a show, came from all quarters to see the ceremony. Twelve youths, selected from the best families of Rome, and clothed in scarlet, opened the procession, repeating as they went some verses composed by the poet in honour of the Roman people. They were followed by six citizens of Rome clothed in green, and bearing crowns wreathed with different flowers. Petrarch walked in the midst of them; after him came the senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dressed in the most splendid manner, who showered perfumed waters profusely on the poet. He all the time wore the robe that had been presented to him by the king of Naples. When they reached the Capitol, the trumpets were silent, and Petrarch, having made a short speech, in which he quoted a verse from Virgil, cried out three times: "Long live the Roman people! long live the senators! may God preserve their liberty!" At the conclusion of these words, he knelt before the senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarch, saying: "This crown is the reward of virtue." The poet then repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient Romans. The people testified their approbation by shouts of applause, crying: "Long flourish the Capitol and the

poet!" The friends of Petrarch shed tears of joy, and Stefano Colonna, his favourite hero, addressed the assembly in his honour.'

Subsequently, Petrarch spent less of his time at Vaucluse; and Rome, Milan, Parma, Padua, Mantua, and other places, were occasionally honoured by his residence. Everywhere he met with the warmest reception. He attained high favour with several successive popes, and not only received various offices in the church, but fulfilled several important embassies chiefly between the Italian courts. Ultimately, he settled in the villa of Arquà, near Padua, where he died, in consequence of an apoplectic fit, on the night of July 18, 1374. His decease seemed to have been attended with no pain or struggles. He was found in the morning with his head resting on a book, and life extinct. Laura, whom he loved with the same ardour throughout his whole life, preceded him in the path to the tomb. She died of the plague on the 1st of April 1348.

Mr Campbell sums up the character of Petrarch in a manner very favourable, on the whole, to the subject of his remarks. The aid which he gave to the revival of learning, swamped previously in the darkness of the middle ages, is perhaps his greatest merit. His poetry, making allowance for the comparative weakness of the feeling to which it owes its peculiar tone, is full of imagination and reflective force. 'So strong a regard for Petrarch is rooted in the mind of Italy, that his renown has grown up like an oak which has reached maturity amidst the storms of ages, and fears not decay from revolving centuries.' A more just perception, as it appears to us, of his merits and demerits, is to be found in Miss Catherine Taylor's *Letters from Italy*, published some years since. 'I cannot, however,' observes that lady, 'in spite of the praise which is universally bestowed on Petrarch, grant him a place in my admiration beside Dante. Ugo Foscolo, in his *Essays on Petrarch*, beautifully contrasts these two poets. He speaks of Dante as the faithful historian of the manners of his age, the acute observer of character,

the stern monitor of wrong, the fearless champion of right, the poet not of one nation or of one sentiment, but of all nations and of every emotion of the human heart ; whilst Petrarch, entirely absorbed by his passion for Laura, seeing everything through the medium of this one feeling, was selfish, and a prey to a morbid sensibility, which rendered him an indolent spectator of the scenes of stirring interest which surrounded him. Listless and discontented, he wandered from place to place : when in Avignon, he pined for the solitude of Vaucluse ; and when alone there, he was still a miserable and restless being. If to spend a life in melancholy repinings and indolent disquietude be virtue, then was Petrarch virtuous ; but if, as I believe, it consists in the performance of duty, to the forgetfulness of self, even in spite of personal suffering, making all tend to the benefit of others, then must I think Petrarch deficient in the most admirable qualities of man. His sonnets are wonderful, his language pure and graceful, but the sentiments they contain are little calculated to benefit mankind. Professing to be an ardent lover of his country, too, he could quietly sit by when Rienzi was struggling for liberty, and "Rome was torn to pieces and all Italy disfigured." He says : "Others may contribute their strength, their riches, their power, or their counsel—I can offer nothing but tears !" The vanity which Petrarch evinced, too, on every occasion, does not consist with a great mind ; no one was more open to flattery, or more delighted by the notice of the great, than he was, repaying it with fulsome, I had almost said servile, adulation.

These are circumstances which, in the opinion of many, must greatly lessen respect for the character of this eminent Italian poet.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

A BEARISH REMEDY FOR A COLD.

JOHN ABEL, an English musician of the time of Charles II., gifted with a tenor voice of the most remarkable beauty and strength, was one of the chief singers of the choir of the royal chapel. In 1688, he was exiled from England on account of his religion. Matheson, a German author (in his *Wollkomm Capelmeister*), asserts that Abel was in possession of a secret by which he was enabled to preserve, in all their integrity, the fine qualities of his voice to an extreme old age. He was also a very skilful and graceful performer on the lute or guitar. Being of a wild and improvident disposition, he was at length so reduced in circumstances, as to be obliged to travel through several countries of the continent on foot, with his guitar slung across his back. In his peripatetic wanderings, he arrived at Warsaw, and was sent for by the king of Poland, who wished to hear him sing. Abel excused himself under pretence of a severe cold. On this answer being made known to his majesty, a peremptory order was despatched to the unwilling musician to repair instantly to the court. As soon as he appeared he was led into a vast hall, round which ran a gallery, in which was the king and a numerous company of courtiers and ladies. Abel was placed in an arm-chair, which, by means of ropes and pulleys, was drawn up several feet from the ground, to the great astonishment of the catarrh-afflicted singer; but this astonishment was quickly changed into terror, when he saw a monstrous and savage bear let loose into the hall. The choice was then given him either to be let down upon the floor to try conclusions with the shaggy intruder, or to gratify the king and the royal suite by the exertion of his vocal powers. Without hesitation he chose the latter alternative, and, it is added, was never known

to sing with a stronger vibration of tone, or a voice so perfectly clear and free from all symptoms of cold or hoarseness.

A MAGICAL DUET ON THE GUITAR.

Bonnet, in his *Histoire de la Musique*, gives the following extraordinary account of a mathematician, mechanician, and musician, named Alix, who lived at Aix, in Provence, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Alix, after many years' study and labour, succeeded in constructing an automaton figure, having the shape of a human skeleton, which, by means of a concealed mechanism, played, or had the appearance of playing, on the guitar. The artist, after having tuned in perfect unison two guitars, placed one of them in the hands of the skeleton, in the position proper for playing, and on a calm summer evening, having thrown open the window of his apartment, he fixed the skeleton with the guitar in its hands in a position where it could be seen from the street. He, then, taking the other instrument, seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and commenced playing a piece of music, the passages of which were faithfully repeated or echoed by the guitar held by the skeleton, at the same time that the movement of its wooden fingers, as if really executing the music, completed the illusion. This strange musical feat drew crowds around the house of Alix, and created the greatest astonishment; but, alas! for the ill-fated artist, this sentiment was soon changed in the minds of the ignorant multitude into the most superstitious dread. A rumour arose that Alix was a sorcerer, and in league with the devil. He was arrested by order of the parliament of Provence, and sent before their criminal court *La Chambre de la Tournelle*, to be tried on the capital charge of magic or witchcraft. In vain the ingenious but unfortunate artist sought to convince his judges, that the only means used to give apparent vitality to the fingers of the skeleton were wheels, springs, pulleys, and other equally unmagical contrivances, and that the marvellous result produced was nothing more

criminal than the solution of a problem in mechanics. His explanations and demonstrations were either not understood, or failed of convincing his stupid and bigoted judges, and he was condemned as a sorcerer and magician. This iniquitous judgment was confirmed by the parliament of Provence, which sentenced him to be burned alive in the principal square of the city, together with the equally innocent automaton figure, the supposed accomplice in his magical practices. This infamous sentence was carried into execution in the year 1664, to the great satisfaction and edification of all the faithful and devout inhabitants of Aix.

A FAMILY OF MUSICIANS.

The family of Bach is deservedly illustrious in the history of music for having continued to give to the world, for the space of nearly 200 years, a great number of artists of the very first order and merit. There is no other example of so frequent a recurrence of not only talents, but eminent genius for music in a single family. The founder of this family, so far as music is concerned, was Walter Bach, a baker residing at Presburg. Forced to quit that city towards the middle of the sixteenth century, on account of his having embraced the Protestant religion, he went to live in a village called Wechmar, in Saxe-Gotha, where he followed the trade of a miller. He passed his evenings, when the business of the mill was over, in singing and accompanying himself on the guitar. He communicated his knowledge of and taste for music to his two sons, who became the progenitors of an uninterrupted series of musicians of the same name, who continued to inundate, as it may be said, for nearly 200 years, Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia.

When the descendants of Walter Bach became too numerous to live together or near each other, they spread themselves over the countries above mentioned. Before separating, however, they agreed to assemble once a year, on a fixed day, in order to keep up a family feeling or patriarchal tie amongst them. The places chosen for

those meetings were Erfurt, Eisenach, or Armstadt. The observance of these family meetings was persevered in until the middle of the eighteenth century, and on several of these occasions as many as 120 musicians of the name of Bach were assembled in one of these towns. Their amusements, during the time of these meetings, consisted solely in musical performances. They always commenced by singing in full chorus a religious hymn; after which they took some popular airs, love ballads, or comic songs, as themes which they varied, embellished, and sung in promptu, in four, five, and six parts. They gave to these improvisations the name of *quolibets*. Another characteristic trait of this remarkable family, was the practice adopted by them of uniting in one general collection all the compositions of each of the members. These were called *The Archives of the Bachs*. This interesting collection was still in possession of one of the family, Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, so late as towards the close of the eighteenth century, when it passed, in the year 1790, into the hands of Mr George Poelchau, a musical amateur in Berlin. A complete genealogy of the family of Bach is to be found in a work by Korabensky, entitled *A Description of Presburg, the Capital of Hungary*.

The most remarkable of this remarkable family, and one of the greatest, if not perhaps the greatest musician that Germany has produced, was John Sebastian Bach, born the 21st March 1685 at Eisenach. One of his sacred compositions for two choirs and two orchestras, entitled *Grosse Passions musik nach dem Evangelium Matthæi* (The Passion according to the Evangelist St Matthew), is one of the most immense musical conceptions ever given to the world; yet it remained unknown for nearly a century after its illustrious author had composed it.

FROBERGER, THE ORGANIST.

John James Froberger was a celebrated organist and performer on the clavier. Born at Halle, in Saxony, in the year 1637, and gifted by nature with an extraordinary musical propensity, he made such rapid progress in that

art, that, at the age of fifteen years, he attracted the notice of the Swedish ambassador, who, struck with the beauty of his voice and his precocious skill on the organ, took him to Vienna, and presented him as a prodigy to the Emperor Ferdinand III. This prince took him under his protection, and sent him to Rome, to pursue his musical education under the then renowned Frescobaldi. After three years' assiduous study, he became an *artiste* of the first order. In 1655 he quitted Italy, and in returning to Germany, stopped for a short time in Paris, where his remarkable talents and extraordinary skill excited the liveliest admiration. On passing through Dresden, he played several new pieces of his own composition before the Elector John George II., who testified his satisfaction by treating him with great distinction, presenting him with a massive gold chain, and a letter to the emperor. Froberger was, even at this early period of his career, acknowledged the most skilful claveciniste and the most accomplished organist in Europe. The Emperor Ferdinand expressed great delight at his return, appointed him organist to the court, and conferred numerous other favours on him.

After the lapse of some years, this great *artiste*, then without a rival in Germany, became desirous of displaying his talents and extending his fame in other countries ; and with this view, having obtained leave of absence from the emperor, he set out for England, under, as it would appear, sinister auspices ; for, in his land-journey, he fell into the hands of robbers, who stripped him of everything but a kind of coarse sailor's jacket, in which he had concealed a few ducats. But even of this slender resource he was soon after despoiled, as the vessel in which he embarked was taken in sight of the coast of England by a pirate. Froberger, terrified at the prospect of being kept captive or murdered by these miscreants, threw himself overboard, and being a good swimmer, made for the shore, but which he probably never would have reached, had he not been espied by the crew of a fishing-smack, who rowed towards him, picked him up, and landed him on

that shore, the desire to visit which had occasioned him so many dangers and losses. With insufficient and ragged clothing, and weak from cold and hunger, he pursued his weary way to London, with no means of subsistence but what was afforded by the compassion of those to whom he applied for relief.

On arriving in the capital, he wandered despairingly and at hazard about its busy streets, not knowing where to lay his head when night came on. As he thus roamed about without any fixed purpose, the sounds of an organ broke on his ear. The unfortunate *artiste* was close to Westminster Abbey. The view of that venerable pile awoke in his heart a religious feeling, and he entered the church with the design of returning thanks to God for having preserved his life amidst so many dangers. He was soon so absorbed in prayer, that he was unconscious that the service had concluded, and that the doors were about to be closed. 'My friend,' said an old man in a peevish and hoarse voice, 'it is time to be going, if you do not prefer being looked up in the church.' Froberger rose up from his knees, and was moving towards the door, when the old man remarked: 'You appear to be in a very wretched plight; what has happened to you?' Poor Froberger gave him a brief account of the evils that had befallen him. The old man expressed, in merose terms, his disbelief of so singular a tale, but added: 'However this may be, I feel inclined to serve you, if you accept the proposal I make you. You see in me the organist of this church and of the court; if it suits you to employ yourself as bellows-blower of the organ here and at court, you shall have your board and lodging at my house, and a decent suit of clothes.' Startling and humiliating as was the fall from being chief-organist to the imperial court of Vienna to becoming bellows-blower of the organ of Westminster Abbey, yet dire necessity stilled the voice of pride, and Froberger accepted the humble place offered to him; not, however, without a latent hope that some fortunate circumstance might arise to enable him to resume his rank as an *artiste*. In this hope he was not

deceived. Many a time the idea entered his mind of revealing himself by some rapid improvisation upon the organ during the service in Westminster Abbey; but the fear that he would be understood only by the master he served, and be consequently driven forth by him to become again a houseless wanderer, deterred him.

His good star was, however, soon in the ascendant, for the festivals and rejoicings which took place at court to celebrate the marriage of Charles II. with the Princess Catherine of Portugal, afforded him the opportunity so ardently wished for, of making himself known for what he was. He accompanied his master to court, where the latter was to perform on the organ during the royal banquet. Froberger, astounded for a moment by the dazzling splendour and magnificence of the scene before him, forgot to press down the handle of the organ bellows, and consequently the instrument became suddenly silent under the fingers of the player. The testy old organist, in a transport of rage, rushed behind the organ, abused Froberger in the most violent terms, and finished by striking him a blow on the face. Indignation recalled the great *artiste* to himself, and he would probably have chastised the choleric old man, if the latter had not rather hastily retired with the other musicians of the royal band into an adjoining apartment. Froberger then bethought himself of a nobler vengeance. After filling the bellows of the organ, he seated himself at the instrument, and began a theme, which he accompanied with a series of multiplied dissonances, and then resolved and modulated them in the most felicitous, striking, and novel manner. In fact, he alone at that time was capable of treating a musical theme in so complicated, difficult, and scientific a style. The eyes of the whole court were turned towards the organ, and the question asked on every side: 'Who is the *artiste* possessed of such splendid talent!' One of the ladies present, who had seen Froberger at Vienna, and had often heard him play, declared that it could be none but he. She sent to him to come to her; and on finding that she was correct in her supposition, presented

him to Charles II., who gave him a most flattering reception, ordered a clavier to be brought near the royal circle, at which Froberger took his seat, and for an hour enchained the attention and excited the admiration of the king and court by the originality, spirit, and variety of his improvisations, and his perfect mastery over the instrument. The king was so delighted, that he took a gold chain from his own neck, and placed it round that of the musician. From that moment the career of Froberger was one of unmingled and increasing prosperity. He was the favourite of the court and the nobility, and continued for many years to enjoy his well-deserved honours.

THE LIFE OF A KING SAVED BY A STAGE WHISPER.

This feat was accomplished by Elizabeth Kaiser, a celebrated German cantatrice of the earlier half of the eighteenth century, who was alike remarkable for her vocal talents, her beauty, and the numerous progeny to whom she gave birth. At the early age of fifteen years, she made her *début* with the most brilliant success at the principal theatre at Dresden, shortly after which she married Charles Kaiser, to whom she bore twenty-three children, four couple of whom were twins. After furnishing this large number of subjects to the state of Saxony, she quitted that country, and went to reside at Stockholm, where she became mistress to Frederic, king of Sweden. In the Opera-house, during a representation at which his majesty was present, a quantity of scenery and machinery at the bottom of the stage took fire, and the flames burst forth so rapidly, as to set at defiance all the efforts made to extinguish it, even before the accident became known to the audience. Elizabeth Kaiser, who was playing her part on the stage, became aware of the fatal occurrence; but without shewing any signs of alarm, she approached, without apparently any particular intention, the royal box, and in an under-tone of voice said to the king: 'Fly for your life—the theatre is on fire!' The king fortunately caught her words, and immediately, but not in a

precipitate manner, quitted his box. As soon as Elizabeth Kaiser thought that her royal lover was in safety, she gave the alarm to the audience by crying out: 'Fire!' She then rushed to her own dressing-room, and after letting down from a not very high window her son, a child of four years of age, she jumped after him herself.

THE ORIGINAL OF 'BLUE BEARD.'

MR ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, in his work, entitled *A Summer in Western France*, states, that on the way from Angers to Nantes, he fell in with the ruins of the Chateau of Chantocé, famous, or infamous rather, as the residence of one of the most execrable monsters who ever disgraced humanity, and the scene of his atrocities.

'This was no other than Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz, whose revolting abominations having been mixed up by the shuddering peasants with supernatural horrors, have obtained for him, under the nickname of Blue Beard, a universal notoriety of a lighter kind than the reality of his crimes deserved. Gilles de Laval, Lord of Retz, of Briolay, of Chantocé, of Ingrandes, of Loroux-Bottereau, of Blaison, of Chemellier, of Gratecuisse, of Fontaine-Milon, in Anjou, and of many other baronies and lordships in Brittany and other parts of the kingdom, was one of the richest men of his day in the time of Charles VII. He became master of all this enormous property at the age of twenty, and, by the most prodigal and absurd extravagance, dissipated nearly the whole of it. Among other traits of his profuse expenditure, the establishment of his chapel has been recorded. It was composed of a *bishop*, as he insisted upon calling his principal chaplain, a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers. All these followed in his suite

wherever he travelled. Each one of them had his horse and his servant ; they were all dressed in robes of scarlet and furs, and had rich appointments. Chandeliers, censers, crosses, sacred vessels in great quantity, and all of gold and silver, were transported with them, together, says the historian, with many organs, each carried by six men. He was exceedingly anxious that all the priests of his chapel should be entitled to wear the mitre, and he sent many embassies to Rome to obtain this privilege, but without success. These were the follies of his youth ; and it would have been well if he had left behind him only the remembrance of similar absurdities. But these and many other equally ridiculous extravagances soon began to make serious inroads into his property, enormous as it was. . . . He took into his pay a certain physician of Poitou, and a Florentine named Prelati, who pretended to be in communication with the devil, and to be able to recruit his exhausted treasures by supernatural means. These scoundrels found means to make him believe that the devil appeared to him, and persuaded him to sign an agreement with his satanic majesty in due form. . . . Raising the devil may, in the nineteenth century, be laughed at as a harmless absurdity, involving no very heinous degree of criminality. But that is very far from harmless which renders a man criminal in his own eyes. Gilles de Laval conceived himself to have committed the blackest sin of which man could be guilty, and the real moral degradation which ensued from it was proportioned to his own estimate of the offence. No crime was henceforward monstrous enough to make him hesitate in his course ; and the recorded series of his atrocities is probably unequalled in the annals of human depravity. With a revolting vampire-like selfishness, more detestable than any ordinary object of murder, he caused the handsomest and finest children of either sex throughout his domains to be seized and put to death within these walls of Chantocé, in order to form a bath of their blood, in the belief that it would preserve his own loathsome life and vigour. In

vain, through the wide extent of his lands and villages, rose one universal voice of lament and execration from the wretched peasantry obliged to furnish this fearful tribute, which realised the most horrible fictions of pagan antiquity. Already more than a hundred victims had perished, and the feeble, ill-organised justice of the period was paralysed by the rank, the power, and vast possessions of the monster. At last, however, the universal voice of the country became too loud to be disregarded; and little as the men of that day were accustomed to be shocked by ordinary crimes of violence and blood, the wretch's life became too revolting to be tolerated by them; and had not the constituted authorities at length interfered, he would have been exterminated as a noxious reptile by the tardily excited violence of popular indignation. He was seized by the orders of the bishop of Nantes and the seneschal of Rennes; and after a trial, during which revelations of wickedness and barbarity almost incredible, continued through many years, were substantiated against him, he was condemned to be burned alive in the meadows before Nantes. And this sentence was executed there on the 23d of December in the year 1440. The culprit is recorded to have presented himself before the tribunal with the utmost haughtiness and disdain, and replied to their interrogatories, that he had committed crimes enough to condemn to death 10,000 men. So lived and died Gilles de Laval, the veritable original of the redoubtable bloody Blue Beard; and the ugly ruins of his blood-defiled castle of Chantocé seem to remain yet standing solely to perpetuate the memory of his infamy and ignominious name.

A WALK TO ROTHIEMURCHUS.

It was in the summer of the year eighteen hundred and —, perhaps I had better not be particular as to the date. The month was August, a fine ripe hot August; and the moon was in her last quarter. Myself, exulting in emancipation from the academic groves of St John's, and my companion, a fine generous fellow, with the most blazing enthusiasm for the hills of his native Inverness—whither, by long meditated arrangement, we were now bound on a pilgrimage—found ourselves one morning seated on the roof of the Braemar coach, at the sweet village of Blairgowrie, eager for the start, and chafing to think that yet an hour must elapse before we could call ourselves in the *Highlands*.

The cliffs of Rattray were passed—the Blackwater came in sight far below—and slowly the heavy coach wound by steep declivities into the valley.

‘Do you see that?’ cried my friend. ‘That stream comes from the Grampian hills! We shall be a month before we reach it at this rate. Follow!’ and he sprang from the coach roof without quitting hold of his favourite rifle.

I was not much behind him, and grasping the strong heather for support, we began rapidly to descend the hill in almost a direct line, and soon had the satisfaction to see the coach labouring slowly onwards far in the rear.

We were deep in the vale of Glenshee. The purple heath waved beneath our feet, the pale birch weeping over the flood which brawled below. Mountains rose on every side; and far beyond, a dark, cloud-splitting peak, hermit-like retiring from the rest into a solitude more stern and threatening. The air, the mountain air! I felt a new creature.

‘When we pass that peak,’ said my friend, clapping

his hand confidently on one of his stalwart limbs—
 ‘when we pass that peak, you will see Loch-na-Gar.’

There is a pretty good road through Glenshee, but so hilly and tortuous, that the progress of vehicles is necessarily slow; and as we spurned it entirely, taking right across the moor to any point we wished to attain, it was not until we had travelled some miles, and had got into a more level country, that the coach overtook us.

‘There,’ said Kenneth, as he settled himself once more upon the roof; ‘we have just had a nice breathing. Push away, jarvey, for *our* day’s journey is just to begin when we reach Braemar.’

Braemar is at length reached. It is past five in the afternoon, and here is the rough Highlander, who is to be our guide, with my friend’s two deer-hounds, Oscar and Whitefoot, and the rougher pony which is to carry our portmanteaus, standing at the door of the ‘Fife Arms.’ Kenneth is strapping on the baggage.

‘We shall reach the bothie by seven,’ said he; ‘*then* we shall be half-way. Norval, too, promised to meet us there with the forester.’

Our guide understood very little English, or he might have set Kenneth right as to his guess of the distance, and saved my English-bred limbs from the severest task it has ever been their lot to attempt. But the laconic Highlander’s sole reply to my interrogation as to how far the Doune of Rothiemurchus lay from Braemar, was: ‘It’s jist across the hill;’ and so, with the pony and portmanteaus leading the van, we set forward, and soon lost trace of a path,

On through the forest lay our darkening way,
 And many a mountain stream our pathway crossed,
 Where, from their sheltering woods at close of day,
 The wild-deer come to lave their antlered host.
 The lightning-riven pines their white arms tossed
 Athwart the blackened sky; while all around
 And far before, the doubtful path seemed lost
 Mid mountains wild, whence loosened crags rebound,
 And thousand streams their ceaseless roar for ever sound.

‘I wish, Kenneth,’ said I, as we saw the troops of deer

in the distance—‘I wish we had leave from the Earl of Fife, and that I had a rifle like yours.’

‘I wish no such thing,’ replied my companion. ‘Let me tell you, one rifle is enough in Braemar forest; if *you* can keep your feet on the road we are going, consider yourself fortunate, even if you should shoot no deer.’

This was mysterious language, and I asked my friend if he had any spirits in his powder-horn.

‘I have just got two venison sandwiches and an oat-cake, and my flask is dry,’ he replied; ‘I hope you are better provided.’

Not having a crust in my wallet, I made a dead stop. ‘It is impossible to go on without whisky,’ said I.

‘I think so too,’ said my cunning friend. ‘But,’ turning to the guide, ‘is this old Bean’s hut?’

‘True it is, sir;’ and Kenneth shot forward and entered the cabin.

‘Not a drop!’ he said as I came up; ‘the fellow thinks we are excisemen.’

‘Well, that is what I call adding insult to injury. Do try him again.’

‘Whist a wee,’ said the guide, comprehending by our rueful looks how matters stood; and he entered, and discoursed the old rogue in the Gaelic. ‘It is Captain G——’s son, of the Doune, and a young Sassenach come wi’ him to see Glenmore.’

‘Is’t faith? My saul, they shall hae whisky then! Come awa’ ben, lads. Hegh, gudewife—the spoon! the spoon!’—and a cracked white jug, containing a delicious spirit soft as milk and fragrant as honey, was soon passing round from hand to hand.

‘That is worth a silver penny,’ said I in a whisper to Kenneth.

‘I have dropped one into the jug,’ said he.

‘I hope Donald won’t swallow it. Take care of the *grounds*, Donald!’ cried I, hitting him between the shoulders so hard as to make him splutter out a mouthful and a *mille deoul* at the same instant. I rushed into the open air.

Happy days ! when the spirit of gaiety and joy stands at the heart's gate, ready to leap forth whenever a breath touches the latch. Happy days ! when we can stride over the moor, dashing along through heath or rushing stream, alike unheeding, because—only because—high ardent spirits urge us on.

The moon was beginning to climb the shoulder of the mighty Po'in John, and we were now deep in the forest ; but to those to whose minds the word *forest* presents some such scene as the pastoral woods of Epping or Hainault, it may be necessary to state what are the features of a real Highland forest. 'Tis a bold scene, and requires a bold pencil to sketch. A vast tract of rugged broken ground ; now clad with heath, now overgrown with underwood. There, a dark wood of giant pines ; here, riven and torn into precipices and shelves of loose rocks, from amongst which huge uprooted trees appear as if suddenly fixed in the midst of a desperate effort to regain their native eminence. Now, a thundering stream tearing through the waste, and threatening to stop further progress ; there, far away down in the distance, which in the dim light grows illimitable, a lake, sad, cold, and dreary. Mountains far beyond, mountains behind. On the right hand, mountains ; mountains on the left. In short, it is altogether an irregular affair, and the brain aches for a level, but finds it not.

Through such a scene as this we were labouring on, when the deep bay of a hound from a neighbouring thicket suddenly startled us. 'We are at the bothie,' cried Kenneth, quickening his pace ; 'the forester has few visitors after sunset.'

The next minute, we were at the building, and reconnoitring. All was silence, broken only by the restless notes of the dog, which ever and anon, by a deep bark, gave indication of his security against surprise.

'Now,' I cried, 'if old Norval has not arrived, and we are shut out, I will'——

But better or worse I felt I could not make the matter, so gulped down my half-expressed intention of scattering

the bothie to the winds, and, hurling Ben-Muicdhp into Loch Avon, to make a clear path for my ire into Rothiemurchus.

After a quarter of an hour's thundering and Gaelic parley, the door was opened by a shaggy Highlander in his shirt, little better than half awake. I walked in without ceremony, and seated myself on a log by the dying embers on the hearth, leaving my friend to manage the introduction and provide for our supper. The first thing our host did was to light a pine-torch, which burned with amazing brilliancy; and having surveyed us, he stuck it in the chimney, whence it sent forth a steady blaze, that in itself had something of comfort.

When I thought sufficient time had been permitted for the Gaelic colloquy, I ventured to ask my friend in what chance the interests of our stomach stood of being advanced. The reply was, that the last bit of venison had been broiled and eaten for supper an hour ago. I could have sworn I smelt the savour still lingering about the rafters. The forester had no whisky, but plenty of oat-cakes and skim-milk cheese. I rose up, in the calm which, in well-regulated minds, comes in the place of despair.

'Kenneth,' said I, 'tell me, as a gentleman, when you think we shall reach the Doune?'

'Upon my honour,' said he, 'I expect we shall be there by three o'clock.'

'Let us go on then—fatigue is bad, starvation is worse,—but oat-cakes and cheese are a compromise that can't be listened to.' And I started out, and forwards at full speed, nor stopped till I found myself, by the breaking of a branch which had been thrown across a stream, as a bridge, knee-deep in the brawling waters. This *mal pas* gave my friend time to come up, and we travelled on, together in silence.

But, spirit of Salvador! what pen or pencil can describe the scene we now began to penetrate. It seemed as if each feature of ordinary landscape, one by one, changed to some shape of horror. Savage rocks in chaotic con-

fusion, above, around, beneath our feet, seemed gradually to close around us, and shut us in for ever from the outer world; the lineaments of which the oppressed mind strove in vain to recall, as those fierce and grinning shapes of nature fixed, as it were, in convulsion, rose everywhere before the eye, mocking the heart's desire for freedom, and subduing it with the consciousness of overwhelming and irresistible power. The very sky above wore a different hue from its wont. Viewed as from the bottom of a pit, its azure deepened into black, and the stars looked sickly and red. One voice we heard above—the never-ceasing roar of the mountain cataracts; and again another echoed its dissonant reply—like cries from some inhabitant, vexed by the demon spirit of the waste—the sharp bark of the fox, and the scream of the startled heron. A tremendous torrent had in a former season burst from the heights above us, and had swept into the hollow which we were traversing, rocks, stones, and timber, sufficient to have rebuilt Carthage; and over this ruin of a mountain we had to pick our way. My friend paused and looked round. He stood on a fragment of rock erect and firm; with his never-quitted rifle lightly grasped in his hand. 'This is the Larig,' said he in a low voice; and I could see that even his mountain-bred spirit was touched by the awful influence of the place.

It is beautiful to see nature providing for her own in all circumstances. The pony kept steadily on through every difficulty, without once making a false step. But, unhappily, the faculty of adaptation to circumstances does not descend below the animals. Portmanteaus are destitute of instinct; and so it happened that, after repeated burstings and slippings of the fastenings, by which the baggage was as often dismounted, Kenneth was obliged to keep the saddle-bags tight on the pony's back with one hand, while the other still held the rifle, and springing like goats from rock to rock, man and horse journeyed onwards, I following as I best could, with one eye to my own footing, and the other fixed in

admiration of the agility and steadiness of my companion. The moon had sunk low, and we traversed the last part of this dreary region in that darkest, coldest hour of the night—the one which precedes the dawn. But as morning began to streak the east, we found ourselves emerging into a scene of less threatening character. I had loitered behind a little, when I heard Kenneth shouting: ‘Rouse up, the sun is rising, and the Spey, *I smell* the Spey! There is life and freshness in the breeze that comes from it.’

‘Thanks! thanks!’ said I, ‘for promise of another blink of the blessed sun. Here is a mossy bank; let us lie down and rest awhile.’

I spoke not, nor heard any more, till I opened my eyes upon bright sunshine and birds singing on the branches around. We were on the lofty bank of a river which rolled far beneath onwards to meet the Spey, and wide stretched before our eyes lay the Doone of Rothiemurchus. The guide was in the act of refastening the pony’s lead, and young Whitefoot was gamboling and snorting about, while old Oscar still lay in dignified repose, apparently regarding his companion’s frolics with solemn reprobation. My friend was standing against a tree, gazing on a beautiful expanse; suddenly an expression of keen vigilance and scrutiny overspread his countenance, and he began to move forward with cautious step. ‘Down, gallachas pesouch!’ he said in a low voice, and the young hound instantly cowered.

‘Do you see that stone!’ said Kenneth, beckoning to me, and pointing to a huge mass of rock about a quarter of a mile in advance. ‘When we reach that spot, we shall be in view of a corrie that I never yet passed without seeing a deer. I thought not we were so near it. Keep the dogs close, and if we proceed cautiously, I think, with the aid of this rifle, we may put something on the pony’s back that will hang better than portmanteaus.’

I was on my feet in an instant. ‘A deer-hunt!’ I exclaimed; ‘that is sport worth toiling a good way to join in.’

‘Hush! a single word above your breath, and our chance is not worth a charge of duck-shot.’

As we turned the angle of the rock, Kenneth drew from its case a spy-glass, and surveyed the valley below with great minuteness; but the result for some time appeared unsatisfactory. His gaze at length became rivetted to one spot, and after a long survey, he said, in a whisper just audible: ‘There are two of them grazing by a spring. To get near them won’t be easy, as the wind is rather from this quarter. But I must try for a shot; and stand you here with the dogs and guard the pass.’

Rapidly and softly he stole away, and impatient and anxious I took my stand, with my eyes fixed on the spot he had indicated. But so long a time passed, and not a leaf stirring in the valley, I could not control myself, and began to express my impatience to the guide, who only replied, in plain terms, that ‘the less I said the better.’ I was once more on the point of breaking out, when I saw a slight wreath of blue smoke, such as a gentleman might exhale from his Havanna, arise from the direction in which the deer were feeding, and in a moment afterwards we heard the sharp crack of the rifle. But what a sight now presented itself! The still valley became suddenly alive with a rushing troop, of which the two my friend had descried were only the sentinels; and like a cloud, the whole herd, which could not number less than 100 stand of antlers, came sweeping along towards the pass above which we had posted ourselves. Ended now was the painful anxiety and restraint of the last hour. To slip the hounds from their leash, and with an exulting view halloo to follow them in their impetuous pursuit, was the instant consequence of the herd passing us. The guide gave a shrill whoop, and set off down the declivity at headlong speed; while I, less accustomed to the ground, forgot in the excitement of the moment to wonder, as I did afterwards, that I reached the bottom with whole bones.

‘They will tak the water,’ cried Donald to me; and

instead of pursuing the track by which the deer had already disappeared up the pass, he pressed straight forwards against the opposing hill.

I now beheld Kenneth running with amazing speed and strength right up the mountain. "To Aldru," he cried as he neared us; "they will make for the river."

It was a tough breathing up that mountain—the rough shoulder of Craiglechon; but 'twas my first chase, and then such a quarry as we were flying at!

"He is there!" cried Kenneth, who first reached the summit; "Old Oscar has him!"

The next moment I gained the ridge, and about a mile below, in the open ground, saw a noble stag, separate from the herd, dashing along through the heather, with the old dog hanging by tooth and claw at his throat. Thrice did the other hound make a spring at the same object; thrice did his prey foil him, and trample him beneath his feet. But his fate is sealed. Oscar's hold is not to be shaken off, and the stag's frantic resistance only exhausts him. Still on he flies, dashing back his noble head covered with foam. He is now in the very worst place for flight, near the water-side, where the ground is soft and almost level. Whitefoot springs at his throat once more; he catches it, but cannot fix his claws, and swings from his victim's neck. The stag totters for a moment, and Oscar, quitting his grasp, darts like fire upon the hind-quarters, and seizes him by the hamstrings. He founders; and a fierce growl from the dogs proclaims their victory.

"Speed, Donald, or the dogs will tear him!" cried Kenneth.

But the exhortation was scarce needed by a man who, between running, leaping, rolling, and sliding, was already progressing at an unmeasured pace. Donald held it alike his privilege and his duty to give the *coup de grace* to a deer that had been regularly run down by dogs, and was now eager to save at once the hide of the stag from the fangs of the hounds and his own character from the imputation of slackness. He performed this in a manner

highly characteristic; advancing upon his game with mingled eagerness and caution, and displaying a remarkable combination of talent in the manner of making his stroke available for the grand end, while he paid that distant respect to the horns of his poor victim which proved the powerful influence which regard for the immunity of his own person exercised over him.

'We were soon alongside our game—a stag of the first head, fat, Donald said, as a duck, firm as a fresh salmon, and as broad-backed and strong in the haunches as Peter Forsyth's bull that got the prize at Perth. I looked upon the noble beast half in pity for his fate. No bullet had touched him. 'So you missed your shot,' I said to Kenneth.

'Missed!' he reiterated. 'Stop till we get back to the other side of Craiglechon, and I'll shew you another fellow, with as good an array of branches on his head as this, quiet by the spring where first I saw him.'

'Go back,' I echoed in alarm; for, the chase ended, I began to feel the stiffness of my sinews. 'Faith, back we must go, any how, I believe; for there in the corrie stands the pony, and every shirt I have within a hundred miles on his back.'

'Well,' replied my friend, laughing, 'I believe we may manage it in another way. Both this fellow here and my friend in Corrie-an-colach will wait quiet enough till we can send and fetch them. Donald, do you go back and fetch the pony; we can walk straight forward with Oscar and Whitefoot.'

It was so arranged, and the guide left us.

'What think you of our Rothiemurchus ways now?' inquired my friend as we journeyed onwards.

'A splendid morning's sport, indeed!' I replied; 'but what will the laird say?'

'Never you mind that, my boy. If we are not on our own grounds—and who is obliged to know the landmarks?—we are near enough in such a place as this.'

Years have passed since then—long years. New hopes are born—tears dried, or gathering for fresh sorrows—

but the sweet influence which then nerved me visits me at times even now ; and even now, could I shake me free of all cares and be in all things—save one—as formerly, I am not so destitute of love's inspiration, but I think I would yet venture on another journey through Braemar Forest to the Spey. But I must have assurance of daylight, and a slice of venison at the forester's.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HANDLOOM WEAVER.

In the spring of 1837, the failure of certain great commercial establishments in America, combining with other causes, silenced, in one week, upwards of 6000 looms in Dundee and the various agencies in its connection, and spread dismay throughout the whole county of Forfar. Amongst the many villages thus trade-stricken, none felt the blow more severely than that of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus. This village was new, having sprung up since the completion of the Dundee Railway a few years ago. It consisted chiefly of weaving-shops and dwellings for the weavers. The inhabitants, about 200 in number, were strangers to the place and to each other, having been recently collected from distant places by advertisements promising them many advantages, but which, when the evil day came, were little regarded. While employers were, some unwilling and many unable to do anything for the relief of those whom they had brought together for their own purposes, the people of the neighbourhood, including those of the old village of Newtyle, regarded them with stern prejudice, as intruders 'that naebody kent naething about.' It were too much to say that they were positively persecuted by their neighbours, but certainly they received no sympathy in their distresses from that quarter, much less any relief.

A little while thinned the village, those only remaining

who had many children, and were obliged to consider well before they started. To these (and I was of the number) one web was supplied weekly, bringing five shillings. The weaver will know what sort of job the weaving of an 'Osnaburg' was at that price. It had been a stiff winter and unkindly spring, but they passed away, as other winters and springs must do. I will not expatiate on six human lives subsisting on five shillings weekly—on babies prematurely thoughtful—on comely faces withering—on desponding youth and too quickly declining age. These things are perhaps too often *talked of*. Let me describe but one morning of modified starvation at Newtyle, and then pass on.

Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shews none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed-cover hung before the window, to keep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits beside the beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any shews an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a-whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which of course rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming: 'Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!' How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!

We thus lingered on during the spring, still hoping that things would come a little round, or that at least warmer weather would enable us, with more safety, to venture on a change of residence. At length, seeing that

our strength was rapidly declining, I resolved to wait no longer. Proceeding to Dundee, I there exchanged, at a pawnbroker's, a last and most valued relic of better days for ten shillings, four of which I spent on such little articles as usually constitute 'a pack,' designing this to be carried by my wife, while other four shillings I expended on second-hand books, as a stock of miscellaneum for myself; but I was very unfortunate in my selection, which consisted chiefly of little volumes containing abridgments of modern authors, these authors being generally of a kind little to the taste of a rustic population.

On a Thursday morning we forsook our melancholy habitation, leaving in it my two looms and some furniture (for we thought of returning to it), and the key with the landlord. On the third day, Saturday, we passed through the village of Inchture, in the Carse of Gowrie, and proceeded towards Kinnaird. Sunset was followed by cold sour east winds and rain. The children becoming weary and fretful, we made frequent inquiries of other forlorn-looking beings whom we met, to ascertain which farm-town in the vicinity was most likely to afford us quarters. Jean, my wife, was sorely exhausted, bearing an infant constantly at the breast, and often carrying the youngest boy also, who had fairly broken down in the course of the day. It was nine o'clock when we approached the large and comfortable-looking steading of B——, standing about a quarter of a mile off the road. Leaving my poor flock on the wayside, I pushed down the path to the farmhouse with considerable confidence, for I had been informed that B—— (meaning by this local appellation the farmer) was a humane man, who never turned the wanderer from his door. Unfortunately for us, the worthy farmer was from home, and not expected to return that night. His housekeeper had admitted several poor people already, and could admit no more. I pleaded with her the infancy of my family, the lateness of the night, and their utter unfitness to proceed—that we sought nothing but shelter—that the meanest shed

would be a blessing. Heaven's mercy was never more earnestly pleaded for than was a night's lodging by me on that occasion. But 'No, no, no,' was the unvarying answer to all my entreaties.

I returned to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired that trembling woman; 'I'm dootfu' o' Jeanie,' she added; 'isna she waccome-like? Let's in frae the cauld.'

'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.'

Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbled with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits: when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent Wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathising on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences! For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

I will resume my story. The gloaming light was scarcely sufficient to allow me to write a little note, which I carried to a stately mansion hard by. It was

to entreat what we had been denied at B——. This application was also fruitless. The servant had been ordered to take in no such notes, and he could not break through the rule. On rejoining my little group, my heart lightened at the presence of a serving-man, who at that moment came near, and who, observing our wretchedness, could not pass without endeavouring to succour us. The kind words of this worthy peasant sunk deep into our hearts. I do not know his name; but never can I forget him. Assisted by him, we arrived, about eleven o'clock, at the farmhouse of John Cooper, West-town of Kinnaird, where we were immediately admitted. The accommodation, we were told, was poor—but what an alternative from the storm-beaten wayside! The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothie fire. During this interval, the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an outhouse. A man stood by with a lantern, while with straw and blankets we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock, when Jean wakened me. O that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children, startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as that did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be well borne by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them: comfort I had none to give—none to take: I spake not—what could be said!—words? oh, no! The worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of

that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow-lodgers, which had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After awhile, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the melancholy occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird church-yard lies our favourite little Jeanie.

Early on Monday we resumed our heartless pilgrimage—wandering onwards without any settled purpose or end. The busy singing world above us was a nuisance; and around, the loaded fields bore nothing for us—we were things apart. Nor knew we where that night our couch might be, or where to-morrow our grave. It is but fair to say, however, that our children never were ill-off during the daytime. Where our goods were not bought, we were, nevertheless, offered ‘a piece to the bairnies.’ One thing which might contribute to this was, that our appearance, as yet, was respectable, and it seemed as if the people saw in us neither the shrewd hawker nor the habitual mendicant; so that we were better supplied with food than had been our lot for many a month before. But oh, the ever-recurring sunset! Then came the hour of sad conjecturing and sorrowful outlook. To seek lodging at a farm before sunset, was to insure refusal. After nightfall, the children, worn out with the day’s wanderings, turned fretful, and slept whenever we sat down. After-experience taught us cunning in this, as in other things—the tactics of habitual vagrants being to remain in concealment near a farm of good name, until a suitable lateness warranted the attack. This night, however, we felt so much in need of a comfortable resting-place, that it was agreed we should make for Errol. There we settled for the night in a house kept for the humblest description of ‘travellers.’ It is one of those places of entertainment whose most engaging feature is

the easy price. Its inmates, unaccustomed even to the luxury of a fire, easily enough dispense with seats; and where five or six people are packed up alive in one box, a superabundance of bed-clothes would be found uncomfortable. Hence the easy charges. Our fellow-lodgers were of all nations, to the amount of two dozen or so. As it has been my lot, since then, to pass many a night and day in similar society, and having somewhat of a turn for observation, my memory could furnish many records of 'gangrel bodies' that are not altogether wanting in interest; but of that another time. Leaving Errol next day, we passed up the Carse to Perth, were kept there a few days by some old acquaintances, started from thence towards Methven, sold little on the way thither, but were kindly treated by the workers at Hunting Tower and Cromwell Park. The people there were themselves on limited work; indeed, many of them had none; yet they shared their little with those that had less. It is always so: but for the poor, the poorer would perish.

Just before entering Methven, I sold a small book to a person breaking stones for the road. After some conversation, I discovered he was musical, and was strongly tempted to sell him my flute. He had taken a fancy to it, and offered a good price. I resisted; it had long been my companion, and sometimes my solace; and, indeed, to speak truth, I had, for some days past, attended to certain 'forlorn-hops' whisperings, implying the possible necessity of using that instrument in a way more to be lamented than admired. The sum-total of my earthly moneys was 5d., which my little volume had seduced from the pocket of the musical lapidary. With this treasure, we sat by the fireside of 'Mrs L——'s' lodging-house in Methven. The good woman gave us to understand that our entertainment would cost 6d.; at the same time declaring it to be a standing rule in her establishment, to see payment made of all such matters before the parties 'took off their shoon.' I only wondered, when I looked round on the bare feet that luxuriated round her

Hearst, how she contrived to put this test into execution. The demand for our lodging-money was decided, and so was I. I took my woebegone partner aside, whispered her to pick my flute from out our 'budgets,' put on her mantle, and follow me. As we went along, I disclosed my purpose of playing in the outskirts of the village. This was a new line of action, not to be taken without some qualms. But, then, the landlady. Besides, nobler natures and higher names than I could ever aim at, had betaken themselves to similar means. Homer had sung his epics for a morsel of bread. Goldsmith had piped his way over half the continent. These were precedents indeed! Moreover, neither of these worthies had children in Methven or elsewhere that ever I had heard of. Nor is it recorded in the history of those great men, whether they had at any time been under the compulsion of a landlady who attached a special consequence to the moment that undid the shoe-tye.

Musing over these and many other considerations, we found ourselves in a beautiful green lane, fairly out of the town, mid opposite a genteel-looking house, at the windows of which sat several well-dressed people. I think that it might be our bewildered and hesitating movements that attracted their notice—perhaps not favourably. 'A quarter of an hour longer,' said I, 'and it will be darker; let us walk out a bit.' The sun had been down a good while, and the gloaming was lovely. In spite of everything, I felt a momentary reprieve. I dipped my dry flute in a little burn, and began to play. It rang sweetly amongst the trees. I moved on and on, still playing, and still facing the town. The *Flowers of the Forest* brought me before the house lately mentioned. My music raised one window after another, and in less than ten minutes put me in possession of 3s. 9d. of good British money. I sent the mother home with this treasure, and directed her to send our oldest girl to me. It was by this time nearly dark. Everybody says, 'Things just need a beginning.' I had made a beginning, and a very good one too. I had a smart turn for

strathspeys, and there appeared to be a fair run upon them. By this time I was nearly into the middle of the town. When I finally made my bow and retired to my lodging, it was with four shillings and some pence, in addition to what was sent before. My little girl got a beautiful shawl and several articles of wearing apparel. Shall I not bless the good folk of Methven? Let me ever chance to meet a Methven weaver in distress, and I will share my last bannock with him! These men—for I knew them, as they knew me, by instinct—these men not only helped me themselves, but testified their gratitude to every one that did so. There was enough to encourage further perseverance; but I felt, after all, that I had begun too late in life ever to acquire that ‘ease and grace’ indispensable to him who would successfully ‘carry the gaberlunzie on.’ I must forego it, at least in a downright street capacity.

After some consideration, I bethought me of another mode of exercising my talents for my support. I had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to make verses, and many of these had won applause from my friends and fellow-workmen. I determined to press this faculty into my service on the present occasion. Accordingly, after sundry downittings and contemplations, by waysides and in barns, my Muse produced the following ode:—

TO MY FLUTE.

’Tis nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
 I ettle now to sing;
 To thee alane, my lo’esome flute,
 This hamely strain I bring!
 Oh, let us flee on memory’s wing,
 O’er twice ten winters flee,
 An’ try ance mair that aye sweet spring
 Whilk young love breathed in thee.

Companion o’ my happy then,
 Wi’ smilin’ frien’s around;
 In ilka butt, in ilka ben,
 A couthie welcome found—

Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed skaithless by;
That gies to flutes their saddest sound,
To hearts their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns hae danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
And mony a night, wi' guiltless glee,
Our hearty hallan rung.
But noo, wi' hardship worn and wrung,
I'll roam the warld about;
For her and for our friendless young,
Come forth, my faithful flute!

Your artless notes may win the ear
That wadna hear me speak,
And for your sake that pity spare,
My full heart couldna seek.
And whan the winter's cranreugh bleak
Drives houseless bodies in,
I'll aiblins get the ingle-cheek,
A' fow your lightsome din.

This I designed to be printed on fine paper, with a fly-leaf attached, and folded in the style of a note, to be presented to none *under* a footman, by a decently-dressed, modest-looking man (myself of course), who, after waiting ten minutes, the time wanted to utter the 'O la's!' and 'Who may he be's?' would, I expected, be asked into the drawing-room, when the admiring circle would be ravished with his sweet-toned minstrelsy. After compliments sufficient for any mere man, this person I supposed to retire with that in his pocket that could not rightly be expended without a great deal of prudent consideration. Such was my dream. I accordingly proceeded to act as I had designed. With a few copies of my poem, I set out once more upon my travels, and, to do justice to the scheme, it was on one or two occasions successful to the extent anticipated. In one laird's house I received a guerdon of half a guinea; but, after all, it was but beggar's work, and my soul in time grew sick of it. It was with no sighings after comforts, that, in a few weeks, on times becoming a little better, I settled down once more to my loom.

[The foregoing sketch of certain dreary passages in

his life, was contributed in 1841 to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, by William Thom, an unfortunate man of genius, who, after various changes in his position and prospects, died a few years ago much lamented.]

A D E L A.

I HAPPENED to be residing at Naples during the reaction and proscriptions which succeeded the return of Ferdinand after the revolutionary crisis of 1799. Many of the victims were denounced by the priests as much for their suspected heresy as their treasonable practices. Father Don Alvez was particularly active in this 'pious work.' He was a younger member of a Castilian house, and had been bred in the strictest discipline of the Jesuits. He had spent his life in penances and intrigues; the former, I presume, to give him a keener relish for the latter, and the latter to compensate the tedium of the former. At the time I knew him, he was past the middle age; his features were already wrinkled with years, but marked by that haughty and cruel expression so apt to be produced by the indulgence of arbitrary power. He had come to Naples with high recommendations to the court, to assist in purging the city of the disaffected. His diligence in this pursuit was truly beyond all parallel. I am yet unable to conceive by what process he became so minutely conversant with the previous history of such an immense number of persons in so short a time. His information was never at fault, and his measures very rarely thwarted by miscalculation either in design or execution. As soon as he had made himself master of a suspected person, he did not at once act upon his evidence to bring about an instant infliction of punishment, but used to give the prisoner the benefit of a dogmatical exposition of what he called 'the salvation of the holy church.' If this had

the desired effect, after a little longer confinement, the captive was liberated on his good behaviour. But if the heretic persevered in his rejection of the prescribed process, he was forthwith handed over to the headsman.

The society in which I moved made me acquainted with Father Don Alvez. I was then young and fond of adventure, and very naturally conceived a strong desire of visiting, with him, some of the unfortunates whom the police were constantly arresting by his orders. By practising some courteous assiduities, as well as a little flattery, I ingratiated myself with him, and obtained permission to accompany him on his dismal visits to the prison.

After visiting one or two cells, in which we found inmates quite willing to believe anything and everything which my guide thought proper to propound, we entered a narrow dismal hole surrounded by walls down which the damp trickled almost in a stream, and with a floor composed of pieces of granite of uneven surface and sharp edges. The torch carried by our attendant discovered a bundle of straw in the corner furthest from the door, and resting upon it a young girl. Don Alvez motioned the jailer to withdraw. The creaking of the hinges disturbed the prisoner. She started from her recumbent posture, but her eyes had been too long accustomed to darkness to endure the glare of the torch-light. She arranged her disordered hair and clothing as fast and completely as she could; and when at length she ventured to scrutinise her visitors, I marked the deep crimson that suffused her face and bosom.

I had been accustomed to behold the exceeding beauty of the women of Spain and Italy, but when I saw this unfortunate captive, I felt at once that I had never met with any one whose loveliness was so perfect. When I say that she was a Greek, and bore in every lineament the impress of her clime and nation, I need not attempt a description.

Don Alvez had told me, previous to entering the cell, that it contained a heretic who had been some time under

confinement, and appeared resolved to reject every chance of 'salvation.' 'This,' he added, 'is the last opportunity of repentance I shall give her.'

These words still echoed in my ears as I contemplated the stern front of the Jesuit, and the pensive innocence of the Greek maiden.

'Perverse child!' commenced Don Alvez; 'I have once more come to offer thee liberty, and the favour of the Virgin, if thou wilt embrace the holy faith.'

Adela (so the jailer had whispered me she was called) had now sat down on her coarse bed, and, with her hands folded on her bosom, seemed prepared for any calamity which might await her. She returned no answer to the priest's observation.

'What!' continued he; 'dost thou treat with contempt the servant of the church? Mark me, perverse infidel! Thy fate is in thine own hands. Thy death, I swear by all the blessed saints, shall be the penalty if thou persistest in thy unbelief; but if thou wilt listen to the truth, not a hair of thy head shall be injured. How sayest thou? Canst thou endure death; or wilt thou live?'

'I am heedless of my fate,' replied Adela in a tone of melancholy which pierced my heart. 'Still, not heedless,' she added with animation, 'so long as I know not the fate of Conrade. Tell me, priest, I conjure thee, is he in thy power?'

'Why is the fate of that young man so dear to thee,' replied Don Alvez, 'that it is preferred to thine own salvation?'

Adela met the look of the Jesuit with a calm and penetrating glance. 'Thou mayest be learned in thy faith,' she said, 'but thou art a novice *here* [laying her hand upon her heart], if thou knowest not that a woman's love, in doting upon its object, forgets all other interests.'

'Then it is sinful, and deserves perdition,' replied the priest.

'Then it is impossible that I can be saved,' quietly rejoined the young Greek.

'What if I tell thee,' after a pause, said Don Alvez,

'that Conrade is not in my power, but has left Naples with another paramour!'

Adela's blood mounted to her cheeks with indignation, as she exclaimed: 'Then I tell thee thou art a liar as well as a barbarian! Not for a moment will I believe so base a calumny.'

'Insolent heretic!' replied my companion; 'I will for the last time inquire—dost thou refuse the mercy of the church!'

'Do I refuse the mercy of the church!' said Adela. 'Why, wretch, dost thou call these bolts and bars, this dungeon, this darkness, my long imprisonment, my wasted health, my tortured mind, my almost broken heart—dost thou call these mercy! I know not what is meant by thy church, and I care not; I despise and reject both it and thee. You dragged me hither because I worshipped according to the customs of my fathers and my nation; and you would have dragged hither also another being for the same offence—one who was too noble, too generous, all too worthy to commit the smallest wrong. But he has escaped—thank Heaven, he has escaped! Oh, Conrade!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands; 'who shall love thee when Adela is gone?' For a short time sobs convulsed her beautiful form; she soon recovered, and then added, with an emphasis I shall never forget: 'I do reject thee, thy mercy, and thy church; I cannot believe that truth is allied with cruelty, or that Heaven has given you authority to destroy its own creatures. I know not who is your god, but I feel that the great and good Intelligence who rules the world will not punish me for serving him as I have been taught, for believing as my simple reason dictates, and, above all, for rejecting your creed, so full of cruelty, bloodshed, and oppression. Leave me now; in an hour I will be ready to do your bidding.'

'Enough!' said Don Alvez sternly, and moved towards the door. I took advantage of his position to whisper to Adela: 'Do not hope too much, but I will be your friend.' Her large dark eyes spoke a gratitude which I am

confident I shall never again receive from any human being.

The jailer fastened the heavy door, and I followed Don Alvez, who was hastening from the building. When I overtook him, I inquired his resolution as to the fate of the young Greek. 'She dies to-morrow at noon!' was his laconic reply.

It was then near evening. He was at first very unwilling to answer any questions concerning her, but by dint of close application, I extracted as much intelligence as put me on a tract by which I at length discovered Conrade. I have not ability to describe that gallant youth. There was the genuine Attic stamp on his character and frame. He entered eagerly into my plan of rescue: it was sufficiently perilous, but that to him was a recommendation rather than otherwise. The design was to bribe the jailer to connive at our admission to Adela's cell, and then to bring her away with us, and fight a passage through all opposition. A friendly fisherman engaged to await us in the bay with his skiff, at a point from which, fortunately, the prison was not far distant. With some difficulty I obtained an interview with the jailer, and for one hundred piastres received his promise to admit us.

He was as good as his word. We found Adela in a calm slumber. Perhaps she dreamed of Conrade, for the moment he stepped towards the couch, she sprung into his arms without a moment's doubt that it was any one but him. She willingly resigned herself to our direction. When we had emerged from the cell, we gained the outer gate before it was discovered that we had with us the condemned captive. The first and second assailants were laid at Conrade's feet by stabs from his rapier. We were now in the street, fleeing for our lives—Conrade first, with Adela on his left arm. I defended the retreat. The fate of the two men had a salutary effect in checking the temerity of their companions. After some hard blows had been given and received, we gained the beach. The fisherman placed Adela in the boat, while I and

Conrade stood at bay, and repulsed our pursuers. I think another life was sacrificed in the scuffle. The case was now desperate, for the number of our enemies increased every moment. We threw ourselves into the boat, and the first stroke shot us into deep water. A volley of musket-balls whizzed over our heads without doing us any damage. The night was dark, and we were rowing with our utmost strength—two things which every moment diminished our danger. I cannot tell why no attempt at a chase was made, but so it happened that all our obstacles were at an end when we left the shore.

Before daybreak, we reached a contrabandista in the offing; and when the sun shone in full lustre on the city of Naples, we were many leagues distant down the Mediterranean.

My part in this adventure of course exiled me from the Neapolitan metropolis for a time. As the excitement of the crisis died away, Father Don Alvez found more difficulty in procuring victims. His zeal could not be satisfied with a solitary delinquent or two; so he retired to Rome in a pique at the aversion of the Neapolitans to undergo martyrdom. When he was gone, I had less difficulty in negotiating an indemnity. I was attached to the locality, or I should not have troubled myself to return. But now I regard Naples as the scene of the action which of all others of my life I have most occasion to look back upon with pleasure.

Adela, I heard many years after from an English captain, was the mother of a numerous family. My informant had visited her home; and because he was my countryman, had been treated with the most distinguished respect.

'PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.'

NOTHING could be much less picturesque than the tall red brick house, situated about two miles from the dirty smoky town of N——, and inhabited by Mr James Brandon. He was a gentleman enjoying a thriving practice as a solicitor, the father of a numerous, and, as it was called, 'fine' family, and a man not of enlarged mind certainly, yet altogether rather a good sort of person in his way. It was on a lovely summer evening, not a dozen years ago, that at the highest window of that tall house, a young girl stood anxiously watching a turn of the high-road, which from that height was visible at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. She was dressed in faded mourning, which she seemed partly to have outgrown, for she was just at that threshold of life where the next step leaves childhood behind. Though fair and delicate, her face was not strictly beautiful; yet its expression was so earnest and intelligent, that many would have deemed it more worthy of admiration than mere regularity of features. For full half an hour did she anxiously and intently watch that piece of narrow dusty road, though it appeared she was but little interested in the different vehicles which passed. At last, however, a stage-coach was seen, glaring in its bright colours of red and orange, swinging beneath the burden of its loaded roof, and impelled forward by the speed of four galloping horses. For this, it seemed, Edith Marsden had waited; for on the instant she turned from the window, and rapidly descended the stairs, passing on the ground-floor the open door of a dining-room, where, seated at dessert, were Mr and Mrs Brandon, with their offspring, varying in age from ten to twenty years inclusive. Then opening a half-glass door, she stepped upon a piece of grass at the back of the house, which was by courtesy called the lawn, crossed it rapidly, nor paused a moment till, nearly out of breath, she had

reached a gate, which, at the extremity of a long strip of garden, opened near the road. About the same time the stage-coach stopped within a few yards of the spot ; a light figure descended, as it seemed almost by one bound, from the roof, and in another moment Edith was in her brother's arms.

They were orphans, poor and dependent, but bound together by even stronger ties than those of habit and the nearest kindred. Never did a truer, nobler heart beat, than in the breast of Robert Marsden ; and perhaps there never was a moment when he more completely felt himself the protector of that dear sister, than when he was about to leave her for an indefinite period. There was a brief silence, for Edith dared not ask what she yet longed to hear ; and Robert had led her to a garden-seat before she said, half choked by tears she did not wish to start : ' You go—I know it is decided.'

' Yes, dear Edith, and I must teach you to thank God as I do for it.'

' But will they treat you kindly, and shall you be happy !' exclaimed the sobbing girl, unable longer to conceal her emotions, and clasping her arms tightly round her brother's neck.

' There are degrees of happiness, my Edith ; and believe that the step I am about to take is one dictated by my reason. Whichever way I look, toil and uncertainty are before me ; but I have youth and health, and few artificial wants, unless the ambition I feel to be independent, and to achieve one great object—be classed as such. You, dear girl, know all my hopes and aspirations, for I forget, when pouring out my heart to you, that it was but the other day you were a very child, with all the mirth and thoughtlessness of childhood.'

' Then tell me all—everything.'

' The advertisement, you will remember, was rather vague, but on making inquiries by letter, an interview was appointed for yesterday ; and it was fortunate that, arriving in London the night before, I had leisure to collect my thoughts. It seems that a tutor is less required than

a friend and companion, for this young Lord D—— is too great an invalid to study very attentively! Lady D——, his mother, will accompany him to Italy; and both being enthusiasts in the arts, the little talent I possess has been my best letter of introduction.

‘Did you shew them the drawings you made in the Highlands?’ said Edith eagerly; ‘and your little gipsy—and your Jeanie Deans?—and—and’—

‘Yes, I did,’ replied Robert Marsden with a smile, ‘at their request, and forewarning them of the many faults they would discover. I told them how earnestly I desired to make painting my profession, and how truly I believed it was the one for which I was most fitted. Lady D—— entered with much kindness into my feelings, and seemed to think it very natural that I should wish to continue a pursuit to which I had already devoted so much time, and of which my dear father so entirely approved. I described with perfect candour the circumstances in which his death placed us, the pressing necessity for exertion on my part, and my inability to command the means of prosecuting my studies. Think, dear Edith, I shall now have the opportunity of beholding the rare creations of which I have dreamed—and why not of profiting by them? Trust me, dear sister, there are bright and happy days in store for us—although this separation is a bitter trial. But I hope and try to think you will be happy during my absence, for our cousin, Mrs Brandon, though not very refined, is a kind-hearted woman. Indeed, we owe both her and her husband much gratitude for the home they have so long given us; and though, from the salary I am to receive, I shall be able to remunerate them in some slight degree, I shall still feel a deep obligation for their protection of you. And, dear Edith, should we not hasten to tell them what has taken place?’

‘We should indeed. But they are not alone—that foolish Leonard Brandon has been dining here.’

‘Not foolish, Edith.’

‘What, then, makes him so tiresome and disagreeable?’

‘I think, in the first place, his conceit; and, secondly,

or perhaps mingling with it, is a certain want of energy, which, precluding any great success, fosters, I am afraid, some degree of envy! While he spoke they drew near the house; but Edith had still one, to her dreadful, question to ask. Her brother guessed her thought, and tried to paint the future yet more brightly before he owned that in two days they must part.

It would not be worth while to describe very minutely all that passed that evening. Enough that Mr and Mrs Brandon were really glad to find that their young kinsman had made an arrangement which seemed to give himself so much satisfaction. True, Mr Brandon would miss him, for while an inmate of his family, Robert had endeavoured to make himself as useful as possible in that gentleman's office; but he had higher duties to perform than the achievement of mere personal independence, and though, as the phrase is, 'cold water' had been thrown on his loftier aspirations, his friends now contented themselves with offering faint encouragement instead of terms of dissuasion. It must be confessed, Mr Brandon would have thought Robert Marsden wiser had he chosen some more plodding employment, though his argument was based on rather a narrow foundation.

The Leonard before alluded to was Mr Brandon's half-brother, and more than twenty years younger than himself. Being a little of a painter, and a little of a poet, he had once been looked on as a rising genius; but some way or another his reputation had latterly declined, for certain it is that he had not contrived to make his talents very available. His own favourite quotation was: 'Success is virtue, and misfortune blame,' an adage that is only too often applicable; but still in his case there was always some particular reason why such and such a path should not be chosen as the road to 'success;' and, not being driven by absolute necessity to exertion, he seemed to be waiting for good fortune to be thrust upon him. But Mr Brandon was not a very shrewd observer of cause and effect, and, really ranking his brother's talents more highly than they deserved, he rested his argument upon

this question—'If he fails, how can Robert expect to succeed?' When Leonard heard of Robert Marsden's plans, his exclamation was: 'Ah! you are a lucky fellow to fall into so pleasant a berth!'

'But, my dear Leonard,' replied young Marsden, 'I shewed you the advertisement, really believing the situation was one better adapted to you than myself; but you did not think it worth noticing.'

'How could I tell it would offer the advantages you describe! and it is so mortifying to have one's services rejected; but I don't think you mind that sort of thing.'

'Indeed I do, but I look upon such things as inevitable in the upward career of life. We must strive to take advantage of circumstances before we can learn to control them.'

With the privilege of a tale-teller, we will throw, as it were, a bridge across the gulf of time, and pass rapidly over the next three years. Edith was now nineteen, and her brother four-and-twenty. Only once had they met during that long period, and that was immediately on Robert's return to England; but their letters had been long and frequent, and the orphans were all in this world to each other. It was not that Edith intended to conceal the wishes and hopes of her brother, the progress he had made in painting, or the new friends who had encouraged his undertakings; but her warm heart felt that he was so entirely unappreciated by those around her, that almost imperceptibly she every month spoke of him less and less. Besides, she was almost as weary as indignant at the unvarying observations of Leonard Brandon. If Robert was successful, he was only called 'lucky' instead of deserving; and if disappointment or failure came, she heard the crushing phrase: 'Of course, I told you how it would be.'

His path, indeed, had not been all sunshine, for the friends he had been so 'lucky' as to make, and to whom he had confidently looked for patronage and encouragement, were taken from him. The young Lord D—— died in Italy, of the malady which made him an exile,

and his mother, weighed down by grief and anxious watching, followed him in a few months to the grave. Again was Robert Marsden adrift on the world, dependent on most precarious exertions. But he had profited by circumstance and opportunity, and his mind had taken one of those springs which the thoughtful are conscious of at intervals through life. Cheeringly did he write to that beloved sister, and rarely did he tell her of his trials till they were overcome. The next fortunate step in his career was the acceptance by a liberal publisher of a series of drawings he had made while abroad ; and when beautiful engravings from them were given to the world, the young artist began to be sought for, instead of being the seeker of employment. But he did not forget those long days when, with his portfolio containing those very drawings beneath his arm, he journeyed with weary limbs from one end of the metropolis to the other ; till 'hope deferred' had indeed almost made his 'heart sick.' If he did mention these things to Edith, he dwelt on them but lightly ; yet, when the heart helps the mind, it is doubly quick at understanding. The first steps on fortune's ladder are the steepest and roughest to ascend ; and had he shrunk from every mortification as Leonard Brandon appeared to do, his name would have been unknown, and this memoir unwritten.

Meanwhile, Edith had been guilty of a generous and pardonable deception. To herself she could not but own that her home was not a very happy one, but to her adored brother she made no such confession ; and perhaps her discomfort consisted in shades of feeling which could not be easily analysed. She certainly should not have been considered quite as a dependent in her cousin's family, for latterly her brother's generous allowance had prevented this, and she still continued the partial instruction of the younger children, and many little services, which she had felt it at first her duty to fulfil. But from habit, perhaps, more than thought, she was little heeded by those around her ; and, surrounded as she had been by a halo of refinement and affection in those early years

when the character takes its most enduring mould; she now keenly felt the want of real companionship. A trifling incident, quite unimportant save that it formed one of those epochs of the feelings which we all are apt to chronicle, had also yet more assured Edith that her darling brother was little thought of and still less loved or understood. At his sister's earnest request, Robert had sent her a faithful, though miniature likeness of himself, which, on its arrival, had been suspended in the drawing-room. In a few weeks, however, some change in the arrangement of the furniture caused it to be removed, and Edith's eye was the only one that seemed to miss it from the accustomed place. She found it, after a diligent search, in an old lumber closet, into which it had been hastily thrust, and without comment, placed it in her own little bed-chamber, that very room from the high window of which she had watched that dear brother's arrival on a certain eventful evening. There it was, with the lofty brow and thoughtful eye, and calm yet earnest and benevolent expression; and it seemed the presiding deity of the place. There it was she penned those long and frequent outpourings of her heart, and thither she retired to dwell upon the cherished pages for which they were exchanged.

No wonder that she grew more thoughtful and less communicative, and yet a quiet and very happy smile often played upon her lips, for a star shone brightly before her—hope that had almost melted into reality. She grew even more tolerant of Leonard Brandon, and often gave him very good advice; but he who considered himself quite beyond the need of advice from any one, was little likely to take it from—a young lady. Sometimes, indeed, he asked what Robert was doing; and when Edith gave him a true, though perhaps not very circumstantial answer, he seldom made further comment than calling him a 'lucky dog.' It really was often from a kindly feeling that Edith refrained from dwelling on her brother's success, for she saw that the demon of envy rankled in Leonard's breast, and she was above seeking the mean

triumph of rousing it. Meanwhile, this same Leonard Brandon, though two or three years older than Robert, remained to all appearance in nearly the same circumstances as when we first introduced him to the reader; but, in truth, while waiting for good-fortune, he had nearly consumed the small property he had originally inherited. To relate how his life had passed, is only to describe what he had *not* done. He had *not*, by diligent application, qualified himself for any one pursuit; he had *not*, by talents or address, won friends who were likely to be able or willing to aid him; he had *not* condescended to rise slowly, and so had not risen at all; *he had not taken advantage of circumstances so as afterwards to control them.* And the combination in his character of envy and inactivity, though perhaps at the first thought improbable, was nevertheless natural, for it was *real*, and may be accounted for. It is envy which proceeds from wounded self-love, but emulation has a nobler parentage.

Two years more rolled swiftly on, during which time the most important event in the family was certainly considered by the Brandons to be the marriage of one of their daughters; but to Edith there was a circumstance of more importance—a visit from her brother. Again did he come from London by the stage-coach; again did Edith watch from the high window; and again was she the first to greet him. But this time the tears were only those of gladness, and even the parting was scarcely sorrowful. He brought many thoughtful presents for different members of the family, and several costly ones for his sister, and the Brandons plainly saw that he must be prosperous; but it is rarely that the really estimable talk much about themselves, and Robert Marsden was the very last who would be likely to exhibit mean vanity.

It was a few months after this visit, however, that another event took place, marking both in the outward world of action and in the inner world of feeling, a yet more important epoch in the life of Edith Marsden. A client of Mr. Brandon, a wealthy landholder and a recently

created baronet, having business with him, came some thirty miles out of his road on a homeward journey from London to transact it in person. Sir Henry Charlton was something more than forty years of age, but looked considerably younger. He had the reputation of being an eccentric man, though his eccentricities consisted for the most part in actions which were the natural emanations of a mind loftier and more liberal than those of the generality of his compeers. He had been left a widower when very young, and his affections seemed entirely to have centered on his only child, a daughter, from whom he had never been separated, and whom he had almost entirely educated. Even on the present occasion she was his companion; and when Mr Brandon solicited the honour of Sir Henry's company to dinner, he accepted the invitation conditionally that his daughter should be included. Highly honoured did the Brandons feel, and indeed princes might have been proud of such a guest. Laura Charlton was at that time nearly eighteen, with beauty as perfect as sculptor ever chose for a model, but kindled to life and loveliness by the pure spirit and bright intelligence which shone from within. We will pass over their arrival and introduction to the family. Enough that if Edith's name was mentioned, it did not catch Sir Henry's ear. At dinner she sat nearly opposite to him, and she felt that several times his eyes were fixed intently on her countenance. But it was not with a rude stare he thus observed her, though perhaps her colour rose a little, as she felt conscious that he regarded her with admiration and interest. At last he exclaimed, speaking half to Edith and half to Mrs Brandon: 'My dear madam, pray pardon the rudeness I feel I am guilty of, but this young lady so exactly resembles a most beautiful picture I have just purchased, that it is very difficult to withdraw my eyes from her countenance.'

'The Miranda, papa?' interrupted Laura.

'You perceive it, then?—Is it not a most singular coincidence, more especially as the painting is, I fancy, the pure ideal of the artist? It is my ideal of Miranda

too, and if the fine fellow whose production it is had asked me a thousand instead of a hundred guineas, it should have been mine.'

Mr and Mrs Brandon were astonished, and their astonishment was expressed by silence. They had some dim and distant recollection of having been told such things; but they were not accustomed to hear hundreds and thousands of guineas spoken of thus in connection with the productions of genius. And so Sir Henry was suffered to proceed with very few notes of interrogation or admiration.

'I call him a noble fellow, because, though his genius has now been long recognised, and to my knowledge he has been receiving a large income, he has resolutely persisted in living on less than a fourth of it, paying off with the remainder the debts of his late father. I am told all this from the best authority, and I hear that, in six months more, they will all be discharged. Not that Marsden has the least idea that the thing has got whispered about. But he is a fine fellow—a man of genius, and, better than that, a high-principled, noble-hearted man. Mr Brandon, shall we drink his health?'

From the Brandons' eyes the film at last was removed, and they guessed pretty nearly the truth. Hurriedly they explained that Edith was the artist's sister, but Edith's self was almost dumb from excess of happiness. Yet once again Sir Henry gazed earnestly on her countenance, and this time the eyes of 'The Miranda' met his own; in that glance half the secrets of her heart escaped. Her brain seemed absolutely to reel with the intoxication of joy, and had not Mrs Brandon very fortunately given just then 'the ladies' signal,' poor Edith must either have left the room, or fainted, or burst into tears, or enacted in one manner or another what she very much detested—a scene!

O that blissful evening—nearly, if not quite the very brightest of all the happy days that it was Edith's after-lot to number! Yet it was all comprised in one brief

sentence—her darling brother was at last understood and appreciated. Laura, whose mind had lost none of the freshness of young enthusiasm, and was, like her father, a worshipper of genius, attached herself to Edith ; at first, it might be, for the brother's sake, but soon for her own admirable qualities. That evening certainly passed in a very different manner from any which the Brandons had anticipated, for Robert Marsden was the chief subject of conversation. Yes, his portrait was sent for and recognised, and praised, and some of his early sketches which Edith possessed were examined, and many before unnoticed marks of excellence were there discovered ; and extracts from his letters were read, and a short note was begged by Laura to place among her collection of autographs ; and at last there was a little whispering between Sir Henry and his daughter, and an invitation for Edith to spend a month at Charlton Priory, to meet Robert Marsden, who would be there at the appointed time on a professional tour. O what a letter the next day's post brought Robert Marsden !

Only two short weeks had Edith to make her preparations for this happy visit, and how busy and happy she was all the time ! Happy, because the dreamy indefinite expectation of pleasure, generally, though not always, equals or surpasses the reality ; and busy, because a gay visit of a month is a very important affair to a young lady, the more especially if she be only used to the routine of a quiet family circle. As if to crown her happiness, it was arranged that Robert should accompany his sister instead of only meeting her at the priory ; and for this purpose the stage-coach again brought him to N—. But they did not proceed thus—O no—for Sir Henry Charlton insisted on sending his carriage for the greater convenience of Edith.

It might have seemed strange to a casual observer how speedily Edith became perfectly familiar and at home with her new friends—one would have thought they had been intimate all their lives ; indeed, Sir Henry Charlton said once, that he believed they must have been acquainted

in some former state of existence. Notwithstanding the difference of their age, Edith had at first looked up to Laura a *little*; but almost insensibly the position was reversed, for if Laura had had greater opportunities of studying and instruction, she had leaned more on the opinions of others, and had had less time for reflection—and reflection is the digestion of acquirement. But they were a sweet pair of friends, their very dissimilarities contrasting like the different hues of two beautiful flowers. And they found they had read the same books, and the passages Edith had intuitively marked as the most exquisite, were the very ones Sir Henry had pointed out to his daughter; and many opinions which the Brandons had thought strange, were now understood and approved of. O how happy they were! and it would be hard to say which felt the prouder of the other, the brother or the sister. The visit of a month was extended to nearly two; but then it was absolutely imperative that Robert Marsden should return to London. And Edith accompanied him thither, for henceforth they were to have but one home. Perhaps, however, Edith's heart had never yearned more kindly towards the Brandons than now that she was about to leave them. She remembered many little acts of kindness, and fancied that she before had scarcely appreciated them; and she had discernment enough to feel that her discomforts had proceeded from uncongeniality rather than unkindness. On their road to the metropolis, they spent a day at Mr Brandon's, and it was the happiest they had ever passed within those walls. Leonard Brandon was there too, and the dullest of the party, though from his dulness, as was afterwards proved, a very wise resolution sprung; but the particulars of his *tête-à-tête* with Robert are scarcely worth relating.

Early the next spring, Sir Henry Charlton and his daughter visited London, and of course renewed their intimacy with their young friends. But it is rather a pity that many of the details which followed must be comprised under the vague phrase, *on dit*.

They say, then, that Sir Henry Charlton invited the artist and his sister again to visit him in the autumn, which visit was by them delayed and postponed, and did not at all take place. *They say* that, by a strange coincidence, in the course of the next winter, Laura at Charlton Priory, and Edith in London, both refused two or three offers, considered very suitable to their respective stations. *They say* that Sir Henry Charlton had been deemed for some months more eccentric than ever; and that he had been observed latterly to regard his daughter, certainly as fondly and affectionately as before, but more watchfully. *They say* that Robert Marsden, who had painted Laura Charlton in half-a-dozen styles, on being solicited by Sir Henry to make a copy of her portrait, delayed it so long with excuses and apologies for his negligence, that the impatient baronet came unexpectedly to town to ascertain the cause of his disappointment. *They say* that he surprised Robert at his task, with no less than five copies of Laura around, not one of which, it appeared, had given the artist satisfaction. *They say* that this chance interview decided the destinies of four persons; that it extended to more than an hour, and that both parties were in a state of great mental excitement; that something was mentioned about an exchange being fair, and 'the Miranda' was alluded to, but *they say* it was not a picture Sir Henry meant. *They say*, too, that when Robert Marsden was leaving the painting-room with his unexpected guest, the latter urged him to remain, saying: 'Let me seek her.' And *they say* that two marriages, which will astonish 'the world,' are on the tapis, and only awaiting the completion of certain legal settlements. And, as a less important *on dit*—the successful in life being reapers who let fall certain stray ears for the gleaners who are near them to pick up—*they say* Leonard Brandon is coming to London to be a sort of hanger-on of Robert Marsden. How much of all *they say* may be true, we cannot determine.

THE RIVAL BUBBLES.

[The danger of unduly exciting sentiments of emulation in children—as, for instance, causing them to struggle to outmatch their fellows at school, and the evil consequences engendered by it between friends and companions—is finely illustrated in the following poetic fable by the author of *Fireside Education* :—]

Two bubbles on a mountain stream
Began their race one shining morn,
And, lighted by the ruddy beam,
Went dancing down 'mid shrub and thorn.

The stream was narrow, wild, and lone,
But gaily dashed o'er mound and rock,
And brighter still the bubbles shone,
As if they loved the whirling shock.

Each leaf, and flower, and sunny ray,
Was pictured on them as they flew,
And o'er their bosoms seemed to play
In lovelier forms and colours new.

Thus on they went, and side by side
They kept in sad and sunny weather,
And rough or smooth the flowing tide,
They brightest shone when close together.

Nor did they deem that they could sever,
That clouds could rise or morning wane ;
They loved, and thought that love for ever
Would bind them in its gentle chain.

But soon the mountain slope was o'er,
And 'mid new scenes the waters flowed,
And the two bubbles now no more
With their first morning beauty glowed.

They parted, and the sunny ray
That from each other's love they borrowed,
That made their dancing bosoms gay,
While other bubbles round them sorrowed ;

That ray was dimmed, and on the wind
A shadow came, as if from heaven ;
Yet on they flew, and sought to find
From strife the bliss that love had given.

They parted, yet in sight they kept,
And rivals now the friends became,
And if perchance the eddies swept
Them close, they flashed with flame ;

And fiercer forward seemed to bound
With the swift ripples toward the main ;
And all the lesser bubbles round
Each sought to gather in its train.

They strove, and in that eager strife
Their morning friendship was forgot,
And all the joys that sweeten life,
The rival bubbles knew them not.

The leaves, the flowers, the grassy shore,
Were all neglected in the chase,
And on their bosoms now no more
These forms of beauty found a place.

But all was dim and drear within,
And envy dwelt where love was known,
And images of fear and sin
Were traced where truth and pleasure shone.

The clouds grew dark, the tide swelled high,
And gloom was o'er the waters flung,
But, riding on the billows, nigh
Each other now the bubbles stung ;

Closer and closer still they rushed
In anger o'er the rolling river ;
Then met, and, 'mid the waters crushed,
The rival bubbles burst for ever !

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THERE are many people living in the world, with strictly honest intentions, and who yet, by a mistaken calculation of the degree in which it is permitted to consult their own interest in preference to the interest of others, allow themselves to persevere in the practice of a certain species of selfish injustice, so pernicious in its effects, that the injury they inflict upon society, and, consequently, the crime they commit, is twenty times greater than a vast proportion of the offences which conduct the unhappy perpetrators thereof to the gallows. Perhaps some of our readers may think we are too energetic in our denouncement, when they learn that the criminals we point at, are neither more nor less than *disatory bill-payers*—people who, for the sake of avoiding a small proportion of inconvenience to themselves—a slight sacrifice on the interest of their money—a little self-denial, in short, in some shape or another—do not hesitate to inflict on their unhappy victims an amount of misery, from the idea of which they would recoil with horror did they pause to estimate its enormity. And it is a terrible aggravation of this offence, that the sufferers from it are usually amongst the most hard-working, the most industrious, the most struggling members of the community; in a word, they are precisely those who are most anxious to do well, and who have the greatest difficulties to contend with in effecting their object. But as an ounce of example is sometimes better than a pound of precept, we will proceed to our story.

The night was dark, the weather was very cold, the snow lay three feet deep upon the ground, and was still falling, whilst the wind that came in cutting blasts, dashed and rattled against the windows of the room where sat Mr and Mrs Wingate. But the picture presented by the interior offered a very agreeable contrast to the scene outside. The fire blazed brightly, the hearth was clean

swept, the kettle sang upon the hob, the room was well carpeted and comfortably furnished, the red moreen curtains reflected a warm glow on every object, not excepting the countenances of Mr and Mrs Wingate themselves, who, deposited in well-stuffed easy-chairs, sat on each side of the fire. Mr Wingate had been indulging in a little doze, whilst his wife, by the fitful blaze, had been knitting him a warm lamb's-wool comforter; a fat spaniel and a large black cat lay cozily asleep upon the rug; and Betty brought in the tea-things.

'Bring up the brown loaf, Betty,' said Mr Wingate, rising to take a turn or two about the room and shake off his drowsiness; whilst his wife unlocked her caddy, and prepared to make the tea.

'The baker hasn't sent it, sir,' said Betty.

'What's the reason of that?' inquired Mr Wingate, turning sharply round; 'wasn't it ordered?'

'Yes it was, sir,' said Betty; 'but I suppose, as the night is so bad, and it's a good way to bring it, they've left it till the morning.'

'That's very neglectful,' observed Mr Wingate; 'they might have known very well that it would be wanted for tea. I shall leave Duncan and go to somebody else for my bread, if he is not more attentive. What's this!' added he, taking up a folded paper that Betty had introduced upon the tea-board.

'That's Duncan's bill, I believe, sir,' replied Betty; 'his man left it when he was here this morning.'

'Oh!' said Mr Wingate, throwing it over to his wife without opening it: 'he's in a greater hurry with his bill than he is with our loaf—he might have waited till the year was up, I think. How much is it, Margaret?'

'Gracious me! it's twenty-five pounds, I declare!' exclaimed Mrs Wingate, as she looked at the sum-total that closed an account of several pages; 'I had no idea we owed him so much.'

'Twenty-five pounds!' re-echoed Mr Wingate, stretching out his hand for the paper. 'Surely there must be some mistake.'

'We shall see by the book,' answered Mrs Wingate; 'everything we get is regularly set down; but I certainly did not expect it would be so much.' And here we must take leave to remark, that disagreeable surprises of this nature are the inevitable lot of all who run long accounts; so that the little pecuniary advantage they may have reckoned upon by delaying their payments, is materially counterbalanced by the irritation consequent on these unpleasant discoveries, and also by the prejudicial effects of their miscalculation, which causes them to overrate their resources, and beguiles them to spend when they should spare.

'How long have we been dealing with Duncan?' inquired Mr Wingate, feeling for his spectacles.

'About a year and a half—ever since he came into that shop,' answered his wife.

'Amount of account rendered December—amount of account rendered June—how was it his bill wasn't paid last Christmas?' asked Mr Wingate, sharply; for we must here take leave to slip in another little observation, which is, that when these long accounts unfold their ungainly proportions to our view, we inevitably feel vexed and angry, not only with the tradesman but with ourselves—or more commonly, indeed, with our wife—both because that is more convenient and agreeable, and because these housekeeping accounts generally belong to her department.

'Why,' answered Mrs Wingate, 'you know we barely owed him half a year last Christmas, and I did not see any necessity for settling it till June; and then when I asked you for money, if you recollect, you said that the purchase of the railway shares had taken all you had, and that you couldn't pay anybody till Christmas.'

'This must be settled at the New Year,' said Mr Wingate—'that is, if you find it's correct. I can hardly believe our bread-bill for eighteen months can come to so much, though. Do we owe anybody else more than a year!'

'I believe not,' replied the lady; 'I think everything

was settled up to last January—that is, the housekeeping accounts—the repairs, and the painting, and all that sort of thing, you know best about yourself.’

‘Oh, it’s time enough for that,’ replied Mr Wingate; ‘those sort of people don’t expect to be paid under two years; but the housekeeping bills, certainly, should not run beyond twelve months. What’s that?—another bill?’ continued he, as Betty, on being summoned to take away the tea-things, laid a second paper on the table.

‘It’s Dimond the green-grocer’s bill, sir,’ said Betty; ‘I found it at the bottom of the basket.’

‘Humph! fifteen pounds for vegetables and fruit in one year,’ said the gentleman; ‘that’s a great deal, Mrs Wingate.’

‘It does seem a great deal, to be sure,’ replied the wife; ‘and yet we never have anything the least out of the way: one can’t do without vegetables, or without a little fruit when it’s in season, you know.’

‘Certainly not; there’s no necessity for doing without them, thank God!’ answered Mr Wingate, who, however disagreeably affected by the sight of the bills, had no idea of denying himself the good things of this world; ‘only, you should be particular about these people’s accounts, and take care that they don’t overcharge us, or run up their bills by putting down things we have never had. There seems to be an amazing quantity of strawberries here in this bill of Dimond’s!’

‘I believe we had a good many strawberries when the children were at home for the holidays,’ replied the lady.

‘Well, all these things must be paid as soon as we can spare the money,’ said Mr Wingate, throwing them over to his wife, and taking up his book.

‘By the by, Mrs Gibson, the milkwoman, sent in her account yesterday; she says she has a bill to make up, and would be very much obliged if we could settle it.’

‘I can’t pay anybody till after Christmas,’ said Mr Wingate, dryly; ‘they needn’t be in such a hurry; they know very well they are sure of their money. I’m not sure that I may not be called upon to pay up another

instalment upon my bank shares. I heard something of it the other day.'

'Why, isn't the bank doing well?' inquired Mrs Wingate.

'Oh! capitally,' replied her husband; 'but, you know, everything must have a beginning, and there are always difficulties at first; but I expect those shares will pay me ten per cent. at least.'

'Well, I am glad of it, Wingate,' replied the lady; 'for, if that and the railway both turn out well, I hope we may be able to keep a little four-wheeled carriage and a pony—it would contribute very much to my comfort.'

'Perhaps we may,' answered Mr Wingate, nodding his head complacently; 'especially if I can get a few more of those railway shares. I heard there were some likely to come into the market.'

'Indeed!' answered the wife; 'I thought they had all been bought up.'

'So they were,' replied he; 'but Duncan's wife had ten shares—her father left them to her when he died—and I hear they are likely to be sold, at least I had a hint of it; and I have employed a person that knows Duncan to find out if it is so, that I may get the first chance.'

'I should hardly think he'd part with them, when they are likely to pay so well,' observed Mrs Wingate.

'I fancy the new shop hasn't answered so well as he expected,' replied her husband; 'they say he was doing better in the old one.'

It was quite true—he was doing better in the old one—but why? We shall see.

Duncan's former shop had been in an unfavourable situation—a poor neighbourhood; nevertheless, he had a steady little business, and regular though small profits. But having married a young woman who had a little matter of money, he thought it would be for their mutual interest to lay it out in fitting up a shop in a better situation, amongst more affluent people. The spot he fixed upon was just on the outskirts of the town, where there was a line of villas stretching for a mile or two into the

country ; and as there was no baker nearer than himself, he naturally looked to getting a tolerable share of business. And so he did, for he made good bread, and his proximity was a convenience ; so that their fortunes wore a flourishing aspect, and they congratulated themselves on the success of their experiment. But it was unfortunately the custom amongst a vast proportion of these worthy people to pay their bills but once a year ; whilst Mr Duncan, and his wife, and little child, wanted to eat every day, Mr Duncan's journeyman wanted to be paid every week, Mr Duncan's rent became due twice a year, and Mr Duncan's corn-merchant and other purveyors sent in their bills at the end of every six months. These opposite arrangements did not tally at all. Mr Duncan had plenty of business, and as his customers were mostly respectable and careful people, he reckoned upon few bad debts ; but then, in the meantime, he had no money to go to market with, nor to pay his way, and, consequently, he was obliged to take long credits, and bought everything at a disadvantage. Thus, he was always in difficulties—always struggling, always put to his shifts how to get on, and his mind was never at ease ; whilst to his infinite annoyance, he was often obliged to inflict on his own trades-people the same inconvenience that his customers inflicted upon him.

It was early in December, on the night that we have introduced our readers to Mr and Mrs Wingate, that Mr Duncan sat on one side of a little table in his back-parlour, making up his bills, whilst his wife was employed with her needle on the other.

'Bless me !' cried he, 'there was a brown loaf ordered for Mr Wingate to-night ; I fear it has not been sent.'

'No,' replied his wife, 'I had nobody to send with it ; George did not come back from his rounds till it was too late ; so, as they could not get it for tea, I thought it would be better to send a new one to-morrow morning.'

'I am afraid George will never do for us,' replied Duncan ; 'he's terribly slow.'

'He's worse than that,' responded the wife ; 'he's idle and careless.'

'Ah !' said Mr Duncan, with a sigh ; 'we shall never get such another as William—he was such an excellent steady lad.'

'So he was,' said Mrs Duncan ; 'we have never had one to suit us since. It was very provoking that he should have left us.'

'I can't blame him,' answered Duncan. 'You know he had his mother to keep out of his wages, and how could he do that if he did not receive them regularly ?'

'Very true,' answered Mrs Duncan in a desponding tone ; 'we shall never be able to keep a steady man if we can't pay him regularly ; and then we lose our customers through the carelessness of the journeymen. There was Mr Donaldson left us because he did not get the rolls time enough for dinner the day he had company, and Mrs Wilson because she saw that last boy we had playing tricks in the street, whilst he set down his tray in the rain, and let the bread get wet.'

'It's very true,' answered Duncan ; 'but the thing that weighs most upon my mind at present is this forty pounds of Thomson's. How I am to get it together I'm sure I don't know ; and I am very well aware that he can't afford to wait any longer for it. He has given me all the indulgence he can ; but now he has a bill coming due, and I must pay him, if I sell my railway shares to do it.'

'If Mr Wingate would pay his bill, there would be five-and-twenty pounds towards it,' observed Mrs Duncan. 'Surely, I should think he would, now that it has run eighteen months.'

'He'll pay it at the New Year, or soon after, I daresay,' replied Duncan ; 'but the thing is, will he pay it now ? If I press for it, perhaps he'll take offence, and we shall lose his custom altogether.'

'And I'm sure we might almost as well lose it,' said Mrs Duncan ; 'for people's custom does very little good when they take such long credits.'

'That's very true,' replied the husband ; 'but one don't

know what to do—in offending one, we offend others ; few people will take the trouble to consider the distress they put us to whilst we are waiting for their money, and they fancy, if we press for it, that we are distrustful or insolent.’

Not far from where this conversation was held, in a little lodging below the street, over which was inscribed, ‘Milk and Cream sold here,’ sat, on the same evening, Mrs Gibson and her lame son, a poor lad that from his birth had been a cripple. A very little bit of fire burned upon the hearth, a single rush-light that stood upon the table just redeemed the room from darkness, and a couple of red herrings, a loaf of bread, and a little butter-milk, were spread for the evening repast. The lad drew to the table and began to eat, but Mrs Gibson sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, in an attitude of deep thought, and with a countenance on which care and anxiety were legibly imprinted.

‘Come, mother,’ said David, ‘you had better try and eat something ; sitting there grieving won’t do any good—care killed the cat, you know.’

‘How little people that are well off, think of the difficulties that we poor folks have to struggle with !’ said Mrs Gibson, without attending to her son’s invitation. ‘Surely, if they knew the distress they put us to, they’d never do it, just for the sake of keeping their money in their pockets a little longer.’

‘But don’t the rich people get interest for their money, mother ?’ inquired David.

‘I suppose they do, and that is partly the reason of their not liking to pay it away,’ replied Mrs Gibson ; ‘but then they should consider that they take their interest out of our pockets. It don’t signify, I daresay, to some of the rich trades-people ; they can afford to stay out of their money, because they can get credit themselves ; and besides, when they know they are not to be paid for a good while, they charge accordingly. But I can’t do that ; I can only charge a penny a pint for my milk, whether I’m paid for it to-morrow or next year ; and in

the meanwhile, how am I to keep a house over my head, or buy fodder for my cows, or live at all? People won't give much trust to a poor woman like me.'

'But you'll get your money from them at Christmas, mother,' said David, 'or soon after; and that isn't long now, you know.'

'Ah, my dear,' replied Mrs Gibson, 'it will be too long for me. I must get some before Christmas.'

'What for?—is it for the rent?' asked David.

'No,' answered the mother, 'it's not for the rent.'

'What is it for, then?' inquired David.

'I don't know whether to tell you or not, dear,' said Mrs Gibson. 'But you're a good boy, David, and I think I will, for it will be a relief to my mind. Well, you know, a little while ago, when Colley the black cow died, I was obliged to look out for another; and as it was just before the cattle-fair at F——, I'd a mind to go there and get one, but I could not scrape money enough together for the purchase. Unluckily, just a day or two before the fair, as I happened to be writing to your brother John, I mentioned this, and said what a loss it would be to me, and that it was very hard, as, if I had all the money that was owing to me, I could have bought the best cow in the market—or something like that. Well, to my surprise, there comes by return of post a letter from John, with a ten-pound note in it, saying that a friend had lent it him, but that I must be sure to pay it again before Christmas. I wish to my heart I had not taken it; but I thought, to be sure, I should be able to return it in time.'

'Well, I'm sure, mother, you'll be able to get ten pounds from your customers by Christmas,' said David; 'many of them owe you six months, and some a whole year.'

'Ay, David, but the thing is, that I want it now. Yesterday there came a letter from John, to say that I must send him the money before the fifteenth. "Be sure you do, mother," he says, "even if you are obliged to sell the cow again to get it." Well, I made up the accounts

of some of those I thought most able to pay me, and took them in ; but to-day there comes another letter from John, begging me to make all the haste I can about the money, and he says in it : " I did a very wrong thing, mother, for the sake of sending you that ten pounds—a thing that I am very sorry for now, and that I had rather cut my hand off than do again, if I can only get over it this time ; but oh, mother, send me the money ! "

" What can he mean ? " said David with a look of alarm.

" I'm afraid he has done something he should not do," said Mrs Gibson. " I'm afraid the money was not lent him, as he said, but that he got it some other way—perhaps it was his master's—Heaven knows ! "

" Oh, mother ! " exclaimed David, " you don't think John would take what wasn't his own ? "

" There never was a better lad than John, dear," said Mrs Gibson ; " but young people sometimes do things in a hurry, without stopping to think of the consequences of their actions ; and, you know, he was always thoughtless ; and then he's very soft-hearted and overgood-natured, and I'm afraid I complained a good deal of the hardship of being kept out of my money. I hope I may be wrong, but I'm afraid John is in some trouble."

" We must sell one of the cows, mother," said David, with a good deal of agitation in his manner ; " you'll sell her to-morrow, won't you ? "

" If I can't get my money, I'll sell her," replied Mrs Gibson ; " but you see what a loss it will be. We shall then have but one left to keep us through the winter ; besides, I know nobody that wants a cow just now, and perhaps I may not be able to sell her—at least not for so much as ten pounds. However, I have taken in the bills, and left word that I should be very much obliged for the money ; and to-morrow we shall see."

This story seemed to have spoiled poor David's appetite for his bread and his red herring. He was a lad of great sensibility, weak health, and nervous temperament, and, withal, exceedingly fond of his brother. The idea of the disgrace and perhaps danger that might await John

if the money was not quickly sent, seized on his imagination ; he could not sleep all night for thinking of it, and lay tossing on his humble couch, impatient for the daylight that would enable his mother to set about some means of collecting the necessary sum.

'You'll make yourself ill, David dear,' said his mother ; 'wait patiently till I come back, and I hope I may bring you some good news ;' and Mrs Gibson set off to learn what hopes there were from her customers. But when she inquired of the several servants if they had handed her little account to their employers, the general answer was : 'Mistress says, you'll be paid at the usual time,' or 'Mistress laid it by, and didn't say anything ;' whilst Dimond the green-grocer, and Duncan the baker, and the trades-people in general, answered : 'We can't get in our own accounts, but as soon as we do, you shall be paid.'

'Then we must sell the cow, mother,' said David, whose pale cheeks looked flushed with anxiety. 'Who do you think will buy her ?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' answered Mrs Gibson ; 'but I'll see about it to-morrow. But you are not eating any dinner, David.'

'I can't eat, mother, till John has the money,' replied David.

But it was easier to talk of selling the cow than to do it ; nobody that Mrs Gibson could hear of wanted one—at least nobody that had the money in their hands ready to pay down ; and there was no cattle-fair or market at the moment, where she might have been disposed of ; and two days elapsed without producing any relief to the anxiety of the mother and son, whilst another pressing letter arrived from John, entreating that the money might be sent without delay. This was too much for poor David ; by the third night, he was in a high fever, and obliged to take to his bed. Here was an aggravation of misery ! His mother could not leave him, for she had nobody to take her place by his bedside ; she engaged a girl to carry out her milk, but she could

no longer make any exertions to procure the money, and David's consciousness of this circumstance cruelly aggravated his sufferings. By the evening of the fourth day, his mind began to wander, and he was so ill, that Mrs Gibson, not satisfied with the advice of the young student that she had first applied to, determined to request the attendance of a physician, and her neighbours recommended her to go to Dr A——. 'He is an excellent man,' said they, 'and always willing to assist the poor.'

'There's a great deal of fever, indeed,' said Dr A——, when he saw the lad; 'but there are no particular symptoms at present by which I can judge what it is to terminate in. Has he been where there's any infection, that you know of?'

'No, sir,' replied Mrs Gibson; 'I don't think it's anything of that sort—being quite a cripple, poor boy, he went little about. No, sir; I believe it's something else.'

'What else do you mean?' asked Dr A——.

'I fancy, sir, it's some anxiety about his brother and a little matter of money'——

'Have you got the money for John, mother?' said David, suddenly opening his eyes, and recalled to consciousness by the words that had struck upon his ear.

'Keep yourself quiet, dear, and I shall get it—never fear,' said Mrs Gibson. 'Yes, sir, it's entirely that, I'm certain, that is the matter with him. He was always a delicate boy, but he was as well as usual till this distress came upon him.'

'I'll see him again to-morrow,' said the doctor, when he had written his prescription; 'and in the meantime, you must soothe him as much as you can. Keep his mind easy.'

But that was not to be done: when David was delirious, he raved about his brother and the money; and in his more lucid intervals, he inquired without ceasing if his mother had got it, and begged her to shew it him.

'I believe, sir, if I could just shew him a ten-pound

note, so as to make him believe I have sold the cow, it would do him more good than all the physic in the world,' said Mrs Gibson on the following day to the doctor. 'I'll try and borrow one of somebody for a minute or two.'

'I haven't time about me, or we might try the experiment immediately,' answered Dr A——, whose interest and curiosity were awakened by this fraternal anxiety; 'but what is the cause of his brother's distress?'

'It was his desire to assist me, sir,' replied Mrs Gibson; and then she related the circumstances of the case, taking care, however, not to hint what she suspected—namely, that John had not come rightly by the money; but the doctor's sagacity supplied what she withheld.

.. 'And is it from losses in your business that these embarrassments have fallen upon you?' asked he.

'O no, sir—not from losses,' answered Mrs Gibson; 'I shall get all my money by and by, for they are very respectable people that owe it me. But those that are well off don't think what inconvenience they put us poor people to by keeping us out of our money so long: they forget that we have our daily little expenses to provide for, and our rent, and the fodder for our cows; and that accidents happen that we can't reckon upon; and that, if we can't go to market with the money in our hands, we buy everything at a disadvantage. And then, sir, the trades-people, that know all this, and would pay us if they could, can't do it, because they are kept so long out of their own money.'

'This is all very bad,' said Dr A——, 'and must doubtless be the occasion of many bankruptcies amongst the class of small trades-people who have little or no capital, but depend upon the profits of their daily sales.'

'The profits are all eaten up, sir, by the long credits; and if we get a bare living, it's all we can do. As for laying by anything for a rainy day, it's out of our power. We are always struggling, always behind, and living from hand to mouth.'

‘With respect to your present distress, however,’ said the doctor, ‘if any one were to advance you the ten pounds, when could you repay it?’

‘About Christmas, sir, or soon after,’ answered Mrs Gibson; ‘it should be the very first debt I would discharge.’

Dr A——, good man, advanced the money, and John was saved; but poor David had received his death-blow. His weak constitution and shattered nerves could not recover the shock, and he died in his mother’s arms—comforted, however, by knowing that the money had reached his brother in time to prevent the calamity that had been apprehended. The neighbours said that the poor cripple’s death was a release, and that his mother would have a mouth less to feed; but, alas! for many a long day her own solitary meal was watered with salt tears, and many a long evening she sat by her bit of fire, gazing on poor David’s empty chair, picturing his kind, pale, loving face, and conjuring up sad memories of days gone by—never, never to return!

Mr Wingate kept his pony-chaise, and continued to pay all his bills punctually at Christmas, or soon after, and he thought himself a very good customer to his trades-people; but Mr Duncan was obliged to sacrifice his railway shares, which would ultimately have brought him 10 per cent., in order to pay his friend Thomson the L.40 he had lent him. Mr Dimond, the green-grocer, was not long after obliged to give up his business, for he had no capital, and he found it impossible to provide himself with his merchandise in the markets, when he had scarcely ever any money to take there. Poor David was dead, and his mother’s hearth was lonely—and these are but a few instances of the ramifications of evil, which spread in all directions amongst the industrious classes, from the selfish, unchristianlike, and pernicious practice of *dilatory bill-paying*.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

ST VALENTINE'S DAY is the 14th of February. It is now almost everywhere, we suspect, a degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to *quiz*, and this confined very much to the humbler classes. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the printsellers' shop-windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post-paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous coloured caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind ; such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing an initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good ; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the London postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general. Such is nearly the whole extent of the observances now peculiar to St Valentine's Day.

At no remote period it was very different. Ridiculous letters were unknown ; and, if letters of any kind were sent, they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from some young man to some young maiden, honeyed with a few compliments to her various perfections, and expressive of a hope that his love might meet with return. But the true proper ceremony of St Valentine's Day was the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not much unlike what is generally called the game of forfeits. Misson, a learned traveller

of the early part of the last century, gives apparently a correct account of the principal ceremonial of the day. 'On the eve of St Valentine's Day,' he says, 'the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes her or his true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which are rolled up, and drawn by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his *valentine*, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love.'

A more recent writer states how the ceremony was conducted, not many years ago, in a rural situation in the south of Scotland. This person, with a friend, had wandered from his road on the evening of the 14th February, and at last was obliged to apply for the hospitality of the inhabitant of a modest mansion which chance threw in his way. 'The good man heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside a blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighbouring village to celebrate St Valentine's Eve. Our entrance had damped the pleasantries, and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us: it was our business to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed. Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing on small slips of paper the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village. Each lad had dictated the name of her he loved. These precious slips of paper were now put into a bag, and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket, with hope

that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweetheart. This was repeated three times, the third time was the conclusion of this part of the sport. Some drew beloved names the third time with rapturous joy; others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies of the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied, derided sufferings. After the lasses, the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same manner, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a suretyship of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of the amusement, for the valentines were to be "relieved." The relieving of the valentine was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the girl whose name he drew, and at the same time deliver to her the slip of paper; the mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn, and not present, were to be relieved with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard.*

In that curious record of domestic life in England in the reign of Charles II., *Pepys's Diary*, we find some notable illustrations of this old custom of relieving valentines. It appears that married and single were then alike liable to be chosen as a valentine, and that a present was regularly given to the choosing party. Mr Pepys enters in his Diary, that on Valentine's Day, 1667: 'This morning came up to my wife's bedside—I being up dressing myself—little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me L.5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.' Two days after, he adds: 'I find that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I

* Hone's *Year-Book*, p. 200.

must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was "Most courteous and most fair," which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty.' Noticing soon afterwards the jewels of the celebrated Miss Stuart, who became Duchess of Richmond, he says: 'The Duke of York being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about L.800; and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about L.300.' These presents were undoubtedly given in order to *relieve* the obligation under which the being drawn as valentines had placed the donors. In February 1668, Pepys notes as follows:—'This evening my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.' The reader will understand wretch to be used as a term of endearment.

Notwithstanding the practice of *relieving*, there seems to have been a disposition to believe that the person drawn as a valentine had some considerable likelihood of becoming the associate of the party in wedlock. At least, we may suppose that this idea would be gladly and easily arrived at, where the party so drawn was at all eligible from other considerations. There was, it appears, a prevalent notion amongst the common people, that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. They seem to have imagined that an influence was inherent in the day, which rendered in some degree binding the lot or chance by which any youth or maid was now led to fix the attention on a person of the opposite sex. It was supposed, for instance, that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on

St Valentine's morning in walking abroad, was a destined wife or a destined husband. Thus Gay makes a rural dame remark—

'Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away :
Afield I went, amid the morning-dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do).
Thence first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be.'

A forward miss in the *Connoisseur*, a series of essays published in 1754-6, thus adverts to other notions with respect to the day :—'Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle ; and then, if I dreamed of my sweet-heart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt ; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water ; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it ?—Mr Blossom was my man. I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house ; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.'

St Valentine's Day is alluded to by Shakspeare and by Chaucer, and also by the poet Lydgate—who died in 1440—who thus writes :—

'Seynte Valentine. Of custome yeeve by yeeve
Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affeccioun ;
Such as ben move with Cupides mocoun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle :
But I love oon whiche excellith all.'

One of the earliest known writers of valentines, or poetical amorous addresses for this day, was Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt.

Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's time; full of great but almost unknown beauties, wrote thus charmingly :—

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
This day's St Valentine's;
For that good bishop's sake,
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.

But lo ! in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tower
Gilt by the glittering rise;
O Jove ! that in a shower,
As once that thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise !

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That it the gods might awe,
And powerfully transpierce
The globy universe,
Outshooting every light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek;
And in her ear I'll say :
'O thou bright morning-star,
'Tis I that come so far,
My valentine to seek !

'Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide :
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

'Let's laugh at them that choose
Their valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got.

Such poor choice we refuse,
 St Valentine, befriend;
 We thus this morn may spend,
 Else, Muse, awake her not.'

Donne, another poet of the same age, remarkable for rich though scattered beauties, writes an epithalamium on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine—the marriage which gave the present royal family to the throne—and which took place on St Valentine's Day, 1614. The opening is fine—

'Hail, Bishop Valentine ! whose day this is ;
 All the air is thy diocese,
 And all the chirping choristers
 And other birds are thy parishioners :
 Thou marriest every year
 The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove ;
 The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
 The household bird with the red stomacher ;
 Thou mak'st the black-bird speed as soon
 As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
 This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
 This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine !'

The origin of these peculiar observances of St Valentine's Day is a subject of some obscurity. The saint himself, who was a priest of Rome, martyred in the third century, seems to have had nothing to do with the matter, beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. Mr Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, says : 'It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februatā, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who, by every possible means, endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women ; and as the festival of the Lupercali-

had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the *Lives of the Saints*, the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed—a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose, that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN:

AN IRISH STORY.

It was about the close of the year 18—, when, in consequence of the apparent tranquillity which prevailed in Europe, the allied sovereigns had determined upon recalling the Army of Occupation from France, although the time stipulated for its remaining in that country had not yet expired. Many of our soldiers were returning to the respective places of their birth—some to spend among their friends the short period afforded by leave of absence, and others, who had obtained discharges, to pass the remainder of their days in peace. Anticipated joy cheered their homeward way; but, alas! in many instances, they were doomed to bitter disappointment: numbers returned only to find the grave closed over their dearest kindred—a parent, a wife, or a child. More than one veteran had passed scathless through the battle-field, to stand a

stranger in the place of his nativity. All that he had once loved had ceased to live, and the only desire which remained to him was to be with them and at rest. Others, however, were less unfortunate; and many joyous greetings took place of husbands long parted from their wives, and of fathers, for the first time, perhaps, permitted to embrace their children, or to behold a grown-up lad or blooming girl where he had left but a baby at its mother's breast.

It was about the period of these events, when, on the afternoon of a fine autumnal day, two Irishmen of the lower order were in the act of separating for their homes. Just at the moment their attention was attracted by a stranger who was approaching; his air and appearance were at that period most likely to excite observation—his dress plain, but evidently new; a small bundle, suspended from a stick, hung over one shoulder; while his bold upright carriage and manly step indicated the practised soldier: a good judge would have pronounced him about thirty years of age.

'There,' said one of the persons above alluded to, 'goes a fine clever fellow, Paddy. I'll engage it's returnin' from the wars he is, now that Bony's down. The sodgers 'll be gettin' lave to see their friends, you know, and it's well for them as has such smart chaps as that to boast of.'

'He's a nice clane boy indeed, Mikey,' replied the other, 'and looks as if he hadn't been abroad for nothing; though it's not much, I'm thinkin', a sodger can save.'

'That's the truth, Paddy; but, poor or rich, he'll be a welcome sight to them he's goin' to. It's not many the likes of him the bullets spared. Many a fine fellow lies cowl'd and stiff beyant the wather there: but he's just goin' your road, so he'll be company for you, and tell you all the news beside.'

The subject of these remarks had just left the high-road where the friends were conversing, and now continued his course in the same direction which Paddy was about

to take ; the suggestion of his companion was not lost on this person, the natural curiosity of whose disposition was also roused.

'Troth,' he rejoined, 'I believe I'll take your hint ; it's a long road, you know—so, good-night.'

Here the two parted ; but to the latter we are now to request the reader's attention. Having overtaken the stranger, he accosted him with the usual salutation, and observed, that if he wished to hear of a resting-place for the night, he would be glad to serve him.

The stranger, though apparently little inclined for conversation, replied that he had a few relations alive, but wished to reach the house of a comrade's mother, which, as he had been informed, was in this neighbourhood, and where he had no doubt of obtaining lodgings.

'What's the name of the place ?' asked the other ; 'maybe I could put you in a short road.'

'—,' returned the soldier ; 'and if I was told right, it can't be very far off now.'

'That's thrue enough,' replied Paddy ; 'but it must be a long time since your friend left these parts, for nobody has lived there for many years back, since Peggy Marks was forced to lave it.'

'That's his mother's name,' rejoined the stranger in a more hurried tone ; 'do you know anything of her ?'

'Sorra much of late,' he replied ; 'but I was thinkin' it must be the same, for a son of hers, by a first marriage, listed ten years ago ; a fine fellow he was, too ; but we heard tell he was kilt in the wars.'

'No such thing,' said the soldier ; 'he's alive and well, and will soon get leave to come down and see his friends.'

'Why, then, it's myself that's glad to hear that same,' remarked Paddy. 'I only hope thim that are his flesh and blood may say as much.'

'Do you doubt it ?' interrupted the other earnestly.

'There's no answerin' for thim that's hardened in sin,' he replied ; 'it wasn't long after her first husband died

that Peg tuck to drink : she married a pedler fellow that used to be rovin' about the country, gettin' a livin' nobody knew how ; for though he carried a pack, sorra mortal ever saw him sell anything. Poor Bill was quite a child then, and, you may be sure, hadn't an aisy life of it ; he got the worst of usage—scouldin's and beatin's. But all didn't change his forgivin' heart ; and when he grew up, he laboured hard for thim that never thanked him or said well he did. If it wasn't for him, I don't know what they'd have done, for you may be sure it wasn't much the pedler worked. But such a state of things couldn't last ; they druv the poor boy out in the end, on the wide world, to seek a shelter where he might. He came to me then, for a reason he had. He used to be lookin' at a little girl, you see, that was stoppin' with me at the time—a wife's sister's daughter. There was a recruitin'-party in the country at the time, and, to make a long story short, he listed. It's myself that'll never forget the day he was marched away, with the red, and blue, and white ribbons in his hat, and the merry music playin' to keep up the crathurs' spirits. He needed something to cheer him, for his heart was aching, and the grief was heavy upon him. It was a sorrowful day to us all, and the tears were nearer to my own eyes then than now. But where's the use in talkin' !—he went away, and we never heard more about him. As for the mother, she and her husband went to the bad entirely, and at last were turned out of the farm ; they went thin and lived in a bit of a place on the moor ; but misfortune wasn't long in followin' them. The pedler was taken up for a murder, and hanged ; Peg herself, as the neighbours thought, didn't get out of the business with clean hands ; but be that as it may, she escaped the law, and is now livin' on the moor, with the misformed crathur she had by the pedler.'

'I hope she behaves kinder to it than she did to her first son,' remarked the soldier ; 'but what's become of the young woman you mentioned awhile ago ?'

'That's my niece, Mary Casey,' returned the other ; 'she has been the constant crathur to poor Bill ever since

—not that she mightn't have been married over and over again, for she had more than one offer that a girl might be glad to close on.'

The soldier grasped the speaker's hand ; what he said we shall not here relate ; it is sufficient to say, that before they parted all reserve was over. Paddy, indeed, laboured hard to get him home with him that night, but in vain ; he determined to seek the residence of Peg Marks ; and so, having obtained directions how to proceed thither, exchanged a hearty good-night with his companion, and pursued the way alone.

His path lay along a rugged road, which must have been almost impassable in wet weather, while, under the most favourable circumstances, it was tedious and difficult. After threading its winding and uneven course for about a mile, our traveller at length arrived at the spot he sought ; the cabin was easily recognised, for it was the only one in the place. On arriving at the door, he knocked once or twice without obtaining any answer, though he could plainly hear voices within ; their exact expression, however, was not distinguishable ; one thing alone could be inferred from the tone—whatever was being said did not proceed from satisfaction. This circumstance did not deter the visitor ; he repeated his knocking much louder and with more effect.

'Who's there !' uttered a hoarse and dissonant voice from within.

'One that has travelled a long way, and is in want of a place to rest in for the night, and, besides, has a message for the good woman,' was the reply.

'Eh ! what's that ? who's there !' asked another voice hurriedly, as if excited by the words which had been spoken.

'One that would be glad of a word or two with Peggy Marks, and would ask a night's lodging, if convenient,' was again the reply.

'What can you be wantin' wid me, good man ? and who's thim that'd be sending a message to a poor disolate crathur ! and as to lodgings, is it to a poor widdy-woman

you'd be comin', that hasn't as much as would buy a morsel of bread for herself and the poor orphan here !'

'I'd take nothing without paying for it,' returned the soldier.

Here there was a low murmuring between the persons inside, which lasted for a few minutes, and was at length broken by one of them saying in a louder tone : 'Open the door, Jemmy, aghra ; let him come in, at anyrate.'

The command was instantly obeyed, and our traveller admitted. He stood for a moment or two gazing on the inmates of this miserable abode : the younger of the two, having closed the door carefully, resumed the seat which he had doubtless occupied previous to the interruption, at the side of the fire opposite to that at which the old woman was still sitting. The mother and son presented a picture which it was impossible to disregard, although the feelings excited by it must have been anything but pleasing. There is, however, something in the sight of human degradation, which will often rivet our attention while it gives us pain : no doubt, it was under the influence of such a feeling that the stranger now stood mutely gazing on the two individuals before him. At the side opposite to the door, and crouched upon a low stool, close to the fire, sat the woman so often referred to ; the dry furze which had been thrown upon the hearth, though at that moment sinking into embers, still continued to send forth a blaze, which shot a lurid glare around, and imparted to her countenance a most unnatural hue. That was a countenance, indeed, which required no additional circumstance to heighten its deformity—marked not only by the effects of dissipation, but distorted by the worst passions. Directly opposite the woman, as we have already observed, sat that singularly-made creature—designated by our friend Paddy 'a misformed thing'—with his dark gray eyes fixed with an *inquiring* gaze upon the person of the visitor. To convey an adequate idea of this *outré* being, is beyond the power of verbal description. His full height did not exceed four feet, of which the head formed a considerable part ; this, without

exceeding the limits of reality, we may say to have been equal in bulk to any two of an ordinary size. The room which they inhabited was truly fitted to be the abode of wretchedness : there was no light except what proceeded from the fire ; this rendered horribly visible the living creatures near it, while it brought into shadowy outline the remoter objects of the place. These were in keeping with the poverty of the inmates. A few miserable articles of furniture, such as might barely accommodate them at meals, and a low settle-bed, comprised the whole. It should be observed that this was not the only room ; for a partition, running from within about two yards of the door to the opposite wall, effected another, where the woman usually slept, the dwarf occupying the settle-bed just mentioned.

The soldier stood as if entranced, till roused by the voice of the old woman. ' And what would ye be wantin' wid the widdy, honest man ? '

He made an effort to reply, but so powerful was the effect of what passed before him, that he was for a time incapable of proceeding ; and even when he did commence, there was a tremulous motion of the lips, and a faltering expression of the voice, that indicated an extreme degree of agitation. He succeeded, however, in explaining to her that he was the bearer of tidings from her son, who had lately returned from abroad with his regiment, and expected to see her shortly.

' Then it wasn't thrue he was kilt, after all, wasn't it ? ' she asked.

' No ; he was wounded, and suffered very much,' returned the soldier.

' Sure, betther couldn't happen him ; neither loock nor grace ever attind thim that forgets the mother that bore them,' observed the hag, in a somewhat louder voice.

' That's the thruth,' interrupted the dwarf, who, having surveyed the stranger for a time, seemed to watch with some earnestness what was passing.

' It gave him great trouble that he ever enlisted,'

remarked the soldier ; 'but he never forgot his friends, and always intended returning after the war was over.'

'But didn't he send anything to his ould mother, barrin' the message ?'

'Why, no, as he intended to be with her himself so soon,' was the answer ; 'but if you're in want, I'll be willing to advance you a little for his sake.'

'Eh ! what ?—did you say you'd give money, man ?' she asked, with some earnestness ; and again, after a short pause, during which she seemed to be busy with her own thoughts, hurriedly continued : 'But you were wantin' lodgings for the night, weren't you ?—it's a poor place, you see, and hasn't much of accommodation.'

'For that matter, a soldier isn't very choice at a pinch,' he returned ; 'and it's not hard to please one that's tired with long travelling.'

'But then you'd be likin' something to eat and *dhrink*, maybe ; and what can the poor widdy and her orphan here spare ?' she again observed.

'Indeed, you're right enough in that,' he replied ; 'but if it could be got convenient, here's what'll get enough for all.'

'Eh !' ejaculated the hag, with evident delight, as she stretched forth her hand to receive the soldier's money ; and then turned to the dwarf : 'Look here, Jemmy—look at the silver ; it'll do your heart good ; sorra morsel of food has passed the poor crathur's lips to-day. Make haste, and go down to Mikey Brown's and buy somethin' ; you'll know how to lay the money out.'

The object of her instructions departed. We shall not follow him in the discharge of his commission. It is sufficient to say, that, after about an hour's absence, he returned amply provided, to the satisfaction of himself and mother. Nor is it necessary to tell how the interval of his absence was passed between the latter and her guest. On the reappearance of her son, however, she rose, and began to busy herself in preparing for the approaching meal. In the performance of this duty, she exhibited the full length of her person, which was considerably

above the usual female standard, and presented a striking contrast to the diminutive proportions of her elfish-looking offspring. As she stood heaping fresh fuel on the blazing hearth, she might have suggested the idea of a witch engaged in some work of nocturnal incantation, while, to complete the illusion, the dwarf, like an attendant sprite, stood near, waiting with impatience the conclusion of her task. A candle was lighted, and all being at length arranged, the three partook of the repast. This having been finished, the spirits were produced, and the soldier urged to drink. He did so, but very moderately; and soon after, either from fatigue, or an unwillingness to join the intemperance which was evidently to follow, or perhaps from both causes, declared his intention of going to rest. He rose accordingly; the dwarf accompanied him into the other room, and having pointed to the bed, left him, a malicious grin heightening the deformity of the creature's countenance as he did so. The bed consisted merely of a little straw and a few miserable articles of covering. To one, however, who had been accustomed to lie in the open air, with nothing save the damp green grass of the battle-field for his pallet, this was not now a matter of any consideration. He threw himself down, dressed as he was, and tried to compose himself to rest. It was some time before he succeeded; melancholy thoughts possessed his mind. The voices of the wretched beings he had left were audible, though their expressions were not distinguishable—now louder, as if engaged in drunken altercation, and now sinking to a low and barely perceptible murmuring. More than an hour might have thus passed, when at length, worn out with fatigue mental and bodily, he sunk into a profound sleep.

We may now return to the occupants of the adjoining room. The dwarf had drawn his stool close to that on which his mother sat; the cup was handed from one to the other; and each, in turn, plied the intoxicating draught, all the time maintaining a low-toned conversation, which, it is almost superfluous to say, bore the most horrible import. At length the woman arose, and

approached the door of the room in which the soldier lay, to listen if she heard any sounds that might indicate his being awake. All was still. Satisfied of this, she returned to the table, and taking the candle, proceeded to enter the apartment for the purpose of a closer examination. There was little occasion for fear; the object of her scrutiny lay in perfect unconsciousness of the work of treachery which was being plotted against him. There was, it is true, a heavy breathing, and now and then a convulsive sigh, that bespoke the presence of some troubled dream, and caused the hag to tremble. But no more—it passed, and he was again still. It was a moment not to be neglected: she moved stealthily away, and returning to the dwarf, beckoned him to rise.

But it is full time to make the reader acquainted with certain occurrences in another quarter. It will be remembered that Paddy, after parting with the soldier, had pursued his way home, where he arrived without any further incident. It was no small pleasure to him to hear from one of his younger children, who met him on the very threshold of the door, anxious to be the first to announce the news, that his niece Mary, who was expected on the following day from a situation which she had some time occupied, had already arrived—a pleasure which was considerably augmented by the approach of the girl herself, followed by the other members of the family, to meet him. ‘Troth, and it’s yourself that’s welcome, my colleen,’ cried the warm-hearted man, as he extended his broad arms to embrace her.

The girl so welcomed was in every way worthy of the kindness she experienced. In early life deprived of her parents, she had been taken by her uncle and aunt, and reared as their own child. As she grew up to womanhood, her form developed more than ordinary attractions, while her features displayed a regularity and beauty rarely to be equalled. It was not to be supposed that she should escape attentions from the youngsters of the neighbourhood; and, accordingly, at chapel or fair, she was the constant object of their rivalry. This she

disregarded, for her affections had been early engaged ; her young heart had been bestowed on one who well deserved the gift. William Molan, the son of Peg Marks by her former marriage, was the object of Mary's first and only love. In his many trials, she was a fond consoler—when harassed by the treatment of his unnatural mother, this excellent girl would cheer him with the hope of better days. And at last, when driven from his paternal roof, and stung with shame for the infamy of his nearest kindred, he enlisted, her voice whispered the last words of comfort in his ear—she spoke of future happiness, and renewed her vows of constancy. Well and faithfully did she keep her word ; for though the report of his death had long since arrived, she was still single, and hoping even against hope.

Mary and her friends were now, as may be supposed, happy in each other's society, the interchange of affectionate conversation passing from one to another. Paddy was evidently charged with a secret, the possession of which seemed to give him, in his own eyes at least, considerable importance. It was plain, however, that the subject, whatever it might be, could not long remain in his exclusive keeping ; for, like many other persons burdened with a similar trust, he was determined not to allow the superiority which it gave him to be overlooked, and so kept constantly hovering round the forbidden topic, now slightly touching on it, and again checking the volubility which was near betraying him : until at last, all caution forsaking him, the whole broke forth beyond the power of recall.

'Ay, ay,' he exclaimed, 'there's the whole thruth for you, my colleen—you have it all now : Willie's alive and well, and will be here in the mornin' !'

Sudden joy, like sudden sorrow, may be too powerful for the human frame ; the extreme of either will produce a like result. Mary heard the announcement : it was too much—her heart throbbed wildly for a moment—her eyes lighted up, and then her vision became confused—she fainted for a few moments, but rallying under the sudden

effort, she falteringly inquired : ' And did he say nothing of—'

' Of yourself ? ' interrupted the uncle ; ' in troth, he did, my jewel ; it's your own sweet self that's nearest to his heart ; and if he had known you were here, I'll be bound he wouldn't have stopped where he did ; he promised to be here in the mornin', for I tould him you'd be over from the castle thin.'

Mary's strength now rapidly returned ; and she asked eagerly : ' But where did he go ? '

' Why, you see,' returned the other, ' the fond heart is in him still ; and he longed to see his ould mother, bad as she thrated him ; he thought he wouldn't be known—and, in troth, it's not many'd be able to tell the poor white-faced boy, that left here ten years ago, in the fine cliver fellow that's come home, with a cheek as brown as the hot sun could make it.'

' And do you think she won't know him ? ' asked the girl, anxiously.

' Not she,' he replied.

' Nor the other ? ' she again urged.

' The dwarf, you mane, I suppose ? ' said her uncle.

' Yes—yes,' she exclaimed, in a more troubled tone ; ' wouldn't he know him ? '

' It's thrue enough he might,' replied Paddy. ' What a fool I was not to think of it before ! I'll set off at once,' he observed, turning to Mary ; ' and rest aisy—you'll soon see him safe and well ; it'd be worth goin', late as it is, if it was only to say you were here.'

' Oh, yes—yes ! ' urged Mary ; ' go, but not by yourself ; you must take me with you—I couldn't stay behind.'

Alarm completely overcame her bodily weakness ; the purpose she had formed seemed to inspire her with strength for its execution. And though earnestly besought to remain, her resolution was unshaken—she could not be dissuaded. A horse and car, therefore, having been got ready, she and her uncle set off, accompanied by his eldest son, a stout lad of about seventeen years of age.

We shall leave them to pursue their way, while we precede them to the cabin of Peg Marks. But the scene which was there enacting by its vile inmates, under the influence of intoxication and the most malignant passions, cannot endure relation. Ere the friendly party arrived, the unfortunate wayfarer was no more. The terrible deed had just been completed, when a noise was heard outside; there was a sound of voices, and then a knocking at the door. The woman started in evident terror; she looked at the dwarf, and then again at the door. 'Who can they be, Jemmy?' she asked—'at this time of night, too.' He was silent; fear had completely overcome him, and the light fell from his hand. All was darkness: they could not long remain inactive; the knocking became louder, and the claim for admittance more urgent. 'Go aisy to your bed, Jemmy,' she whispered, 'and let me answer them. Where's the candle?' He groped along the bedside, and, having found it, both crept to the outer room. The dwarf threw himself on the settle-bed, which we have already mentioned was that on which he usually slept, while his mother, approaching the door, exclaimed, in an angry tone: 'Who are ye? and what'd ye be wantin' at such an hour as this!'

'Just a word or two with the soldier that's stoppin' here,' answered a voice, which the reader will guess to be Paddy's.

'There's nobody here, honest man,' she returned, 'but the widdy woman and her poor orphan, that's lyin' sick there in his bed wid pure hunger.'

'Oh, don't believe her, uncle!' exclaimed a female voice outside.

'That I won't,' replied her good-natured uncle; and putting his foot against the door, he drove the frail defence in with a loud crash.

The party entered. The old woman had retreated to the further part of the room—a gloomy light from the few burning embers that remained of the fire just rendering her form visible.

'And now,' she exclaimed, 'that you have got in, what bother are you?'

'Stir up the fire and make a blaze,' said Paddy to his son, without attending to her question.

The boy proceeded to obey, and in doing so, found the candle which the dwarf had brought with him from the other room. This he hastened to light. He had scarcely done so, however, when a loud shriek from Mary called the attention of himself and his father. She was unable to utter a word, but stood pointing to the old woman. The cause of her terror was evident. The hag's hands and arms were profusely stained with blood; a large spot or two also marked her face. Cold horror thrilled to the very hearts of the beholders. 'They've murdered him! they've murdered him!' at last cried Mary; and, with a strength inspired by the occasion, she rushed to the spot where the murderer stood—'Where is he! where is he?' she cried, in a frantic voice; 'shew me where you've put him—my own Willie!'

'Eh! who did you say?' asked the woman, earnestly.

'Willie Molan, your own son,' answered Mary, in a wilder tone; 'tell me where you've put him?'

The wretched mother heard not the latter part of the sentence; the name was enough. The full extent of her crime flashed horribly on her mind: she staggered a few paces back, and fell insensible to the ground.

We will not relate the sad scene that followed when the body of the soldier was discovered. Poor Mary! that was the last night of earthly peace for her; she survived it, indeed, but the exertions she had made, and the shock she had received, were too much for a delicately constituted frame. She gradually sunk; and, within a year from that time, was at rest for ever. She lies buried by her lover's side, in the little church-yard of —.

The old woman lay for some hours in a state of insensibility; when she recovered, the officers of justice had arrived. She raved, and horrible were the utterings of her raving; wherever her eyes turned, the vision of her murdered son seemed present. 'There! there he is!'

she would cry; 'I see him now! Oh, spare me! spare me! Sure I didn't know it was himself.' Then turning to the officers, she would ask: 'Who are you! What'd you be wantin' wid the widdy woman!' And then, changing her manner, she would cry imploringly: 'Oh, take me to jail! I did it—I killed him; but let Jemmy go—the poor fatherless boy—won't you!' She had just repeated this request, when footsteps were heard approaching the door. She looked towards the spot; the sounds were nearer and nearer still; then two men entered, bearing between them something that resembled a human body. It was now daylight; the woman gazed intensely at their burden, and recognised the dwarf. 'Let him go! let him go!' she exclaimed; 'I did it! I did it!' Then rising, she approached the men with a beseeching air; but stopping suddenly, as she caught a closer view of the object which they bore, a wild and piercing cry broke from her, and she fell back again into the arms of one of the men who had been left in the cabin to guard her.

It will be necessary to explain that, in the confusion which took place on the entrance of Paddy and his two companions, the dwarf had managed to escape. He hurried on through the fields, without any attention to the course he followed—fear, acting as a stimulus, drove him blindly forward. His lifeless body was found, by those sent in search of him, at the bottom of a deep gravel-hole, into which it is supposed he fell in his flight.

The wretched mother was soon removed to the neighbouring town of —, where, having been fully committed for the murder, she was shortly after tried and executed; not, however, without having made a full confession of all the circumstances of her crime.



A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED—IS IT ?

‘ALWAYS remember, children, that a penny saved is a penny gained,’ said old David Gourlie to his little son and daughter, John and Elizabeth. The maxim is an excellent one, but, like many other good things, it is liable to abuse. There are two ways of using it, and it should not be launched into the world without a commentary to point out the right one. It should be labelled with directions, like an apothecary’s draught, lest the patient, instead of taking a spoonful every three hours, should swallow the whole at once—injuring himself and discrediting the prescription by his injudicious excess.

Old David Gourlie had been one of a large and very indigent family. His father and mother had married improvidently early, and had found themselves surrounded by a troop of little hungry stomachs before they had bread to put into them. David was born to a fireless hearth, an empty cupboard, and a shoeless foot. He saw nothing around him but penury ; and almost as soon as he could go alone, he was flung into the world to pick up a living, if he could, and if not, to starve ; and, in the beginning, it seemed not unfrequently an even chance which way the struggle should end. But David was of a hard unbending nature : he fought on, up hill and down hill—many a night without a roof to shelter him, and many a day with nothing but potato-parings for his dinner. Kicked by one, cuffed by another, abused by a third, it was a hard battle ; but at last he won it. Not, however, till he had reached the mature age of forty-five, did David consider himself entitled to marry, without incurring the risk of entailing on his wife and children the same penury and wretchedness to which he had been born himself. He then, after looking cannily about, took to himself a staid maiden of thirty-five, who had never breakfasted on anything but porridge, and who had no

new-fangled notions about tea, and coffee, and wheaten-bread, and who had, moreover, £1000 as her fortune; and John and Elizabeth were, in due time, the offspring of this auspicious union. The thousand pounds was a wondrous help to David: it enabled him to push his business upon a broader scale than he had yet ventured, always, however, with great caution; but between that and his industry, he did well, and was enabled to give his children an education that fitted them for a higher walk of life than his own. David did this, not because he had any exalted notions of the value of learning, but because he looked upon it as a sort of stock in trade that he had often felt the want of himself; and he had such a hatred of poverty—his recollections furnished him such an odious picture of it—that he resolved to neglect no means of securing his children from the same melancholy experience. Accordingly, from the moment of their birth, or at least from the moment they understood the meaning of words, every pains was taken to impress them with a due notion of the value of money, or, perhaps, we should rather say, an *undue* notion of it; for so high was the estimate placed on this idol of the old man's worship, and so far was the duty of acquiring it exalted above all other duties—not, certainly, explicitly, or perhaps intentionally, but tacitly and by implication—that the young people grew up with very imperfect notions of any other virtue; at least, they looked upon all other virtues as deriving their chief value from their tendency to promote the main chance. They were strictly honest, because they had been taught that honesty is the best policy; and they did no designed harm to anybody, because it would have been impolitic to make enemies, who might have impeded their efforts to acquire wealth. But if they were never dishonest, they were never generous; and if they made no enemies, neither did they make any friends. They grew up cold, selfish, and alone, having no enjoyment of the world, nor of the many bright and beautiful things that are in it, and the world having no enjoyment of them. Not that we mean,

when we say *alone*, that they did not occasionally associate with other young people, but that, owing to the manner of their education, they had already old heads upon young shoulders ; and that when their companions were thinking of the pleasures of a dance or a tea-party, they were thinking of how much money it would cost.

When Jock, as he was generally called, had got as much learning as was thought necessary, he was placed in a merchant's house at Glasgow ; and there he did his duty so well, that his master found him a perfect treasure, and sent the best accounts of him to his father. Jock was always at his business ; from seven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, he was to be seen in the counting-house, with the exception of the short periods allotted for meals ; and during these thirteen hours, it might be safely affirmed that his mind never wandered a moment from ledgers and bills of lading. No excursive thoughts—no visions of green fields, or bright flowers, or fair faces—no gleams of imagination, ever for a moment illumined the four bare walls of that dingy room, in that dark street of the dirty suburb of Glasgow. If, in the intervals of their work, the young clerks, his fellow-labourers, cracked a joke, or sang a snatch of a merry song—or, drawing a playbill from their pockets, attempted a sketch of the previous evening's amusement they had enjoyed in the pit at half-price—or, producing a volume of poems, ventured for a few moments to lure their companions into the regions of fancy—Jock neither lent a smile to the joke nor an ear to the song ; neither had he any curiosity about the new farce, nor could he be enticed for a single instant to emerge on the wings of the poet from that dull prison. All these things might be very well for those that liked them, but as they did not promote the main chance, they had no interest for him ; and as for the counting-house, dingy and dull as it was, Jock had no aspirations beyond it (unless, indeed, it was to have a counting-house of his own), for there he saw what large sums a man might acquire by diligence and application ; and if he did not touch these enormous

amounts himself, he at least had the pleasure of seeing the figures that represented them. When business was over, and the young men were released from their desks, Jock's moment of recreation being arrived, he stepped into a certain coffee-house, which lay in the direct way from his office to his lodging, seated himself in a particular corner, and calling for a cup of coffee and the newspaper, he set himself to study the state of the markets, the rise and fall of stock, the amount of dividends payable upon the various joint-stock speculations, and the condition of our foreign relations, as far as they were likely to bear upon commerce. He also took a glance at the police reports, and noted any cases of fraud, forgery, or embezzlement that might be detailed; all such information coming under the head of useful knowledge. As he justly observed, the world is full of rogues, and an honest man must learn their tricks, or he'll be sure to get bit some day or other. At half-past nine, Jock left the coffee-room, and at ten he stepped into bed. On Sundays, he went three times to church, *because it was respectable to do so*, and he looked upon character, as his father did upon education—as part of a man's stock in trade; in the intervals, he usually indulged himself in a walk by the quay, where he had an opportunity of observing the shipping, calculating their value, and perhaps picking up some information about their freight and the prices of different articles of commerce at the places they traded to. After evening-service, he took his coffee and newspaper as usual; but he went to bed an hour earlier on Sundays than on any other night.

It must be admitted, that this was a life perfectly irreproachable; indeed—although the young men of his own age were apt to laugh at Jock, and look upon him as a fellow without any spirit or fun in him—his employers pronounced it meritorious, and the confidence they entertained in his steadiness and integrity was unbounded, insomuch that he rose from one thing to another, till he became the head-clerk of the establishment; and in process of time, when one of the partners

happened to die suddenly, the remaining ones thought it advisable to secure his permanent services by giving him a share of the business. Thus Jock found all difficulties smoothed, and himself on the high road to fortune, at an age when his young companions had no prospect but to toil through many years of clerkship, lucky, indeed, if they got a peep at anything brighter beyond—many a one there was that never did. And all this Jock had got by his own merit, his application to business, his steadiness, his habits of economy—in short, his devotion to the main chance. He had never forgotten that a penny saved is a penny gained, and he had therefore never spent a penny that he could help ; at least, the glass of toddy was his only superfluity. He dressed respectably—it was his interest to do so ; but books, plays, music, jaunts in the country, information, or recreation of any sort that had no tendency to promote the one great end, he looked upon as useless, and as involving a criminal waste of time—time which he justly considered as money, for so it is to the diligent ; every minute is a coin to those who know its value, and pity 'tis ever to waste one of them, for they are coins that, once gone, never come back again ; and, besides, there are so many ways of spending them that are at once both pleasant and profitable. 'Can any way be so profitable as getting money?' Jock would say. 'Wait a little, Jock ; that's what we shall see by and by.'

In the meanwhile, Elizabeth remained at home with her parents. There are few ways in which women can advance their fortunes, provided they are above the necessity of going out as dressmakers and shopwomen, employments which offer too little remuneration to tempt any but the needy—few ways but marriage ; and some time elapsed before a proposal reached Elizabeth that was thought eligible by herself and her parents. At length, however, a suitor appeared, whose pretensions seemed quite unexceptionable. He had been in business a few years as a joiner and cabinet-maker, and was doing extremely well—so well, that he thought he might now

afford to take a wife, provided he took a prudent one; and if he could find one with a few hundred pounds, it would be a great assistance to him. After looking about a little, he fixed on Elizabeth; and thought himself very lucky to get a wife with the above-mentioned qualifications, and who was rather good-looking into the bargain. Their course of love, therefore, ran as smooth as could be desired; and in due time, without any rubs or crosses, Elizabeth found herself Mrs Kaye. As they had yet their way to make in the world, they were both perfectly agreed as to the necessity of economy; and Philip admired his wife's prudence and self-denial very much, when she said she saw no necessity for keeping a servant; she would have a woman in once a week to do the heavy work, the rest she could do herself; the servant's living and wages were a good deal saved in a year; 'and you know, Philip, a penny saved is a penny gained.' As their mode of living and all their expenses were regulated according to the same prudent maxim, and as Philip was a clever and attentive tradesman, their affairs prospered surprisingly, and in a very short time they found themselves high and dry, with their feet above water, as the phrase is—the struggle was over. They had a well-established business, a large connection, and a pretty sum of money laid out in some new houses, in a fashionable part of the town, that were well let, and paid a handsome percentage.

'And I think now,' said Philip to his wife one day, after they had been reviewing their affairs, 'that it is time we began to think of enjoying ourselves a little.'

'In what way?' inquired Elizabeth. 'What do you call enjoying yourself?'

'Why, I mean,' replied Philip, 'that it is time we began to take a little amusement. When I went into business, I made up my mind that I would give up the first few years wholly to it. I had seen so many people fail, from not being careful enough in the beginning, and from giving more time and money to diversion and recreation than they could spare, that I resolved to stick

as close as possible to the main chance till I had got a sure footing; but now that we are so well established, and have got a good bit of money beforehand, I don't see why we shouldn't take a little pleasure too. For one thing, I should like to have a few friends sometimes of an evening, and give them a cup of tea and a bit of supper.'

'Tea and supper!' said Elizabeth. 'Why, we've done very well all this time without having parties to tea and supper. I wonder where our business would have been by this time, if we had been giving parties to tea and supper!'

'But we haven't been giving parties to tea and supper,' answered Philip; 'and therefore it's no use asking the question. But what might have been very wrong before, may be very right now. There's no reason, because we never have given any parties, that we never are to give any.'

'But why not keep on in the way we've done so well with?' replied Elizabeth.

'Because there's a time for all things,' said Philip; 'a time to work and a time to play. We have worked hard, and have earned our right to a little recreation.'

'And haven't we been very happy all the while?' asked Elizabeth.

'To be sure we have,' replied Philip. 'The only disagreements we have ever had, have arisen from my sometimes thinking you cut rather too close, especially latterly, since we have been better off; but after all, it was an error on the right side—I daresay we are the better of it now.'

'No doubt we are, Philip,' said Elizabeth. 'A penny saved is a penny gained—we should never forget that. And if we begin seeing company, and making jaunts into the country, what a deal of money we shall spend!'

'But of course I mean to do things in moderation,' answered Philip; 'I'm not going from one extreme to the other. We'll only spend in pleasure what we can spare.'

‘I can’t see why we can’t let well enough alone,’ responded Elizabeth, ‘and be happy in our business, as we always have been. Why should we spend money in things that are not necessary?’

‘But recreation is necessary,’ answered Philip, ‘and money was made to be spent; what else is the use of it?’

‘To make one comfortable,’ replied Elizabeth.

‘But how can it make us comfortable if we never spend it?’ asked Philip.

‘And how shall we be comfortable when it’s gone?’ asked Elizabeth.

‘Nonsense, wife!’ said Philip, who began to lose patience with her obtuseness. ‘You might ask that with justice if you had a spendthrift of a husband; but you have no reason to distrust me. I dislike extravagance as much as you do, but I don’t think people were intended to labour all their lives and take no pleasure. I am social, and I should like to see my friends about me sometimes. I am fond of the country, and should like to take a peep at the green fields now and then.’

‘But surely, Philip, it will be time enough to do all these things when we have made our fortune, and can retire from business,’ objected Elizabeth.

‘What’s the use of deferring a thing we are able to do now, to a time that may never arrive?’ said Philip. ‘We may not live to make our fortune, or we may be old and sick by that time, and incapable of pleasure.’

‘Then if we are old and sick,’ said Elizabeth, ‘we shall not want pleasure, but we shall want our money.’

Philip could only answer by repeating what he had already said, but he was tired of the dispute; he found it was useless to argue with a person who either could not or would not understand him, and who argued in such a narrow range, that the same idea, slightly varied in form, was all she had to oppose to his representations; so he waived the subject for the present, resolving to carry his point step by step, as opportunities offered. Philip was a liberal man as well as an industrious one. He had laboured hard to get beforehand with the world, and had

submitted cheerfully to all the privations that prudence dictated, and he intended to labour on, till he had acquired an independence; but he saw the folly of wholly sacrificing the certain present to the uncertain future—that future which he might never see—when the necessity for doing so no longer existed; and he thought it absurd to submit to privations which no duty imposed. Besides, he knew enough of human nature to comprehend that, if he and his wife lived by themselves, and devoted every thought of their minds to getting money, till the fortune she talked of was made, that they would by that time be incapable of changing their habits, and unfit to enjoy those little pleasures which, as they were innocent and beneficial, he did not wish to lose sight of. Now that the main struggle was over—that he had no fear of failure, and no ground to doubt but that, with a reasonable degree of prudence, his business must continue to flourish—he could not place all his happiness in getting money, more especially money that, if he deferred to his wife's notions, appeared never likely to be spent. He wanted to enjoy the social converse of his friends, to collect a few books, and sprinkle about his home a few of the elegances of life; and he longed also to make some little excursions into the country—to wander over the hills where he was born, and once more to pluck the wild-flowers and the heather that had been the toys of his childhood. But all these were aspirations that Elizabeth could not understand; with her, the sole object of life was to get money. If you had asked her: ‘*What for?*’ she would have answered: ‘*To make us comfortable—what can be done without money?*’ That is very true—few things can be done without money, and without it there is little comfort; but her error was, that she did nothing with it, and that she trusted to the possession of the money itself to make her comfortable, and not what the money was to buy. Perhaps it might make *her* comfortable; but what a narrow, soulless view of comfort it was!—how unworthy of a rational being! But it could not make Philip so; the money that was never to be

spent lost its value in his eyes. When he found that he could not enlarge his wife's ideas, and that he must either slave on to the end of the chapter, or live in an interminable series of disputes—fighting for every inch of ground, and not allowed to enjoy it when he had got it—he lost all pleasure in his business. The incentive to labour was gone; he began to look for those pleasures abroad that he could not find at home; and the amusements his wife refused to share with him, he sought alone. This state of things, which she had herself produced—though *that* she could never see—made Elizabeth both angry and wretched; she thought her husband infatuated, and that the proposals he had made for enjoying a few recreations, and extending their expenses a little, had been only the beginning of the disease. She lamented, wept, and scolded—sought by a closer economy to balance his extravagance—made his home daily more uncomfortable, and his motives for labour less exciting—till at last he began to neglect both, and preferred spending his evening anywhere rather than by his own fireside, or in the company of his wife.

But whilst all this has been going on, what has Jock been doing? Jock is now a first-rate merchant—a man that can count his thousands, or rather that can scarcely count them, they are so numerous. He is still single, for he never had time to look for a wife; and he still spends his days in the counting-house, drinks his cup of coffee as he goes home, and sleeps in a poor apartment that looks into a dull yard. Jock has never had any social intercourse with his fellow merchants—he never had time for that either—and he has never been a mile out of Glasgow, except when business forced him away, since we left him there. But the scene is about to change. There were a good many failures last year—the state of commerce is critical—Jock thinks his partners live too freely, and speculate too rashly—he is getting nervous, and has resolved to secure himself by backing out, and withdrawing his funds from the concern. Even he cannot but admit that he is rich enough, and that to

risk what he has for the sake of getting more would be foolish ; so Jock retires, and determines for the rest of his life to enjoy himself. But how to set about it is the question. There is a handsome place to be disposed of, a few miles from the city, and Jock's acquaintance recommend him to look at it, and he does so. There would be amusement enough for any man : a fine farm, a beautiful and well-ordered garden, and an excellent library ; shooting and fishing, too, in abundance. But what can Jock do with all these things ? He never walked over a farm in his life ; he does not know turnips from beans, whilst they are in the ground ; and could scarcely tell a plough from a harrow. As for flowers, they never engaged his attention, and he cannot conceive how any rational being could care for such useless things. Books he never read, and he feels that it would be too late to begin now ; and as for shooting or fishing, he never drew a trigger in his life, and he opines that a stick with a worm at one end of it and a fool at the other, is the proper definition of a fishing-rod. It appears pretty clear, therefore, that the country will not do ; he must look for a house in town. There are plenty to be had suitable to his fortune—large, commodious, and well-built ; but when he has got a house, how is he to fill it ? With servants—but what will the servants have to do ? He needs no attendance—he never had a servant—the people where he lodged did all he wanted. But he will see his friends—he will give parties ; in short, he must have a house somewhere. There is but the town and the country to choose betwixt, and the latter seems the least objectionable ; so the house is taken. But before even he sets his foot in it, he feels that it is a burden—a thing he does not want. He has never been accustomed to society ; and to sit at the head of his own table and entertain a party, is a thing he neither understands nor has any taste for. He finds the house useless, and the servants useless ; but there is also another thing that he finds useless, and a greater burden upon his hands than either the house or the servants—

and that is his time. His whole range of ideas had been confined to his counting-house, and he had never perceived that there was any other object in life but to get money. What was a man to do who had fulfilled the only object of existence? For him, the tale was told, the work was done, the play was played out—nothing remained but the dregs of life.

It would have been a happy thing for Jock if some fairy had annihilated with her wand the whole of his property, and sent him to begin the world again, with ten pounds in his pocket, as he had done thirty years before; but no such beneficent beings exist in this degenerate and unpoetical age; so there was no relief for Jock. He thought it was the house and servants made him unhappy; so he got rid of both, and returned to live in the lodging he had occupied so many years. But he found the situation was extremely dull, which surprised him, as in all the time he had lived there before, he had never made the discovery; so he changed again, till at last he took a small lodging by the water-side, and this he found answer better than anything else. All day he watched the loading and unloading of the ships, inquired about their cargoes, estimated their value, and made himself acquainted with the state of the markets and the rates of exchange; in the evenings, he read his newspaper as usual. He kept no servant, and spent the enormous sum of L.80 a year. It was rather dull work, however; and at length Jock got tired of it, and finding there was nothing more to do in the world, he died; and as he made no will, his property, which amounted to about L.250,000, went to his sister, whom he had never seen since he left home. Philip was dead by this time, and Mrs Kaye was a widow, living in a lodging up two pair of stairs, in a back street, with her cat. As she had not seen her brother for so many years, of course his death was pretty nearly a matter of indifference to her; but she was very much pleased with the large inheritance, and, as she observed, it was extremely fortunate that, as she always wore black, there was no

necessity for buying mourning—‘one black gown was as good as another, and a penny saved was a penny gained.’

When Mrs Kaye died, an advertisement was inserted in all the papers, inquiring for the nearest of kin to John and Elizabeth Gourlie ; and after some time, a claimant for the property was found in the person of an old gardener, who had gone to seek his fortune in the south many years before. He, however, said it was of no use to him—he was too old to change his habits ; and he died in a few months, before he had time to make the experiment. After him there appeared two claimants, whose relationship was so remote, that the most acute eyes of the most acute lawyers could scarcely discern it, and still less could they discern which was the nearest ; and as they were each very angry with the other, and would not consent to a compromise, the property went into the courts of law, where, if any of it yet remains, it probably still is—at least, certain it is that none of it ever reached the hands of the disputants, or was ever known to take any other direction than towards the lawyers’ pockets.

FUNERALS AMONG THE RUSSIANS.

THE dead are very rarely alluded to in Russia : it is held as a sort of impropriety or breach of etiquette to advert to them. Such expressions as ‘my late husband,’ and ‘peace to his ashes,’ are seldom heard among the people of the far north. This does not prevent the Russians, however, from surrounding the last rites of mortality with every possible circumstance of pomp and luxury, and a host of imposing religious ceremonies, which shew that they feel the loss of friends as keenly as other nations, though indisposed to name the departed in common converse.

Immediately after a decease, the Russians dress the

body of the dead, place it in an open coffin, and expose it in a room suitably arranged for the purpose. They there kindle a great number of wax-tapers, which are kept burning night and day; and while the relatives take their station in turns by the side of the body, the whole of the friends and acquaintances of the deceased come in succession to pay a final visit to the lifeless remains. People of the most obscure condition, not less than those of the highest rank, receive these last visits, which it is held a special duty to pay. There died, some years ago, at St Petersburg a very old man, whose term of life dated from the first half of the past century. He had filled, during his career, many high offices of state. An immense crowd of old men made their appearance at the side of his remains, announcing themselves as friends, though for years the deceased had never seen them, or even pronounced their names. Thither came retired generals, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, had been fellow-cadets with the defunct at the military schools; others were seen there, who professed to have received great favours at his hands in the time of Catherine; and others also appeared, who had shared his exile in the reign of Paul. All, in short, come forward on such occasions who have the slightest claim to do so. The emperor himself and the heir-apparent of the throne, are in the habit of visiting the state-beds of distinguished personages. In such circumstances, the poor do not fail to take their share in the ceremonial. They come to pour forth lamentations at the door of their benefactor, and abundant alms are distributed among them on the occasion. Even strangers sometimes appear to offer up a prayer by the side of the deceased, an image of a saint, suspended from the gate, indicating to all passers-by where and when a death has taken place.

The coffins in which children are laid are made of a beautiful rose-colour. Young women, or girls, are placed in coffins of sky-blue tint; and women of advanced years are commonly laid in those of a violet colour. Black coffins are sometimes, but rarely, used for men; the

common hue in such cases is brown. The poor content themselves with painting their coffins; the rich cover them with coloured stuffs, appropriate to the age and rank of the deceased. In other respects, black is the hue of mourning in Russia. The funeral-car, the torch-bearers, and the priests, are all clothed in black. The pine is the northern cypress, the tree consecrated to mourning. The poor strew branches of it on the coffin; at the funerals of the rich, the whole route between the house of the deceased and the cemetery is strewn with pine-branches. Hence the streets of St Petersburg, through which funeral processions so often pass, are always covered more or less with melancholy tokens of this description.

The body lies ordinarily exposed for two or three days. Then the death-benediction is pronounced, and the dead receive their *passport* for the other world. This phrase is to be understood as literally correct. The priests draw up a long paper, containing the baptismal name and the dates of the birth and death of the deceased, with an attestation that he or she had undergone all the rites and ceremonies, first and last, of the Græco-Russian Church, or any other to which the party may have belonged. This paper is laid on the body of the deceased at the church or place of interment, whether the coffin is conveyed in a still open state, that, by the way, all who have known the defunct may take a final look at the cold remains. The lid is carried in front of the coffin. The funeral procession is always accompanied by torch-bearers, attired in black mantles and large flapped hats, and a number of friends are usually in attendance. Great pomp is displayed at the burials of the wealthy and titled. In front of the body is carried, separately, an image or representation, as splendid as possible, of each of the orders attained by the deceased, and, as the Russians of rank have usually many orders, this part of the procession forms in itself an imposing train. All persons who cross the path of a funeral procession, uncover their heads, and repeat a prayer for the dead; and such is their

respect for the departed, that they will not replace their hats till the convoy is out of sight. These last honours are paid to every one, no matter of what religious persuasion.

When the body arrives at the church, besides the placing of the passport on the chest, other ceremonies of a strange order are performed for the mission of the spirit on the last great journey. While the coffin is still open, and the body exposed to the bystanders, the priests take each a taper in hand, with a piece of gauze around it. They then surround the brow of the deceased with a fillet, ornamented with images of saints, and having religious sentences inscribed on it. They place in one of the hands a crucifix, and set down by the side of the coffin a platter with food. This dish of the dead is termed *koutia*, and consists of a kind of pudding, made of rice, honey, and raisins, with a cross of raisins decorating the exterior. The rich make this dish with sugar ornaments, and the clergy like to see it well made, as, after the ceremony, it falls to their share. The priests now chant the mass, and, at its close, the relatives of the deceased take a final parting ere the coffin be covered up. Each lifts and kisses the hand of the corpse, and it is common for the poor to utter pathetic exclamations at the same moment. Women may be present at funerals, and it is not unusual to hear a poor bereaved wife crying aloud, in a voice broken by sobs: 'Alas! why hast thou abandoned me, dear husband? Was I not ever faithful and loving? Wilt thou come no more to caress thy poor little Feodor? Alas! alas!' In midst of such lamentations, the lid is screwed down, and the train slowly moves from the church, where these rites have taken place, towards the cemetery.

When the coffin is lowered into the grave, every one present, in turn, throws in a portion of earth. At the funerals of people of high rank, when the metropolitan, or head of the church, officiates in person, small shovels of silver are the instruments used in this ceremony. At the tombs of the poor, rude Greek crosses are commonly

erected ; the rich raise monuments in a great variety of forms, as in Britain and elsewhere. It is not customary for the common people to wear mourning in Russia. That practice is only prevalent among the higher orders. The Russians of rank are most particular in respect of mourning coaches and equipages. Lackeys, coachmen, and postilions, are clothed in dresses of black cloth, edged with sable furs. The coach, seat, and horses, are all covered with black ; not the space of a pin's head is left uncovered. In these carriages, the grantees pay visits, and travel, for some months after a family loss.

On the monuments of people of rank, the most remarkable feature is the exact and lengthened enumeration of all the honours and titles of the deceased. If an individual had received an order, care is especially taken to point out whether it was of the first class or second ; and so on. It would almost appear as if the Russians imagined that these things would be of as much consequence in the life to come as in the present life. With the exception of the cemetery of the convent of Alexandre Newskij, and one or two others, devoted particularly to such monuments as those referred to, most of the Russian cemeteries resemble a desert. A succession of low mounds, headed by small crosses, stretches out before the eye, without a single tree or flower appearing to relieve the sameness of the view. In this respect the Russians shew a want of taste. Otherwise, they evince no deficiency of veneration for departed friends. Though refraining habitually from allusions to them in common conversation, the survivors, at least in the upper ranks, celebrate the birthdays of their lost relatives, going in troops to church, and repeating prayers for their souls, besides holding festival at home. The *koutia* ceremony is usually repeated on such occasions at church. Each member of the party eats a portion of the dish, and the rest is left to the priests.

Every cemetery, as may be observed from what has been said, has a church or chapel attached to it ; and those most in estimation among the upper classes are the burial-grounds of convents, which often derive a large

annual income from such appendages. The Cemetery of Alexandre Newskij contains the finest monuments of any in the metropolis of Russia. Such powerful families as those of Waronzow, Wolkowski, and Gallitzin, the last of which numbers among its members above three hundred living *princes*, have their monuments here piled in masses, almost one above another. But the cemetery has no such interest as that of Père la Chaise, fine though some of the tombs are. There are few or no historical associations connected with even the most noted of the Russian cemeteries. But a few monuments are to be discovered, in the Cemetery of Alexandre Newskij, of the age of Catherine II. One tomb, however, of a plain description, cannot be said to be without its share of interest. A marble tablet tells who rests there, in the simple words: 'Here lies Suwarrow.' He who never knew peace in life, nor allowed those around him to know it, has found quietude enough at last in the Cemetery of Alexandre Newskij.

'WHAT WILL MRS GRUNDY SAY?'

A TRUE STORY.

MR and MRS JOEL PARKER were worthy people, with two sons and two daughters, and a fortune, moderate but sufficient—at least it would have been sufficient, if the lady could by any possibility have made up her mind to live for herself and her family, and not for her neighbours; in short, if she could have forborne to ask, on every occasion, the significant question we have placed at the head of our story. It has been said that everybody has a Mrs Grundy—an assertion we are disposed to dispute, both from personal experience and observation; but Mrs Parker had a hundred Mrs Grundies—Tomkins, Watkins, Johnson, Smith—their name was Legion; and, not satisfied with her natural and hereditary Mrs Grundies, she

picked up new ones wherever she went, so that she passed her life in accordance with everybody's opinions and inclinations but her own and her husband's. And the most provoking part of the business was, that these dictators were most times wholly imaginary. Mr and Mrs Parker were the bondsmen of taskmasters, unreal as they were arbitrary. Good-natured inoffensive people, doing nothing to excite malice, and not in a situation to awaken envy, the world cared very little about them or their affairs. But this was a fact which, to use the American phrase, Mrs Parker could never *realise*. Like a corporal of grenadiers in the grand army, she felt that the eye of the world was upon her ; and, under the influence of this pernicious optic, she sought for glory, or rather fled from shame by running into folly. She and her husband furnished their house, arranged their establishment, regulated the number of their entertainments, together with what should be eaten and drunk at them, not to their own tastes, but to the taste of Mrs Grundy ; and in obedience to the same despotic power, their daughters were forced to waste their time in learning music, for which they had no natural aptitude, at a fashionable seminary, where nothing was taught that was ever likely to be of any use to them ; whilst they gave their sons a classical education instead of a practical one, and brought them up to professions for which they were wholly unfit, and in which they could reap neither money nor credit.

Mr and Mrs Parker were the inhabitants of a small country town in the centre of England, where, fortunately for them, the society being limited, and the circumstances of their neighbours generally not much more affluent than their own, the standard the lady felt herself obliged to aim at, in order to please Mrs Grundy, was not a very exalted one. But there was a place in the vicinity called Colton Hall, calculated for the residence of a family of much larger means, with a fine house, that had indeed some pretensions to have been a castle ; a park, walled gardens, hot-houses, and everything else appropriate.

The property belonging to a minor, it had been for several years unoccupied, much to the regret of the good people of M——, who recalled the time when the former hospitable possessor was in the habit of giving them two or three sumptuous dinners in a year, besides a ball at Christmas for the young people, where they feasted on venison, champagne, pine-apples, grapes, ices, and other luxuries, which, since that period, existed for them only as visions of the past.

At length, however, the tedious minority expired; but still the heir was abroad; and some years more elapsed before the inhabitants of M—— were cheered by the tidings, that Mr Colton, with his wife, Lady Elizabeth, were on their way home from the continent, with the intention of taking up their residence at the family-seat; and when wagon after wagon was seen to pass through the town, loaded with all the luxuries and appurtenances that come under the head of necessities to people with several thousands a year, none were more delighted than short-sighted Mrs Parker. 'Go and put on your things, girls,' said she to her daughters, one morning about a week after the arrival of the Coltons; 'we must pay our visit to the family at the Hall.'

'I thought you didn't mean to go till next week, mamma,' said Jane.

'No more I did,' answered the mother; 'but I hear several people are calling, and it won't do for us to be last, you know.'

'Why won't it?' inquired Mr Joel, looking sharply up from the newspaper he was reading.

'Oh, because people will think it so odd,' replied Mrs Parker.

'Why, somebody must be last,' responded Joel. 'What signifies whether it is you or anybody else?'

'It signifies to us at anyrate,' replied Mrs Parker.

'I can't see that,' answered Mr Joel.

'You never can see those things, you know,' answered the lady.

'Glad of it,' responded Joel. 'Wish you couldn't.'

Mrs Parker, however, did see those things, or fancied she did ; and, accordingly, she prepared herself and her daughters for the important visit without delay : but ere they could set out, a difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. A friend who happened to step in, unfortunately mentioned that Mr and Mrs Wainwright had ordered horses from the inn, for the purpose of driving to Colton Hall ; whereupon Mrs Parker began to image to herself what would be the astonishment and consternation of Mr Colton and Lady Elizabeth, if she and her daughters arrived on foot. 'How very odd they will think it, when Parker's a magistrate, and Mr Wainwright is nothing at all !'

Mr Joel affirmed he was certain that neither Mr Colton, nor Lady Elizabeth either, would ever bestow a thought upon the matter ; a degree of indifference so far beyond Mrs Parker's conception, that she was positively indignant at the supposition, hinting that, although herself and her movements might be very unimportant in the eyes of Mr Joel Parker, she flattered herself they were not quite so insignificant in the eyes of other people ; to which innendo Joel answered : 'So much the worse.'

In compliance, therefore, with the dictum of her imaginary lawgivers, Mrs Parker sent for a post-chaise and pair of horses—for carriage she had none—and drove therein to Colton Hall ; and the family being at home, she, with her daughters, was admitted. Now, of all the Mrs Grundies that anybody ever set up for themselves, Lady Elizabeth was the most hopeless. She had been brought up in a degree of luxury and affluence, that, as no pains had been taken to enlighten her on the subject, left her in utter ignorance of all the principles of economy, and all the habits of life and difficulties of condition that differed materially from her own—she was, in short, the legitimate archetype of the French princess, who inquired why, if the common people could not get bread, they did not eat cake ? She was by no means ill-natured, but yet, owing to this singular state of unconsciousness, she was for ever saying and doing the most embarrassing things

that could be imagined, to her less prosperous acquaintance ; and as she was very near-sighted and very indolent, she seldom saw, and never took the trouble to investigate, the cause of their confusion. Finding Colton Hall very dull, she was extremely willing to receive as many visitors as chose to come, and the Parkers were admitted without demur.

'This is a pleasant day for a drive,' observed Lady Elizabeth, by way of saying something to Mrs Parker, who was an utter stranger to her.

'Very,' replied Mrs P., 'and a beautiful drive we had through the plantation.' (How lucky, thought she, we didn't walk ! Lady Elizabeth evidently takes it for granted we came in a carriage. So much for Joel !)

'Is yours an open carriage ?' inquired Lady Elizabeth, not meaning to be impertinent, but at a loss for something to say to a stranger, and supposing the question quite unimportant.

'No,' replied Mrs Parker, blushing, and clearing her throat.

'I wonder you don't keep an open carriage,' said Lady Elizabeth. 'Everybody keeps open carriages now for the summer, and, indeed, in the winter, I assure you, you would not find the least inconvenience. On the contrary, before open carriages were so much used, I was invariably laid up with a cold half the winter ; now I never get cold. I advise you of all things to keep an open carriage.'

Mrs Parker said she 'should certainly try it.' Now, as the persons she chiefly associated with kept no carriages, open or close, the necessity of doing so had not hitherto presented itself to Mrs Parker's mind ; but Lady Elizabeth's injunction appeared imperative. She felt all the agonies of shame at not being provided with a luxury which appeared to her new acquaintance so much a matter of course, and she would as soon have found courage to confess that she made her own pastry, or washed her own stockings, as that she kept no carriage at all, but had come in a hack-chaise. Lady Elizabeth

next fell to inquiring of the young ladies if they were fond of music, an interrogation which they felt it their duty to answer in the affirmative, for they had also been educated into the fear of Mrs Grundy ; and although, in point of fact, they scarcely knew 'God save the Queen' from the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' they would not have shocked Lady Elizabeth's feelings by such a declaration for the world. This unadvised avowal of theirs led to further inquiries as to what instruction they had had, who had been their master, and so forth ; the answers to which brought down sundry ejaculations of surprise and regret, that they should have sacrificed their time, and injured their taste, with Mr Hodgkins, who taught at five shillings the lesson. The first masters were indispensable ; Lady Elizabeth strongly recommended Mrs Anderson for the pianoforte, and Bochsa for the harp ; with respect to singing she was not quite clear—she was divided between Begnez and Lablache—some people thought Lablache not so good an instructor for ladies ; but she would write to her sister, Lady Frances, who had tried both, and acquaint Mrs Parker with the result of her experience ; and Mrs Parker expressed herself exceedingly obliged, and hoped she would not forget it. Several more recommendations and injunctions fell from Lady Elizabeth's idle lips in the course of the visit, the fruits of her empty unreflecting mind ; so that, when poor Mrs Parker stepped into her post-chaise, with her two cheeks as red as peonies, she felt herself coming away with a weight upon her spirits that was truly oppressive. How all these things were to be accomplished she could not tell ; and what Lady Elizabeth would think of her, if she left them unfulfilled, she could not tell either. The only comfort she had, was that Joel was not with her : he would certainly have blurted out that they kept no carriage, and that they could not afford to throw away their money on the exorbitant professors of a science for which their daughters had no talent.

From that day, Mrs Parker was an unhappy woman. Joel would not hear of the carriage, although there was

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a second-hand one to be had dirt-cheap, standing in the inn-yard at that very moment waiting for a purchaser. What was the purchase of the carriage ?—a mere nothing. She did not ask for horses ; they could always get post-horses at half an hour's notice—it was well known that the whole expense of keeping a carriage was the horses. Joel hinted at the tax, the repairs, the paying for a coach-house for it. A mere trifle, altogether, Mrs Parker said ; not to be weighed against the respectability they should acquire by the possession of the vehicle. In short, she never could think of going to Colton Hall again till she had it. Lady Elizabeth might be walking in the grounds, and what would she think when she saw them arriving in an old battered yellow post-chaise ?—and Mr Parker a magistrate, too ! Of course, they would be shortly asked to dinner ; but for her part, she was determined not to go at all unless she could go respectably. Lady Elizabeth had also hinted at a ball for the young people, where they would meet all the county families. What a pretty figure they would cut amongst all the equipages that would be there, in a dirty hack-chaise ! But it was all to no purpose ; on the score of the carriage Joel was inflexible. His wife had never found him so sturdy before ; for although he saw her folly, and despised Mrs Grundy himself, yet, as he was a man who liked a quiet life, and aspired to read his newspaper in peace, she generally conquered in the end by her pertinacity—like the drop of water on the rock, she wore away his opposition at last. But here she made no progress, though she worked hard too, for the case was urgent. The invitation for the dinner came, and although it went to her heart, she declined it—she said she felt it due to herself to show her sense of Mr Parker's conduct. Still she did not give way ; the subject was ever uppermost in her mind ; it did not signify where the conversation began, it always took the same road, and ended with the carriage. Poor Joel was tired to death of it ; it was the sauce to his breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper ; and at length drove him from home. True, he had business

in London, but the business could have been done as well at another time as now ; however, he was in hopes the carriage fit might wear out in his absence, so he went.

The day after his departure, Mrs Parker put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked out in the direction of the inn. She had not quite made up her mind to do it, but she thought she would step into the yard, and take a look at the carriage she had seen advertised : looking could do no harm, and there was something exciting and pleasing in the idea—it gave her a foretaste of what the pleasure of buying it must be. She did turn into the yard, and there was the carriage—a landau painted green, lined with drab, and a chintz casing over it for the summer, price eighty guineas. The innkeeper said he was not at liberty to say who it belonged to, but it was a person of distinction ; and he looked upon it as dirt-cheap ; it was an opportunity seldom to be had, especially in such a place as that ; if it were sent to London, it would fetch a great deal more, but there would be the expense of sending it. Mr Thomson, and Mr Johnson, and Mr Brown, had been looking at it, and he did not suppose it would stand in his yard many days longer, &c. Mrs Parker examined it from side to side, and from end to end ; walked round it and round it, and sighed and looked, and sighed and looked again. ‘Built in London upon an improved principle,’ added the innkeeper, ‘expressly for the family it belonged to.’ He was sure whoever bought it would never repent of the bargain. Mrs Parker thought so too ; it appeared to her that there never was a thing altogether so desirable and so cheap ; and she wondered, since such handsome carriages were to be had at such moderate prices, that anybody would be without one. She mentioned that Mr Parker would not like the expense of a coach-house ; and she also pointed out that the arms were an objection. But sellers have such a way of smoothing difficulties : the rent of a coach-house was a mere trifle—for the matter of that, he would not mind giving it a standing for the

first year himself ; and as for the arms, a coat of paint would settle that difficulty in no time. Mrs Parker said she'd think about it ; and she did think about it, to the exclusion of everything else. As she walked up the street, she saw a carriage—very much such a carriage as that she had just left too—standing at the linen-draper's door, and she recognised the liveries as Lady Elizabeth's ; so she stepped into the shop to ask her ladyship how she did. She said she was dying with the heat—it was much hotter than it had been last summer at Naples—she wondered Mrs Parker ventured to walk—there was nothing for such weather but an open carriage. Mrs Parker took this observation for a *résumé* of the former conversation, and felt it her duty to say she was looking out for one ; whilst Lady Elizabeth, who only talked of the carriage for the sake of saying something, and from whose mind the whole thing had passed away, answered that she thought she was very right. Mrs Parker walked home contemplative, dined contemplative, drank tea contemplative—passed the evening in a brown study—went to bed, but not to sleep ; turned and tossed all night—dozed and dreamed that she was driving up to Colton Hall in the yellow post-chaise, and that Lady Elizabeth dashed past in an open carriage, and turned away her head contemptuously—got up in the morning feverish and rash—read in the county newspaper that the M—— Races were fixed for the 10th of August—was struck with the impossibility of bowing to Lady Elizabeth out of the window of a yellow post-chaise—again put on her bonnet and cloak, and walked to the inn—asked the innkeeper if he was sure eighty guineas was the lowest price, to which he responded, that if she would close the bargain at once, he thought he might venture to say seventy-five, ready money, though it was a great deal too little for it. There was no resisting this. 'Remember, then, if I agree to take it, you'll give it a standing for the first year free of expense ; and you'll get somebody to alter the arms for a trifle.' This was Mrs Parker's last shiver, after which she made the plunge, and bought the landau ; but as it could not be

used with satisfaction till the arms were altered, and as the races were at hand, the innkeeper was requested to get that little job done immediately. These arrangements made, Mrs Parker walked home in a state of mind that vibrated betwixt pleasure and pain. It was very gratifying, certainly, to be the possessor of a landau, and a great relief to feel that Lady Elizabeth could no longer despise her for the want of an article so indispensable. But, on the other hand, how to tell Joel of what she had done, she did not know ; and the want of the seventy-five guineas, which had been left her for housekeeping, was extremely inconvenient. However, in the meantime, she should have the satisfaction of shewing herself to Lady Elizabeth on the race-course ; and she resolved to dismiss the perplexing part of the subject from her mind for the present. It wanted three weeks to the races when she made her purchase ; and, as the time drew nigh, she did not neglect to remind the innkeeper that the carriage, with a pair of post-horses, must be ready for that day ; whilst her own dress, and that of her daughters, were prepared on a more ambitious scale than usual, in order to be worthy of the occasion. But who shall put their trust in innkeepers or coach-painters ? When the morning arrived, when the toilet was made, and the mother and the daughters, at the sound of approaching wheels, rushed to the window in all the eagerness of expectation, what did their eyes behold but the old yellow chaise shaking and nodding up the street as if it had a fit of the palsy ! 'It can't be for us !' exclaimed Mrs Parker ; 'it's impossible !' Things so dreadful do seem impossible, but experience proves that, when Fortune sets about being spiteful, the lengths she will go exceed all credibility. It was for them, and the postboy brought a note expressive of great regret ; but the varnish was not dry, and the carriage could not be used. Was anything ever so provoking ? not to have the use of the landau on the very occasion for which it had been expressly purchased, and for the sake of which Joel's anger had been braved ! Condescending to go to the races in a yellow post-chaise, after the brilliant prospect

that had been opened to them, and encountering Lady Elizabeth's astonished eyes, was out of the question ; so they stayed at home in sorrow and sadness, and had the satisfaction of seeing the despised vehicle rattle past presently afterwards, with half-a-dozen smiling faces looking out of the windows—it having fallen to the lot of the next claimant, who was too happy to get the reversion.

A few days afterwards, however, an invitation arrived for a ball at Colton Hall, and hope was once more in the ascendant, though still, as the carriage must necessarily on that occasion be closed, and as Lady Elizabeth would not see them arrive, the gratification to be derived from appearing in it was considerably diminished. Added to which, Mr Parker would be home by that time ; and as the period for his arrival drew nigh, the prospect of the disclosure she had to make lay like lead upon the poor lady's spirits. It was not till the night previous to the ball that Joel made his appearance, and as that was an ill time for strife, Mrs Parker resolved to defer her communication till the entertainment was over. Perhaps the comfort and convenience he would find in going to it in his own carriage might somewhat placate his wrath. This seemed the more probable when the night arrived, for it rained torrents, and it would have been impossible for the whole family to have got into the yellow chaise, which, besides being in great request, was only to be had at such intervals as consisted with the claims of the other numerous candidates for its services. 'After all,' thought Mrs Parker, 'I have not done so much amiss, and so I hope Joel will see, when he finds the convenience of having a carriage of his own, on such an occasion as this, without being beholden to anybody.' Joel did seem pleased when he was told that the innkeeper would send them a carriage which would take the whole party at once ; and said he was glad Baines had got such a thing, it had long been wanted. So they all stepped in, and away they went in high spirits. The distance was about four miles by the road, though much less by the fields ; and as they rolled along, Mrs Parker's heart swelled with complacency, and

several times she was on the eve of disclosing the grand secret to Joel ; but whilst she was hesitating whether to do it or not, a sudden scream from one of her daughters interrupted the course of her reflections, which, before she had time to inquire what was the matter, was echoed by the other, whilst a chorus of exclamations from Mr Parker and the sons betrayed the appalling fact, that the water was pouring in from the top and at all corners. The slight coating of varnish, by filling the cracks, had proved a temporary defence, but had soon yielded to the torrents of water that were falling. What was to be done ?—were they to return or go forward ? To lose the ball was too dreadful ; so the young people prevailed, and on they went, whilst all the vituperations to be found in the vocabulary, garnished with curses both loud and deep from Mr Parker, were lavished on the vehicle, and on the innkeeper for sending it. Poor Mrs Parker said nothing ; she was dumb with horror. They spread their shawls over their knees to defend their dresses, the water falling heaviest through the lamentable hiatus that intervened where the top should have closed. At length they were released from this purgatory at the door of Colton Hall, and were introduced into the cloak-room, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. All turned their heads to see who was entering, but none turned them back again—they were transfixed ; the dresses, faces, and necks of the new-comers looked as if they had been rubbed against a wet soot-back. The water was stained with the yet undried paint and with the dirt and dust that had accumulated in the long-used lining. The house-keeper was summoned to give her assistance, and Lady Elizabeth good-naturedly came to offer hers. Mr Parker said it was a carriage that rascal Baines had sent them. ‘Bless me !’ cried Lady Elizabeth, ‘I daresay it’s the old one I sold him. We travelled all over Europe in it for seven years, and I thought it never would have held together till we got home. But they are bad sort of things except in very fine weather ; you must have a close carriage for night ; indeed you must.’

The day after poor Joel had paid the coach-painter's bill, he was found dead in the summer-house. The coroner's jury brought it in apoplexy, but those who knew him best always averred that he died of Mrs Grundy.

EXPECTANCY:

A STORY.

THERE is an astonishing number of people in the world who pass their lives in expecting *something*; which *something*, very commonly, turns out in the end to be *nothing*. Massey Gordon Lister was a gentleman in this predicament; he was always expecting *something*, from the day he quitted college to the day he stepped into his grave; which last event he had not expected at all, and for which, it may be reasonably suspected, he was no ways prepared.

Massey Gordon Lister—we give him all his style and titles, for they are the key to his history—Massey Gordon Lister was the son of a clergyman in the north of England, and of a lady, who had the good fortune to be cousin, in various degrees, to several persons of distinction. The Rev. John Lister held the vicarage of Y——, a comfortable little bit of preferment, which had been given to him by one of his wife's great relations; and it certainly was but common justice that she should bring something with her besides her L.5000; for she was a fine lady, a very fine lady indeed, who wanted a great many things, for which her own fortune and the minister's stipend very barely sufficed.

One child only sprung from this union; and the moment little Massey Gordon saw the light, the eagerness of Mrs Lister to ascertain whether she had brought into the world a male or female infant, was inexpressible; and equally beyond expression was her delight at learning

that it was a boy, because, as she triumphantly affirmed, she was certain that her friends 'would do *something* for him.' We have ventured to speak of him as Massey Gordon at the moment of his birth, because, in point of fact, he was so named long previous to that auspicious event, and, in short, had been endowed with that euphonious appellation at a period when his existence itself was altogether hypothetical. The name was settled on him like an estate, and with every expectation on the part of his mother, that, if not a fortune in itself, it would assuredly prove the source of one; for the Masseys and the Gordons, the connections after whom he was named, were both rich and powerful families, with all sorts of things to give away, and with parliamentary interest and interest at court into the bargain.

Thus, Massey Gordon Lister was a young gentleman born to the expectation of *something*; but, as it remained uncertain what that something might be, he was not regularly educated for anything. It would have been useless to bring him up to the bar, because there the great relations could not so well aid him; neither was it worth while preparing him for the church, when his destiny might be diplomacy or the army. He was, however, sent to school and to college, where, as he had very fair abilities, he might have done well enough, if he had but known in what particular line to direct them; but so great was his uncertainty on that head, that he never could make up his mind to exert them effectively at all. 'It would be time enough,' he said, 'when he saw what he was to be; it was no use cramming his head with things that might never be of any use to him.' He therefore quitted Oxford, and returned to his parents, in due season, with a very fair character, but without having distinguished himself in any branch of study whatever. As a young man at twenty years of age, living at home, having nothing to do, and doing nothing, always appears out of his place—a sort of unhealthy excrescence on the family-tree—Mr and Mrs Lister felt much disposed to send him abroad to travel for a couple of years; and the

young man was very well inclined to go : it was agreed on all hands that it would be an advantageous way of filling up the interval that might elapse before he got *something*, and accordingly preparations were made for his departure. But it unfortunately happened, just at this crisis, that one of the most influential of the Gordons, chancing to pass through the village, stopped to take a luncheon at the vicarage ; and on hearing what was in contemplation, observed, that he thought it a pity a young man at Lister's age should spend two years in wandering over the continent, where he was not likely to learn anything that would be useful in his future calling. 'For my part,' said he, 'I don't like your travelled puppies. I like a home education.'

'But if a young man is intended for the diplomatic line, or for the army,' said Mrs Lister, 'don't you think seeing foreign countries an advantage ?'

'Oh, if you have prospects of that sort for him,' replied Mr Gordon drily, 'it alters the case ; I was not aware that his future career was determined on.'

'Bless me ! neither is it,' cried Mrs Lister in alarm ; ('for,' said she to herself, 'I have no doubt he means to do *something* for him himself ; it will never do to let him go away under the persuasion that he is already provided for.) Oh dear, no,' added she, 'we have no prospects of the sort for him, nor are we wedded to any particular line of life ; he has been educated in a way that will enable him, with a little study, to take up anything that may offer.' And Mr Gordon said : 'He thought it very right that a young man should be prepared for anything that might turn up.'

'It is quite evident,' said Mrs Lister, when he was gone, addressing her son—'it is quite evident that he means to put you into the church ; and that is why he does not approve of your going abroad. His notions are rather strict, I know ; and he thinks you may lead a gayer life than would be consistent with so serious a destination. We must, therefore, give up the continental expedition, and wait a little till we see what turns up. In the

meantime, I would recommend your devoting your attention to theological studies more than you have hitherto done. My cousin Gordon has some very good preferences in his gift; and, you may rely on it, he will do *something* for you.'

Massey Gordon did rely on it; but time rolled on, year after year slipped by, and nothing came. He had had two or three glimpses of a red coat and a pair of epaulettes, through Sir James Massey, who was a K.C.B., and had great interest at the Horse Guards, and who at one period was depended on to get him a commission; but that hope had failed, and it was now too late to commence a military career. Still diplomacy and the church remained, and Massey Gordon waited with his mouth open for five years more; but he gaped in vain—nothing fell into it. Unfortunately, as time advances people grow older; our hero awoke one morning to the painful conviction that he was thirty years of age, and that he had not yet taken the first step towards providing for himself; and what made this consciousness more painful was, that he was very much in love. The object of his affection was the daughter of a retired officer; and as she had no money herself, it was unreasonable to suppose her father would give her to a man who had nothing to settle on her but expectations. However, on the strength of these expectations, he tried his fortune; and being assured of the young lady's regard, he asked her hand of her father. 'It is true, sir,' said he, 'that my position is not at present such as I could wish to offer Miss Irving; but I have very good prospects—my mother's relations are in a situation to do a great deal, and there is no doubt but they will do *something* for me; and, in the meantime, my wife will find a home at my father's.'

'With respect to prospects, sir,' replied Major Irving, 'I confess I think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and I would rather give my daughter to a man that was in the actual possession of five hundred a year, than to one who had ten thousand depending on a contingency; and as to your relations doing something for

you, excuse me for saying, I should think your prospects better if you told me you intended to do something for yourself. If a man will not stir to help himself, I do not see what right he has to expect other people will come to his assistance; and I have observed through life, that there exists very little accordance betwixt the calculations of expectants and the intentions of those who have anything to give.'

This was plain-speaking, and the young suitor felt it acutely; but as he could not afford to exhibit his resentment to a person whose good-will he was so anxious to cultivate, he gulped it down as well as he could, and merely observed, that 'what Major Irving had said was extremely just, but that his situation was peculiar, he being in a position that entitled him to look for *something*. It would be strange indeed,' he said, 'if, having so many connections in a situation to do something for him, he should be left without anything.'

'Stranger things than that happen every day, sir,' replied Major Irving. 'These great relations of yours have probably many other claims on them besides yours—many more, perhaps, than they can satisfy. People are very apt to see nobody in the world but themselves; they forget how many eyes are directed to the same point—how many candidates there are for everything that's to be given away. Some must be disappointed.'

Massey Gordon could not deny the truth of all this; but it was impossible for him, who had been rocked in the cradle of expectation, who had been born and bred to it, to shake himself free of the delusion, and make up his mind to breast the world alone. Not that it was too late; much time had certainly been lost, but energy and a strong purpose can do wonders, especially when these are backed by love. But the fact was, that the habits of indolence and uncertainty in which he had lived, had lowered the tone of his mind; he had fed it upon unsubstantial food and airy hopes, till it was no longer capable of grappling with the realities of life; and although the motive was strong that urged him to exertion, and although Major

Irving represented to him that his doing something for himself would not prevent others doing something for him too, if they felt so disposed, yet all his resolutions—for he made resolutions—ended in nothing, at least in nothing effectual. He tried one thing, and he tried another ; but he always found out, after a little experiment, that the thing, whatever it was, did not suit him—he was not calculated for it—and then he tried something else ; all the while, however, keeping his eye on the great relations, who, he firmly believed, would come to his assistance yet.

In the meanwhile, Jane Irving, who, although she would not marry him without her father's consent, had plighted her faith to him to marry nobody else, remained single, wasting her youth and her best days in expectation, like her lover. As she was both an amiable and a pretty girl, she did not want suitors, and her father would fain have persuaded her to listen to one or other of them ; but she had plighted her faith and yielded her heart, and although Gordon himself offered to release her from her engagement when he found how firm her father was, she would not hear of it.

However, it is said everything would happen at last, if we had only time to wait long enough for it ; and, one morning, Massey Gordon rushed into Jane's little drawing-room, with an open letter in his hand : it was from one of the great relations, announcing that a representative in the ministerial interest was immediately wanted to sit for one of the family boroughs, which had unexpectedly become vacant, and that if he would repair to the spot without delay, he would be nominated.

'But that brings no money with it,' said Jane. 'You will be no better off than you were before.'

'Not immediately perhaps, I grant you,' replied the lover ; 'but after this, they must do *something* for me ; they can't put me into parliament and leave me there without any provision—that would be too bad ; besides, now that I have a vote to give them, I shouldn't be surprised if the government does *something* for me. Our

family have always supported the party through thick and thin, and it will be hard if they don't give me *something*. I am not so ambitious as I was ; a nice little place of eight hundred or a thousand a year, would satisfy all my desires, and yours too, I am sure.'

In spite of this gleam of fortune, however, Major Irving would not hear of the wedding. In his opinion, he said, it only made the matter worse : their poverty would sit more ungracefully upon them, from this accession of rank and importance, than it would have done without it ; so Massey Gordon took his seat in the House a single man, where he voted vigorously with the ministry for five years, writing regularly twice a week to Jane, affirming in every letter his absolute certainty of getting *something* shortly. But, unfortunately, our hero had not the gift of eloquence, nor had he ever given much attention to the science of politics ; and by the time he was called to the House, his habits of indolence and inapplication were too confirmed to admit of his repairing lost time, or qualifying himself to make any figure in his new position. All he could do was to give his silent vote, and support his party on all questions, unflinchingly, whether right or wrong. But, unfortunately, such partisans are too abundant to be much valued ; and, at the end of the five years, Massey Gordon was forty, Jane Irving five-and-thirty, the major on his death-bed, the vicar declining, and no more signs of the expected *something* than there had been twenty years before.

When her father was laid in the grave, Jane Irving found herself with a few hundred pounds and a small pension, both together not sufficient to maintain her in independence as a gentlewoman ; she proposed, therefore, to seek the situation of a governess, but her lover would not hear of it. Now that she had no other protector, he claimed her hand, and insisted on her accepting the shelter of his father's roof. The vicar never had had any will of his own since he had married a lady of such high connections ; and although Mrs Lister thought her son might have done better, she did not oppose the match, for both

she and Massey Gordon agreed that, when they saw he had a wife to provide for, it was impossible that the family should longer delay doing *something* for him. As long as the vicar lived, everything went on very well ; the newly-married pair felt the want of nothing, and would have been very happy, if Jane could have helped asking herself daily, and her husband sometimes, what was to become of them at his father's death. For her own part, she found great difficulty in answering the question, but he found none ; for although, it is true, he did sometimes despond a little, yet he always ended by saying : ' Depend on it, I shall get *something* at last. It will come some day when we are least looking for it, as the letter did that brought me the offer of the borough.'

'But if it should not come, Gordon,' Jane would sometimes venture to add, 'what are we to do then?'

'Why, then, I must look about for something to turn to,' he would answer. 'It's impossible, with our connections, but I must find something to do. By the by, Jane, if the child proves to be a boy, we'll christen him James Massey Gordon, after Sir James Massey ; he has great interest at the Horse Guards, and I've no doubt he'll do *something* for him.'

It was a melancholy morning at the vicarage when the incumbent died. Nothing had been saved out of the stipend. Mrs. Lister remained with the interest of her L.5000, which, with her habits, was a very bare provision for herself ; and but for the few hundreds Jane had brought her husband, the lately married couple would have been nearly penniless, with the burden of an infant to add to their cares. The effect of this extremity upon Gordon and his wife was, however, extremely different. He looked upon it as the crisis that must inevitably bring him *something* ; his connections could not tamely look on and see him and his wife and child starve. Perhaps they could not ; but he left two things out of his calculation—the first was, that they did not *see* it, they only learned their situation from his own representation, and affluent people are too much accustomed to these sort of

representations, to be very much moved by them ; and the next was, that the difficulty of providing for him had augmented with every year that it had been delayed. It would have been scarcely possible to have found in any book, black, red, or green, the *something*, not that would have suited *him*, but that *he* would have suited. A man who had reached the age of forty-five, and who had never done anything in the world but sit with his mouth open expecting *something* to drop into it, was fit for nothing on earth but a sinecure ; and although in the days of Massey Gordon sinecures were much more abundant than they are now, the supply was never equal to the demand, even in the best of times ; and Jane clearly saw that her few hundred pounds, which was all they had to look to, would not hold out till the family came to their aid. With a calm and steady eye, therefore, she looked around her to see what was to be done. Had she had no child, she might, perhaps, with the naturally dependent feeling of a woman, have yielded to her husband's wishes, and waited the result of his applications, and the effects they might produce ; but the sight of her infant—the maternal instinct—supplied her with intellect and energy to act.

In the village in which she had lived with her father resided an elderly man, called Deacon. He had formerly been a London tradesman, and had retired at the age of sixty to end his days in the enjoyment of rural felicity ; and, contrary to the usual result of such experiments, the plan answered, and he was very happy. But he had always been a sensible, reflecting man, and he had not neglected, whilst he was accumulating the means of leisure, to fit himself for its enjoyment. He had cultivated his mind by reading, and had, by occasional recreations, kept up his taste for social intercourse and for country amusements. Major Irving had esteemed him and courted his acquaintance, and Jane thought she could not apply to a better person than Mr Deacon, to counsel her in her present emergency. 'I am satisfied,' she said, 'that whatever is done must be done by myself. Mr Lister has always lived in so much ease and affluence,

and has been brought up to such expectations, which, vague as they were, have always filled his mind, that I am certain he is incapable of any exertion at all commensurate with the exigency of our situation. I do not say that, knowing our need, his friends will not come to his assistance, if anything should offer, but I am aware of the uncertainty and the difficulty ; and with respect to pecuniary assistance, I believe they have no more money to spare than the rest of the world, and if they had, it would be very mortifying to be obliged to accept it. I would rather do anything for myself—anything in the world.’

‘ But what can you do, my dear,’ said Mr Deacon, ‘ that is consistent with your station ? You cannot offer yourself as a governess, because you have a child and a husband, from whom you would not like to be separated.’

‘ I must forget my station, if I cannot provide for my child otherwise,’ said Jane. ‘ But I was thinking whether, with my little money, I might not set up a school.’

‘ The wife of the member for S—— keep a little country-school !’ said Mr Deacon.

‘ But I am persuading Gordon to resign his seat,’ said Jane. ‘ It has cost him a great deal more than it has brought him, for his qualification was merely nominal ; and he could no longer afford to live in London during the session, now that his father is dead, who supplied him with the means. But let us face this school question boldly,’ said she. ‘ Tell me what it would take to set me up in a respectable way ?’

‘ You must give me a little time to calculate,’ said Mr Deacon. ‘ I will get all the information I can on the subject, and be prepared to answer your questions by your next visit.’

Mr Lister was very unwilling to resign his seat, because, he said, as long as he kept it, and supported the government, he had a fair claim for expecting that they would do *something* for him. Perhaps Jane would not have vanquished his objections, had she not bethought herself of representing, that the resignation of the seat, because

he could not afford to keep it, would inevitably make a strong impression on his connections, and might induce them to do *something* for him after all. This argument prevailed; Mr Lister yielded his assent, and Jane returned to Mr Deacon to learn his opinion of her project.

Although the old gentleman had a very good opinion of Jane, he had been at first almost afraid of encouraging her to risk her little all on the experiment; but the calm determination and good sense she exhibited, inspired him with confidence, and she found him not only prepared to advise her, but willing to act for her. He offered to find her a house, superintend its fitting up, and, in short, take charge of all the arrangements. 'All you have to do,' said he, 'is to get pupils. Everything shall be ready for you to commence after the next midsummer vacation.'

And so it was: Mr Deacon managed everything; made all the agreements, paid all the bills, and on the 1st of August, Jane opened her school with six scholars. Nothing could be better done. The house was pleasantly situated in the outskirts of the village of Y—, not too far for day-scholars; there was a nice little garden behind to serve for a playground; and nothing could be neater and more appropriate than the furniture and fittings up. Jane said she could not have believed that her money could have gone so far; she was sure Mr Deacon must understand the management of money better than anybody. 'I have had long experience, my dear,' said the old man; 'it is the trade I have been at all my life.'

The major and his daughter had always been respected in Y—, and the exertion she was making for herself and her child interested everybody for her. Mr Deacon had also a good many acquaintances amongst the respectable trades-people of London, and his recommendation procured several pupils; so that, one way or another, Jane soon found herself with a very presentable school. Her husband lived with her, but he was of rather less use than an errand-boy might have been, because an errand-boy would have cleaned the knives and the shoes, and

Massey Gordon Lister only walked into the town, with his hands in his pockets, and carried messages. However, he did no harm, except the harm of living on his wife's labour ; for he was naturally well-disposed, and was only a man lost by bad management ; and when the child was old enough to leave the nurse's arms, he took a good deal the charge of it, and taught it its alphabet, which he owned, in a moment of confidence, to his wife, was the first useful thing he had ever done in his life. One day, however, when little James Massey Gordon grew old enough to play at soldiers, and talk of what he would do if he were a great general, she overheard his papa telling him, ' that he had a relation who was a great general, and that he was called James Massey, like him ; and that he hoped this great general would some day do *something* for little Jamesie ;' whereupon Jane extracted a promise from her husband, that he would never again, whilst he lived, mention to the child a word about his great relations. ' They have done harm enough to one generation,' said she—but she said it to Mr Deacon, not to her husband—' let us keep the next out of danger, if we can.'

In this train things went on for some years ; the school flourishing, little James growing and prospering, and understanding that he would have to make his own way in the world by dint of application, and the exertion of such talents as he had ; and Mr Deacon ever kind and friendly, and ready to aid Jane in any way she needed ; when, one day—one auspicious day, the poets would say—Massey Gordon, who had strolled to the village, as usual, with his hands in his pockets, to hear what was going on, read in the London journals that one of his honourable cousins was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He bought the paper, and hurried home to his wife. ' I shall write to him by to-night's post,' said he ; ' at all events, I am now certain of getting *something*.'

We have said, and we believe, that if people could only wait long enough, everything they desired would happen at last, sooner or later. But the period of life allotted to

man does not seem to have been arranged with any reference to this consideration ; and, accordingly, people who don't make haste, are apt to die before their ends are attained, or their work accomplished. What the Secretary for Foreign Affairs might have done at last, there is no telling ; for on the day after the announcement of his taking office appeared, Massey Gordon Lister fell down in an apoplectic fit, and expired after a few hours' illness.

At all events, he did nothing for the widow ; but Mr Deacon did. He was now a very old man, and he said he wanted somebody to take care of him ; so he made Jane give up her school, and she and her boy went to live with him. They were his happy inmates whilst his life lasted, and at his death they were his heirs—'for,' said the old man, 'I like to help those who are willing to help themselves.'

TIPPERARY FORTY YEARS AGO.

In a part of the county of Tipperary, which is but a few miles eastward of the city of Limerick, there lived at the period to which this paper refers, a gentleman of property, with whom was domesticated a nephew, no less popular in his character than himself. Though he had hardly attained his nineteenth year, the youth had established his fame for pre-eminence in running, wrestling, and all those manly exercises suitable to a vigorous and active frame and unimpaired health ; and in addition to those personal advantages, he possessed that frankness of temper and those conciliating manners which so readily gain the affections and respect of the peasantry of Ireland. The uncle kept as a stable-boy a strapping fellow named Kelly, who had much of the same kind of celebrity that his young master enjoyed, being as swift as a hare, a first-

rate hand in the use of the cudgel, and a distinguished pugilist. The young gentleman, whom we shall designate Mr S——, though he was far better known as Master Richard, required for some night-frolic a disguise for his person, and took Kelly's hat and greatcoat, which hung upon a rack in the stable; and when the darkness was such as rendered the recognition of his face and figure improbable, he sallied forth on his ramble towards a neighbouring village. On a part of the road near the Bridge of Aughterasoil, he overtook three stout men walking slowly; and as his temperament was not such as rendered a snail's pace agreeable to him, he resolved, though at the hazard of detection, to pass them. Concealing his face and neck, therefore, as well as he could under a slouched hat, and his flat and well-formed back under the huge cape of Kelly's frieze-coat, he advanced briskly, and as he came alongside, the men saluted him in Irish with the usual 'God be with you!' to which a corresponding reply was courteously given. But he had scarcely proceeded half-a-dozen yards, when he heard one of them exclaim with an oath: 'That's Kelly!' and he was instantly overtaken by the same individual, who coolly but insultingly said: 'Kelly, you often deserved a good licking, and now you shall get it.' Mr S——, who had no stick in his hand, struck the fellow on the head, and knocked him down. It was so dark, that the other two men did not at first distinguish which was on the ground; but they appeared to take it for granted that their companion, whose prowess was proverbial in the parish of Newport, was the victor; and while they were under this delusion, each of them was dealt in turn such a thundering blow, that they were almost instantaneously sprawling together. They were up, however, again upon their legs, as Irishmen usually are after such accidents, in a few seconds; but that brief interval was sufficient for Mr S—— to pass the Bridge of Aughterasoil, which was only fifty yards distant, and then to escape by circuitous paths, through which they vainly endeavoured to trace him.

On the following morning, Mr S—— went among his uncle's labourers, and was told, among other news of the preceding night, that Kelly had beaten a whole gang of the Coffey faction, which had fallen upon him at Augh-terasoil Bridge, and that he was likely to be murdered for the exploit. This was no joking matter in a country where a blow from an individual of one party to that of another—though it might be given in self-defence—was sure to be succeeded by some terrible and vindictive act of retaliation.

Young S—— felt very unhappy at the intelligence, though he consoled himself with the consideration, that by a manly acknowledgment of the real occurrence, Kelly would be exonerated from blame; and as to himself, he had no reason to apprehend injury in consequence of the knock-em-down blows which his boyish arm had inflicted. He went to the stable, where poor innocent Kelly was polishing the bit of a bridle, and talking in whispers to his sister, who had come to him with a caution not to go near the forge of Bunkey that day, as the Coffeys had sworn to be the death of him for what he had done. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never was out all the evening; but some designing villain that wished me ill wore my clothes upon him; or'—lowering his voice to a piano note—'one of the good people—the Lord betune us and harm!—or something that wasn't nathral; for when I came into the stable this morning, I found my hat and coat, that I left upon the rack yesterday evening, lying on the oat-bin, soiled and tattered with the bushes. Och, sir, I'll soon be a *corp*, there's no use in desaiiving myself about it!'

His young master at once reassured him, by stating the occurrence; and cautioning him to be silent for a time, he mounted his horse, and rode off quietly to the forge of Bunkey, in order to reconnoitre. As he expected, he perceived on the road near it the three warriors of the preceding night, lounging along with heavy sticks in their hands. Addressing them individually by name, he inquired: 'What are you doing, boys!'

‘Nothing at all, Master Richard, but walking along the road.’

‘I suspect,’ said Mr S——, ‘that you’re waiting for Kelly.’

They started. ‘Why, sir, what do you know about it?’

‘About what?’

‘Oh, nothing at all.’

‘Do you remember the bridge of Augherasol?’ demanded S——, with something of a smile on his lip.

If the men were surprised at first, they became much more so now. Mr S—— laughed, and told them he was the person who had floored them all. They were quite ashamed of having even unintentionally insulted their young master.

They asked him: ‘Why didn’t you speak, sir?—for sure, if we had known it was yourself, we’d have kissed your track in the gutter.’

‘I just wanted to shew you,’ replied S——, ‘what a gossoon like myself could do against three of the best men in the parish of Newport.’

Thus was Kelly saved from the infliction of summary punishment for an offence which he did not commit; yet, some years subsequently, he was hanged, as an accomplice in the murder of one of the Coffey faction.

Such was the disposition of the peasantry of Tipperary forty years ago: though they often fought with each other, and broke one another’s heads, from party feuds, as mere pastime, or to keep their hands in practice, they respected the authority of their landlords, and would patiently have submitted even to a good drubbing at their hands, if they commanded respect by honourable and generous conduct, conciliating manners, and that *protection* which the Irish squire was often but too willing to afford to his dependents, even in defiance of the rigid rules of equity, and the general interests of the community. That submissiveness to a superior was greatly increased, if he possessed, as in the instance of young S——, manliness of appearance, and those physical advantages which are always captivating to the mass of mankind, and give them

a self-satisfying excuse for succumbing to authority—even arbitrarily enforced by blows—while they would blush to receive a stroke from a nerveless arm.

No people more strongly admire a portly form and vigorous frame than the lower orders in Ireland, especially if the possessor of those attributes be a real gentleman bred and born. Where the acerbity of political hatred does not destroy the taste and judgment in this particular, the expression 'he's a fine man' is sure to catch the ear of the bystander within reach of the exclamation, and the object of it receives instinctive homage and admiration.

But to return to Tipperary and the 'gossoon of a boy' who had floored three stout men. A short time after this event, a man named Magrath, from the neighbourhood of Doon, fell into the hands of a faction at a fair in Newport. He had ridden there upon business, and was very unjustifiably quarrelled with by some of the peasantry in the vicinity. Mr S—, hearing that Magrath (who was unknown to him in every particular) had been forced to take shelter in a house from which he was then in danger of being driven out among a brutal mob, and perhaps beaten to death, hastily went with his younger brother to the rescue of the prisoner; and calling out to him to mount his horse, and gallop out by a back-door, boldly determined to keep his enemies at bay in the front.

But this was not so easily done. The men, of whom many were total strangers to young S—, swore they would advance and have Magrath's life, and prepared to move forward; but S—, drawing a line with his stick across the road, and placing his brother at the opposite end, declared that they would unite to knock down the first men who would dare to pass the line. Two men in their fury rushed forward, and in an instant were laid low by S— and his brother; and, strange to say, this had the effect of checking the rest—they feared the powerful arms of those two young gentlemen. While they paused in consternation, and were lifting up their prostrate

companions, Magrath shot by in full gallop, pursued by the whole of the opposing party, who expected to come up with him at a certain pass, which he could only reach by a considerable circuit. The fellows slipped off their shoes and stockings, and coursed after him like greyhounds; and if his horse had not happily carried him over a high wall just as they had doubled upon him, and met him exactly at the point where they expected, and which he crossed before them, he would assuredly have been killed.

At that time there was no police force: faction-fights, or individual combats, openly occurred, to the terror of the peaceable, at every fair; and magistrates rarely interfered in what they deemed hopeless cases. But a popular landlord, or one of his family, like the priest himself, often knocked down some of the belligerents, by way of making peace between them; and this summary mode of terminating fights did not even provoke an angry look from the sufferers, because they knew that they were beaten *for their own good*.

In illustration of this: On the day after the affair at Newport, one of the men felled by young S—— looked rather sulkily at him; a conversation ensued, brief but significant.

‘How are you this morning, Mike?’ kindly asked Mr S——, as if nothing particular had occurred to occasion any degree of reserve between them.

‘Not the better, Master Richard, for the fall you gave me yesterday.’

‘Pooh, man; sure ’twas for your own good.’

‘’Twas a quare way of *sarving* me, anyhow; and I’m not pleased at it at all, at all.’

‘Now, Mike,’ rejoined our young friend, ‘isn’t it better for you to be here free, and pleasantly about whatever business you have, than to be hiding from a warrant for killing that poor man yesterday, and running every danger of being hanged? Just answer me, now—wasn’t it for your own good that I gave you that little bit of a tap?’

‘Why, then, Master Richard,’ concluded Mike, ‘bedad you’re right; it *was* surely the best blow that has happened to my skull this long time. But by my troth, I often got a blow from a two-handed wattle that wasn’t so heavy as your fist; I’m sure such a *tap* I was never *hot* before; and Master Richard, avourneen, the next time ye’re making pace, or stopping a ’ruction betune any of us—good luck to you, and all power to your arm—at the same time, don’t lane quite so heavy.’

Years passed away, and, as most lads do, Master Richard became a full-grown man; and, probably on account of his very pacific disposition, obtained a commission in the army. Nor did his good-fortune end with the various military laurels which he won in the course of the long and arduous war in which he was engaged. He obtained the hand of an English lady, who, like all English ladies of good taste, was nothing loath to marry a handsome young Irishman of very frank and gentle disposition, and yet as resolute and vigorous a protector as the most timid female could desire in the hour of difficulty. A visit to their uncle in Tipperary was an affair of course, and the usual courtesies of an hospitable neighbourhood rendered visiting on the part of Mr and Mrs S—— unavoidable, even though disturbances of a serious nature affected the country at that period, which was about the year 1825.

One afternoon the new-married couple were driving in their carriage through Doon, which is some miles from Newport, and where Mr S—— had no local connections. The evening was advancing; and Mr S——, knowing that he was not within the limits of his uncle’s influence, but in a locality by no means to be desired, drove on as briskly as the state of the roads would permit; but was surprised to find that he was followed, evidently with some design, by a man on a stout horse, who peered into the carriage two or three times, wheeled about, appeared to hesitate about something, and at last, in a very narrow part of the road, galloped to the side of the carriage, which was an open one. Mr S—— had no pistols, and

hardly knew what to think ; Mrs S—— pulled out—a smelling-bottle ; but that would have been of no use against a highwayman, a Rockite, or a rebel. The man, however, civilly touched his hat, and said : ‘ I have been watching you, sir, for some time, and I believe you’re Mr S—— ! ’

The other nodded.

‘ Then, sir, you may recollect Magrath of Doon—the man whose life you saved many years ago at the fair of Newport : I thought I knew your face, though you’re grown a great big man ; and as the boys are out this evening, and might insult you and the mistress—and I’m proud to see her in Tipperary—I thought it my duty to see you safe till you reached Maroo, where you’re well known and liked.’

This instance of grateful attention on the part of Magrath, which must conclude our little sketch, at least testifies that the sentiment of gratitude was not altogether foreign from the Irish heart thirty years ago.

T H E L E G A C Y :

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It would not have been easy—we could almost say, impossible—to have found any where a more contented or a happier family than that of David Hunter, at the period when we first take up their history. Yet the Hunters were in but humble circumstances, the father and three sons being merely common workmen in a large bleaching-manufactory, at very moderate wages. But what of that ! They were contented, and that was enough.

David Hunter, the head of the family, was a truly respectable man for his station in life—quiet, sober, honest, and intelligent. His sons were not behind him in

any of these particulars. They, too, were quiet, well-behaved lads. The family consisted, altogether, of a wife, the three sons just alluded to, and two daughters—the latter, like all the rest of the family, being remarkable for their industrious habits and the general propriety of their conduct.

But it was the love that the several members of this happy family bore to each other that formed the most remarkable feature of their communion, and which most particularly attracted the notice and excited the admiration of all who had an opportunity of marking it. And such opportunity had the whole parish in which they resided; for, in going to church, they invariably all went together, brother and sister, linked arm in arm, and all talking so kindly, and looking so fondly in each other's faces—it was delightful to see them.

In church, too, it was a pretty sight to see how attentive the brothers were to their mother and sisters in pointing out the text and the psalm. These were trifling matters, indeed, but people of discernment saw a great deal in them. At home, too, it was equally pleasant to see the Hunters of an evening, after the father and the young men had returned from their work—the house clean and neat; the daughters busily employed in sewing; the mother in discharging her household duties; the father seated by the fire in his great wooden arm-chair, and the sons seated around him, engaged in lively and cheerful conversation. Great, indeed, though humble, was the happiness of the Hunters.

Their employer, who had a great esteem for David and his family, was in the habit of looking in upon them sometimes, after work-hours, when making his usual rounds to see that all was right about the field. On these occasions, he never could refrain from saying something congratulatory to David, in reference to the quiet, cheerful, and affectionate conduct of his children. He had witnessed the domestic felicity of the family often; but every time he saw it, it struck him as forcibly as the first time.

'It would be no small matter, David,' he said on one of these occasions, smiling as he spoke, 'that would cause a difference in your family. I hardly think anything could interrupt the harmony that reigns amongst you.'

'Well, I believe,' replied David, with a very excusable look of complacency, 'that hardly anything possibly could. There has never been the slightest difference amongst us yet, and I trust there never will.' The sons and daughters replied to their employer's remark by raising their heads, and glancing at him with a smile which said as plainly as smile can say anything: 'A difference between us! No, no; such a thing can never be. We love each other too well and too sincerely for that.'

Thus stood matters, then, with David Hunter and his family, and thus they remained for several years, with little or no change; only that David and his wife were getting a little older, and their sons and daughters further on in life. But in their happiness and attachment to each other there was no change, unless an increase of such happiness and attachment can be so called.

David Hunter and his family were surprised one evening by a visit from the letter-carrier. He had not been at their house for two years before; and then it was with a very primitive-looking epistle, most abominably folded, sealed with a bit of resin instead of wax, and superscribed with a vile hieroglyphical sort of direction. It was from a very honest, decent man, however, a brother of David Hunter, who was a weaver in Bridgeton, near Glasgow. No letter had they received from any quarter since then till now. But the letter that made its appearance now was of a very different description, being properly folded, carefully sealed, and altogether business-like. On its being handed in, David slowly put his hand into his capacious waistcoat pocket in search of his spectacles. These found and drawn forth, he deliberately opened them, and with equal deliberation placed them on his nose. All these preparatory proceedings gone through with due solemnity, David at length opened the mysterious

letter, and, surrounded by his wondering and anxious, but profoundly silent family, read as follows :—

‘LONDON, ————’

Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you that you are named in the will of the late John Pitt, Esq. of Woodvale, Jamaica, for a legacy of L.5000.

‘We, in the meantime, merely advise you of the circumstance ; but shall in a day or two address you again, with instructions as to proceedings necessary for putting you in possession of said legacy, also as to time and manner of payment. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

GRESSEY AND GREGSON, *Solicitors.*’

It is presumed to be unnecessary to describe the effect this extraordinary and most unexpected communication had upon David Hunter and his family. The reader will himself form a sufficiently lively idea of it, without our troubling him with a description. The legacy had been wholly unlooked for ; the testator being a very distant relation, and a person with whom David had never had any correspondence ; indeed, of whose existence he was hardly aware.

The news of the Hunters’ legacy, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the family to keep the matter quiet for a little time, soon spread amongst the neighbours, who said that David’s family, happy before, would surely now be ten times happier. It was reasonable to think so ; for, if they were content and happy with very limited means, they would certainly be much more content and happy when these means became abundant. It was reasonable that it should be so—that, on becoming richer, they should become happier. Did it ? We shall see.

In the course of a few days, David heard again from the London solicitors, who now wrote fully on the subject of the legacy, and gave him such instructions as put him in possession of the money in less than three months after. For some time subsequent to this event, no change whatever was observable in the family. Neither pride nor ostentation followed their good fortune. On the third or

fourth Sunday, however, the neighbours and others who knew of and had observed their affectionate manner towards each other, were a good deal surprised at the unusual order in which they came to church. Formerly, as already noticed, they used to come in the most loving manner, arm in arm together ; now they came in a string, all separate and wide asunder. There was observable, moreover, more or less of an angry and discontented expression on the countenances of all of them, which, contrasting so very strikingly as it did with their former cheerful looks, was very conspicuous, and attracted the notice of the more shrewd observers. Coming to church in this manner, they of course entered their pew in a straggling way, one after the other, at considerable intervals, and not together as formerly—another circumstance, indicative of some change of feeling, which did not escape the notice of the congregation ; the report of their sudden acquisition of wealth having rendered them objects of special attention for a time. Neither did a total neglect of those little acts of courtesy to each other in church, of which we formerly spoke, elude the observation of those around them.

People were much surprised at this unusual deportment on the part of the Hunters, and wondered if any disagreement had sprung up among them, and if so, whether the legacy could have anything to do with it. They said it would be strange if good fortune could do that which bad fortune had been unable to do—namely, destroy the happiness of the family ; in this remark, alluding to a period when the Hunters had been in great distress from want of employment and illness together—trials which seemed only to increase their attachment to each other ; while now it appeared to be precisely the reverse. But had any change really taken place in their feelings towards each other ? By retrograding a little in their history we may ascertain this.

On the third day after the receipt of the legacy, David Hunter called his family around him, and told them that he wished to inform them of certain arrangements regard-

ing the distribution of the legacy amongst them (including a provision for himself and wife), on which he had determined. He then proceeded to name to his sons the respective sums which he intended giving them to begin business with, and to his daughters the sum he intended giving them as dowry in the event of their marriage. Having concluded, David looked around for the approbation which he felt conscious he deserved. But what was his surprise and mortification when he perceived in every countenance the most unequivocal signs of disappointment and discontent! There was not one of his children, sons or daughters, pleased with the portions allotted them.

Poor David endeavoured to meet their views by altering, modifying, and even by offering to increase the different sums by reducing the moderate proportion he intended retaining for himself; but to no purpose. No arrangement or distribution he could propose or suggest would satisfy the expectations or wishes of his children. They did not, indeed, complain openly, much less by either loud or angry expressions; but there was gloom on every brow—sullenness and discontent on every countenance.

From this moment there was no longer any happiness in David Hunter's family. A feeling of jealousy and dislike was now engendered, which could never again be eradicated. Poor David saw and bitterly felt the change, and wished a thousand times that the legacy had gone to the bottom of the sea instead of coming to him, as he deemed it but a poor substitute for the domestic felicity he had lost. Here will be found a sufficient explanation of that difference of deportment which had attracted the notice of their neighbours.

David Hunter, seeing that there was no hope of restoring harmony amongst his children, who were now snapping and snarling at each other, morning, noon, and night, determined, however painful to his feelings it might be, to break up his family. In pursuance of this resolution, he recommended to each of his sons to betake himself to lodgings of his own, and to start in the world on his own account. To enable them to do so, he said he would

instantly pay them down the different sums he had determined on giving them respectively. His sons, though far from satisfied, sulkily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement ; and, in a few days after, left their father's house, but in such sullen mood, that they would not tell him either where they were going or what they intended doing.

They never held any correspondence again. Each brother, thinking the others had got more than they ought to have done, and of course he himself less, never went near each other, but, on the contrary, continued to the end of their lives to entertain a feeling of the most bitter hostility to one another. Neither did any of them ever again visit their father, whom they all agreed in accusing of unjust dealing towards them.

Such was the consequence of the legacy ; and it may be taken as another evidence of the well-known truth—that an accession of wealth is not necessarily, by any means, an accession of happiness.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE:

BY HERRICK,

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY POET.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof ;
Under the spars of which, I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Has set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;

And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead,
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier,
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou has sent :
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth ;
And givest me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me, for this end :
That I should render for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine :
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN:

A STORY.

SOME years ago, there dwelt in a certain town in the south of England, a teacher of music called Vining. He was descended from a very respectable family; but, through the improvidence of former generations, they had fallen from one thing to another, till the present representative was obliged to earn his living as an humble instructor in the divine art—we may use the word *art* with propriety, for the science he did not meddle with. All he attempted was to teach the young ladies in his vicinity, who aspired to be accomplished at a cheap rate, to knock about the keys of old jingling pianofortes, and excruciate the ears of their less ambitious neighbours, at half-a-crown an hour. He was, nevertheless, a very worthy man, and would have done better if he could; that is, he would not have wasted his own time and that of other people in such a useless employment, if he could have found any other means of providing for himself and his son, the well-beloved little Alfred, in bringing whom into the world his wife had died. A nice little boy was Alfred—pretty, good-tempered, and clever; and it was a great grief to the father that he could not give him a classical education, and launch him into life respectably; satisfied as he was that his boy had abilities that would do credit to any profession. But as it was, there was nothing for it but either to put him apprentice to some trade, or qualify him for following his own miserable calling; and the old man was sorely perplexed which to do. He had yet some remnants of family pride, and could not forget that his ancestors had sat upon the grand-jury, and written themselves Esquires; and he fancied that to put his boy to a trade was another step downwards. Unprofitable as his occupation was, it was

still a *profession*, and entitled him to some few privileges and observances, which he looked upon as all that was left of his son's heritage, and of this he was unwilling to deprive him. In the meantime, whilst the question remained undecided, he procured Alfred the best education his means could compass; at the same time teaching him the rudiments of music, that he might be prepared for whatever might follow.

Amongst the music-master's pupils there was one that differed extremely from the rest. She was the only daughter of a gentleman named Hill, who resided at a place called the Moat, about three miles from L——, the town the artist inhabited. The history of Mr Hill's family was the converse of that of the Vinings: his ancestors had been in the lowest walks of the people, but they had gradually risen, step by step, till their present representative was the possessor of one of the finest estates in the county; but he was an austere, unenlightened, and remarkably avaricious man, who played his part but indifferently in the position he had attained. His father had been an attorney, with a tolerable share of country business; but as he had three daughters to provide for besides this son—who, by the way, was called Abel—he was under the necessity of teaching the said Abel some method of providing for himself, and, after due deliberation, determined on sending him to the bar. But Abel was a sharp lad, and whilst his father was planning for him one road to fortune, he struck out another, much shorter, for himself—he won the heart of the heiress of the Moat, and straightway became a great man. But he did no honour to his elevation. He was narrow-minded and cold-hearted, and little esteemed by high or low. The wife through whom he had attained his greatness died early, leaving him one little girl, who appeared in all things to take after her mother, who was both handsome and amiable. She was clever, too; but Abel refused her all means, or at least most means of cultivating her talents. There was an old library at the Moat, full of miscellaneous works of all ages and on all

subjects, and from these he certainly did not debar her ; but he neither provided her a governess nor sent her to school, nor permitted her to have masters ; so that, beyond reading and writing, which he taught her himself, she knew nothing but what she picked up from the old books. This was a good deal, it is true ; but then it was such a mass of heterogeneous, undigested materials, deposited in her brain so entirely without order, system, arrangement, or selection, that it was of little use or value beyond the amusement she had found in collecting it ; and though she knew many things with which other people were not generally acquainted, she was so ignorant of all that is taught in the common routine of education, that when brought in contact with persons of ordinary information, she appeared to know nothing. The world thought it very odd that Mr Hill did not provide a better education for his daughter, heiress as she was to such a fine property ; but he did not hold himself accountable to anybody for his conduct. He said she did very well for him as she was, and that was enough ; and he took care, besides, to let them see very little of her ; and, conscious in a great degree of her own deficiencies, shy and awkward in company, poor Sophia made no effort to let them see more.

There was one thing, however, she had a great desire for, and that was to learn music : it was the only point she insisted on with her father. But although a very good master came from the county town twice a week to teach the young ladies of the neighbourhood, Mr Hill was for a long time inexorable. An old instrument, that had been her mother's, still stood in the library ; and on this Sophia picked out tunes by ear, till at last, having one day made out an air from her father's whistling, that he said had been the favourite dance when he was a young man, his heart so far melted, that he consented to her taking a few lessons from old Vining. Sophia was delighted ; one master appeared to her as good as another ; and she gave up her mind with such devotion to her new study, that she made a rapid progress, and soon

knew pretty nearly as much as her instructor. As soon as her fingers had attained some degree of fluency, she was seized with a particular fancy for playing duets; but the music-master, having nearly lost the use of his left hand by a slight touch of paralysis, was not in a condition to comply with her wishes. 'But if you have no objection,' said he, 'I will bring my little boy to play with you; it will be good practice for him as well as for you.' Sophia said she would ask her papa's leave; and her papa said he cared nothing about it, provided he was not called upon to pay more than the half-crown a lesson. Accordingly, Alfred came, and after a little experience the duets flourished amazingly. But the consequences of his visits were not limited to the pianoforte.

At the time he was first brought to the Moat, Alfred was fifteen years of age, and Sophia was just two months older. She was a fine, well-grown girl, and looked her age; but Alfred, though with a handsome face and well-proportioned figure, was so small, that he appeared much younger. She therefore treated him as a boy; called him *Alfred*; and when she spoke of him to her father, generally *little Alfred*. The two young people thus became very intimate, and each began to anticipate with pleasure the days in the week that were to bring them together; and when this duet-playing had gone on some time, each began to find that these two days in the week were the only days they ever thought of, and that all the intervening ones were passed in reckoning how many hours must elapse before they found themselves again seated together before the old pianoforte in the library. Mr Hill never was present when the music-lessons were given, seldom in the house, and had no curiosity about them; but as he found that, without costing much money, they seemed to satisfy all his daughter's desires, he thought it was a cheap and innoxious way of making her happy, and allowed them to go on without interference. In short, he found them convenient; for once or twice, when Sophia made some slight request that he did not choose to accede to, he found he had only to say: 'But

then we must give up the music-lessons,' and the petition was instantly withdrawn. He could not expect to make his only daughter and heiress happy at a cheaper rate than five shillings a week.

With the progress of time, however, the poor music-master's health declined more and more ; and it grew to be by no means an unusual accident for Alfred to arrive at the Moat alone. But the lesson went on just as well ; till, by and by, Sophia ceased to expect the old man, and Alfred ceased to make any apology for his absence. But, alas ! out of all this music there grew at length much love. This was the less to be wondered at on the part of Sophia, since Alfred was the only young man she was in the habit of seeing. He, on the contrary, saw many young ladies ; but none were, to his taste, so pretty, so artless, so agreeable as Sophia ; and certainly none were so kind to him. But though they were both desperately in love, they never told each other a word of the matter ; and, indeed, they scarcely knew it themselves, till the pinch of adversity came and awakened them from the pleasant dream in which they had been some time wrapped—a dream in which they saw the earth always bedecked with flowers, the sky of a bright blue, the air balmy as zephyrs, and all the circumstances of human existence to match. But, alas ! the scene changed ; somebody hinted to Mr Hill that *everybody* (that troublesome intermeddler with people's affairs—whoever he is, he certainly never can mind his own)—*everybody* was surprised that he allowed his daughter to be so intimate with young Vining. The slightest suggestion was enough ; Alfred was paid off and dismissed ; and the young lovers began to find that there were thorns and thistles on the earth, clouds in the sky, and ill winds that brought sorrow and regret to them, whatever good they might be blowing to the rest of the world. They were both wretched—wretched every day in the week, but supremely so on Tuesdays and Fridays—those two especial days which they had been used to anticipate with so much delight ; and on those days, as soon as it was dusk and his business

over, Alfred invariably directed his steps towards the Moat, in order to wander round the enchanted castle that contained his treasure. At the same time, the fair Sophia, persecuted by the same restless spirit, and unable to pursue her usual occupations, took to long and late walks about the grounds; and thus, about a fortnight after Alfred's dismissal, they chanced to meet; and this chance having once occurred, it almost inevitably recurred, and that pretty frequently; till at last *everybody* was seized with another fit of astonishment, and Mr Hill was informed that that personage was extremely surprised at his permitting his daughter to form so low a connection; and, moreover, that *everybody* was desirous of knowing whether the day was fixed for the wedding. Furious at the insinuation, Mr Hill waylaid the lovers, kicked Alfred out of the grounds, forbidding him ever to enter them again; and dragging his daughter home, he locked her up in her room, where he condemned her to a long and rigorous confinement.

Alfred was a high-spirited lad, and it may therefore be conceived that, besides the pain he felt at being banished from his mistress, that which his pride endured from the indignity he had suffered was not much less acute. But where was his redress? Mr Hill certainly had a right to forbid him his grounds, although the kicking him out of them was an insult that might have been spared; and he had also an undoubted right to deny him his daughter's company; and on this point Alfred could not but admit that he was justified. 'I could not expect him to give her to me,' he said—'the son of a music-master, without five shillings in the world.'

'With respect to your being the son of a music-master,' replied his father, 'he has no right to despise you on that account. You come of a much better family than he does. His great-grandfather would have been glad to have blacked the shoes of yours. With respect to your poverty, the objection is too well founded. But, after all, where there is money enough on one side, why should the want of it on the other be considered an objection?

If Miss Dease, his late wife, had acted on that principle, she would not have married him, and he might not now be much better off than you are.'

But Alfred's mingled pride and modesty would not allow him to esteem himself a worthy match for Sophia in his present humble condition; though he did think that Mr Hill should have treated him as a gentleman, and that the kicks might have been spared him. But as he could discern no means of effacing the affront, he was obliged to leave it where it was, rankling at his heart, and oppressing him with the mortifying consciousness that such a poor creature as himself, who was obliged to put up tamely with such insults, must appear quite unworthy the love of so fine a girl as Sophia. She, however, thought differently; her girlish notions were not so much shocked by the affront as her heart was pained by the separation. The kicks bestowed on her lover seemed to her very much like the slaps occasionally bestowed on herself; her pride was not shocked by them: their only effect was, that she loved him the better for having been the victim of her father's violence and ill temper, and that she resolved, if ever she had it in her power, to make him amends by giving him her hand.

After this disagreeable adventure, which subjected him to many gibes and jeers from the spiteful part of the community, the neighbourhood of the Moat became hateful to poor Alfred, and he eagerly desired to quit it. But he could not leave his father; the old man was declining fast, and required all his attention; besides that Alfred's pupils were now all they had to depend upon for their mutual support. And a miserable dependence it was; for, even of the few he had, some of the female ones had been withdrawn from his tuition, in consequence of the affair at the Moat, their parents alleging that Mr Alfred Vining was a dangerous young man, and much too handsome for a music-master. This persuasion, however flattering to Alfred's vanity, was very inconvenient in other respects, and he therefore resolved that, as soon as his father required his assistance

no more, he would quit the place of his birth and seek fortune elsewhere ; and accordingly, when he had paid the last duties to the old gentleman, he prepared to execute his determination. The first step was to collect every article he possessed that was saleable, in order to dispose of it, and form a small fund to maintain him till he should find some suitable employment. In doing this, he routed out all his father's old stores and receptacles of rubbish that had been accumulating for years ; and amongst other things, he fell upon a large packet of letters and papers, bound together by tape that had once been red. They were mostly addressed to Peregrine Vining, Esquire, whom he remembered to have heard of as the brother of his own great-grandfather ; they were yellow with age, covered with dust, and did not appear to have been disturbed for years. A natural curiosity to see something of the records of his family in their prosperous days induced Alfred to seat himself on an old trunk and untie the packet. The very first letter he opened ran as follows :—

‘DEAR SIR—That your claim is a just one, as I have always told you, I do not dispute, nor, indeed, scarcely doubt. At the same time, I must repeat, that there are many circumstances in the case that lay it open to a long litigation ; and that, considering the glorious uncertainty of the law, the result must be doubtful, although I incline to think it would be in your favour. The point to be considered is—since you have no issue, how far it would be worth your while, at your time of life, to embroil yourself in a troublesome lawsuit for the sake of obtaining a property of which you stand in no need yourself, and which, at your decease, must necessarily fall to your brother Alfred, who, as you well know, will bring it to the hammer in the course of a few years, as he has done everything else he possessed, in order to pay the debts incurred by his gambling and extravagance. At the same time, should you resolve on throwing down the gauntlet, I will do my best to secure you the victory, and

will wait upon you on any day you appoint, to take your directions. With respect to the value of the property in question, I should think, if sold, it would fetch about L.40,000. The Moat House is old, and would require much repair, if not rebuilding. The present proprietor, Mr Charles Dease, has never laid out a shilling on the estate, as I understand, from an apprehension that your family might establish their claim, and step in to enjoy the benefits of his expenditure.—I remain, dear sir, your obedient friend and servant,

JAMES WALLACE.

MAIDSTONE, *August 16, 1760.*

‘How extraordinary!’ exclaimed Alfred. ‘Then my family had once some right to be masters of the Moat!’

The letters which made so interesting a disclosure were too precious to be hurriedly perused, sitting in a garret on the corner of a trunk, so Alfred replaced the red tape, and locking them safely up, reserved them for his evening’s amusement; and when his day’s work was finished, he seated himself by his scanty fire and solitary tallow candle, to satisfy his curiosity.

He found they were all numbered, and placed in their regular sequence, and that he had duly begun with number one: that he perused again, and then went duly through the whole packet. We have not space, nor indeed, if we had, would it be desirable, since lawyers’ letters are not the most agreeable reading in the world, to give their contents verbatim: suffice it to say, that the conclusion to be drawn was, that his great-uncle, Peregrine Vining, had directed Mr Wallace to proceed with the business, and that several preliminary steps had been taken towards establishing the claims of the Vinings to the Moat and its appurtenances. But here the information ended; how far the suit was carried, whether it was dropped, or whether it was persevered in to the end, and finally lost by his family, did not appear. That it had not been gained, appeared too clearly; and that the property had remained in the family of the Deases, was also clear, since that was the name of the lady Mr Hill had

married. Alfred looked at the letters and turned them over and over, and wished he could find out the truth of the business. 'But if I did,' he said, 'what could I do, even supposing the claim remained undecided? People can't go to law without money; and if my uncle Peregrine, who appears to have been rich, could make nothing of it, what could I do that am a beggar?'

'Well, for all that, if I were you,' said a friend to whom he spoke on the subject, 'I'd try and find out who succeeded to that Mr Wallace's business. Perhaps, by referring to their own books and records, they might be able to tell you how the suit terminated; and that would be some satisfaction.'

The moment the idea was started, Alfred became as eager to act upon it as if he had expected to discover the means of establishing his claim to Mr Hill's property, which he certainly did not; but he did think that, if he could only shew his mistress and her father that his family had once been better gentry than they were, and that, perhaps, if every man had his own, things would not be as they were, they at least could no longer despise him; and perhaps a remote hope might have glanced across his mind that, in such a case, Mr Hill's objection to the match might somewhat relax, and he might be tempted, by a sense of justice, to satisfy the claims of both sides by a union of the claimants. As it was to Maidstone he had been preparing to go with the view of seeking employment, this discovery made no change in his plans. He had only to add the letters to his baggage, and set off; and as one of the partners in the firm was still called Wallace, he had no difficulty in finding the house he sought.

Alfred requested to see Mr Wallace, and producing the papers, he explained his business.

'I cannot say I know anything of the matter myself,' said Mr Wallace. 'If the claim was ever investigated, it was before my time; but I am aware we have somewhere about the house a tin box with the name of Vining upon it. I will desire it to be sought for, and ascertain

what it contains against I see you again. But may I ask if you have any view of renewing the suit?’

‘I’m afraid that would be wholly out of my power, sir,’ replied Alfred. ‘I have not the means to undertake it, even if there were a probability of success. But I should like to know how far the suit was carried, and whether it ever came to a decision.’

Mr Wallace promised to examine the box; and when Alfred called again, the lawyer was prepared to lay before him a bundle of papers, ticketed Vining *versus* Dease, which he had found in it, corroborating the contents of the other packet; but it appeared, by letters which were also found in the box, that the suit had been suddenly arrested by the death of Mr Peregrine Vining, the plaintiff. ‘And do you think, sir, if it had been carried through, we should have gained it?’ inquired Alfred.

‘That is more than I can say,’ replied Mr Wallace; ‘but I perceive that my grandfather was rather sanguine about the matter, and he was reputed a cautious man, and had evidently discouraged the suit in the first instance.’

Alfred heaved a deep sigh, and a melancholy shade passed over his handsome face, that interested Mr Wallace so far as to induce him to inquire into his situation.

‘Nothing can be more destitute, sir,’ replied Alfred. ‘I suppose the extravagance of my great-grandfather, Mr Alfred Vining, reduced the family to poverty, for I have never known anything else. I have had a tolerable education, but that is all I have to begin the world with.’

Mr Wallace was a just man, and as he perceived, by the contents of the tin box, that Alfred’s ancestors, in their prosperous days, had been the clients of his, he thought this a good opportunity to return the benefit, by assisting this solitary scion of a decayed house in his adversity. He therefore began with inviting him to dinner, and after a little more acquaintance, ended by taking him into his office.

Alfred was very clever and very aspiring—not, perhaps, that he was naturally ambitious, but the stings of poverty had so galled him—not its privations, but ‘the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely’—that he eagerly desired to make for himself a name and station that should place him above the reach of such evils. He therefore devoted all the energies of his nature to his new profession ; and soon was esteemed so highly for his integrity and talent, that Mr Wallace employed him upon all occasions of trust and importance, and became extremely attached to him.

‘Now that I understand the law, sir,’ said he one day to his master, ‘I should like very much to look over those family papers in the tin box, that I might see what chance we had.’

The tin box was accordingly delivered to him, and many an hour did Alfred borrow from his night’s rest to study its contents. And what was the result of his vigils? He satisfied himself that the claim of the Vinings was a just one, and that, if persevered in with energy, it must be established ; and so he told Mr Wallace.

‘That the claim is just,’ replied Mr Wallace, ‘I have no difficulty in believing ; but that it could be established at this time of day, I confess I greatly doubt. However, some evening when I have a few hours to spare, I will take a glance at the papers myself.’

And so he did ; and as he ended by arriving at the same conviction as Alfred, he offered to give him all the assistance in his power towards prosecuting his claim.

Who shall describe the surprise and indignation of Abel Hill when he learned, not only that there was a claimant for his estate, but that that claimant was the despised Alfred Vining? He began to find out he had been a great friend to the boy and to his father ; and relying on the strength of his purse, he swore he would crush the young viper. But Alfred and his friends steadily pursued their aim, and it soon appeared that Mr Hill was likely to get the worst of it. Then his fear

conquering his pride, induced him to convey a proposal to Alfred, through a third person, to the effect that, if he would forego his suit, he would give him his daughter. Alfred declined the compromise, but he comforted himself with the thought that the kicks were expiated. 'Now,' thought he, 'we fight as equals. If he conquers, he may triumph as he pleases, but he can never again venture to boast that he kicked me off his premises. If I conquer—we shall see.'

Mr Wallace's connections were extensive, and when it appeared that Alfred's cause was a good one, they had no scarcity of professional assistance. Some of the most distinguished pleaders at the bar offered their aid; the cause was gained, and Alfred found himself entitled to kick Mr Hill off *his* premises whenever he pleased. But this was a privilege he had no desire to use. Now that he was a man of fortune, and Sophia poor, he offered her his hand; whilst her father was too happy to consent to the union, and accept from the music-master's son a liberal provision for himself.

THE COUNTESS D'AURAY:

A TALE.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott first met a lady to whom he was attached, after her elevation by marriage from a comparatively humble to a very lofty rank, he felt extremely anxious to learn whether or not she was happy in her new condition. He knew she had sustained no serious ills, but he had seen by experience, he says, that our happiness is much more often affected by evils which we create for ourselves, in spite of the blessings of fortune, than by real and severe ills. He illustrated the remark by reference to the case of the gentleman who, in the midst of all manner of comforts, was rendered utterly

miserable by the daily sight of a neighbour's turkey. We have found a little story in one of the foreign journals, which so forcibly illustrates the same maxim, that we are tempted to translate it.

M. de Manleon, a young French gentleman, left the school of St Cyr at the age of twenty-one, with an ensign's commission in his possession. His mother had obtained for him leave of absence for three months, and came to Paris to carry him off for that period to Poitou, anxious to enjoy his beloved society while she could. They left the capital together in a post-carriage, and travelled a great part of their journey without any remarkable adventure. At length, a little incident occurred which greatly interested M. de Manleon. The travellers reached a steep hill on their way, and M. de Manleon leaped out to relieve the horses, leaving his mother inside. He had scarcely walked a few paces, when he found himself surrounded by a band of village children, who, as wont in the rural districts of France, offered him bouquets of flowers, expecting some little remuneration in return. But as soon as they noticed the lady, they flew to the coach side, and threw their flowers to her. One child alone remained—a girl of thirteen or so, whose uncommon beauty arrested forcibly the notice of M. de Manleon. She was a brunette of a clear and shining complexion, with an admirable form, and teeth as white as ivory. She stood smiling before the young man, but timidly kept her flowers in her hand, afraid to present them.

'What is your name, my dear?' said the officer. 'Marie, sir,' answered the girl. M. de Manleon spoke no more, but stood gazing at the child, thinking to himself that all the portraiture of youthful beauty which he had ever seen were outdone by the work of nature before him. Marie's eyes were cast on the ground, and she did not observe the closeness of his gaze, but others did. A young village lad, of fifteen or sixteen, leaped from the wayside, and looked at the officer with eyes full of anger and jealousy. M. de Manleon had little time to

notice this addition to the scene, for the voice of his mother was heard calling on him to come and proceed. The young officer hastily took the bouquet of Marie, and having emptied his purse of its whole contents into her hands, he obeyed his mother's call, and soon saw the villagers no more.

M. de Manleon, when he had time to reflect on the past incident, repented, not of his generosity, but of the way in which he had exercised it. A small medallion, containing his own likeness and that of another dearly cherished person, had been in the purse, and had gone with the rest of the contents. To reclaim it would have been difficult; and the young officer was forced to submit to the loss in silence.

For ten or twelve years, M. de Manleon continued in the army. He at last left it to enjoy the pleasures of a retired, or at least a private life, to which he had ever been attached. After spending some time with his mother in the country, he came to Paris, and there mixed with moderation in the social enjoyments of the great world. One evening a friend asked him to go to a party, and allow himself to be presented to Madam d'Auray, wife of Count d'Auray, a lady of consummate beauty, and whom all Paris spoke of as the happiest of women. There was, said M. de Manleon's friend, a sort of pleasing mystery about her too. M. d'Auray had suddenly appeared with her in Paris, and presented her to his relatives and friends, without saying aught of her birth or name to any one. She was, nevertheless, universally loved and admired. M. de Manleon permitted himself to be persuaded into a visit to the mansion of this happy paragon of female loveliness. When he was presented to her, a confused idea struck him that he had seen her before, but he could not remember when or where. The idea made him thoughtful, and he retired to the recess of a window, where he for a time stood alone.

A soft and sweet voice at his side made him hastily turn round. 'Have you been lately in Poitou, sir?' said the Countess d'Auray, for she it was who spoke.

'Not lately, madam,' answered M. de Manleon; 'our property there was sold. Are you acquainted with Poitou, may I ask?'

'I am, sir,' said the countess, and, as she spoke, she took a bouquet of flowers from the window, and held them up before him with a smile. A light broke in upon M. de Manleon's mind.

'What!' cried he, 'are you—can you be'—

'Poor little Marie, and no other,' answered the countess. 'Ah! I was happy then!'

The little incident of the wayside formed the basis of an immediate friendship between M. de Manleon and the countess, who remembered him well through the medallion. The last exclamation of the lady had startled him, coming as it did from one whom all deemed happy. Afterwards, when they were better acquainted, he got an explanation from herself. 'I remember,' said the countess, 'that Pierre was by my side at the time when you saw me on the road. That young peasant was my lover, and, though scarcely old enough, you would suppose, to entertain such a feeling sincerely, yet I loved him also. Two years rolled away, and our love continued to exist and increase. I was fifteen. One day Pierre and I quarrelled, and I, thinking he had shewn much hastiness and bitterness of temper, would make no concessions to him, though perhaps myself in the wrong. At that very time, a young gentleman saw me by the wayside, as you did when passing. He seemed struck with my appearance; indeed greatly so. The compliments which he paid me I repeated with triumph to Pierre, and they only made him more angry and jealous. He had reason to be yet more so afterwards. The young gentleman of whom I have spoken returned, and told me that he could not forget me. He asked me to go with him, and he would make me a great lady. You would now say, sir, that I stood a fearful chance of falling into the gulf of ruin and misery. Not so; the young gentleman had a soul too noble, too honourable, to be the cause of misery to any one, and his views for me were in accordance with

that spirit. I listened to him with mingled feelings. I was an orphan; no one was near me to caution or to counsel. Pierre was my only tie to my birthplace, and it was on his account that I felt distressed. I gave him opportunities to renew his addresses; but his anger and jealousy prevented him from doing so. I yielded to the pressing suit of the other, and was whirled off in a carriage from Poitou. Before I had gone far, I repented of my conduct, and entreated with tears to be carried back to Pierre. But my mind became calmer ere long.

My incaution could only be excused in a village-girl of fifteen. But I was in safe guidance. It was to a school near Paris that I was conveyed by the Count d'Auray, who, as you may imagine, was the person now alluded to. For five years I remained in perfect seclusion, enjoying the best advantages of education. At times the count visited our seminary, and I learned to love him fondly. How could it be otherwise? In my benefactor I saw the tenderest of lovers, and most amiable of men—young, handsome, and accomplished. Pierre was forgotten, and I became the Countess d'Auray. Ah! Monsieur de Manleon,' continued the countess, 'can you conceive, after this recital, the cause of the secret grief that preys upon me? Pierre is the cause. Old feelings have returned upon me. Madwoman that I am! I regret the hours of flower-gathering by the wayside; I figure to myself the happiness that I have lost as excelling that possessed; I dream of being a peasant's wife, the owner but of a cot, a cow, and a little garden! These thoughts haunt and pursue me. Yes, sir, they make me miserable—me, who so dearly love my husband! What madness!'

As the countess said this she shed abundance of tears. M. de Manleon pitied her sincerely; but he said: 'Madam, this misery is but the result of an excess of happiness. You are absolutely satiated with blessings.'

'Ah! Monsieur de Manleon,' continued the countess, 'but think how much poor Pierre Billon regrets me!

Perhaps he has died of grief ; and it was I, too, who was in the wrong in the quarrel which separated us.' M. de Manleon continued for some time to talk and reason with the lady. He tried the force of ridicule, and painted Pierre not as the flower-gathering boy of her fancy, but as a coarse, uneducated clown, whose society would be intolerable to her cultivated mind, and who lived in a state very unlike the Daphnis or Melibœus of her Arcadian dream. He would probably be married, said M. de Manleon, long ago, and possibly was vicious, and beat his poor wife. All this sort of reasoning only drew a sigh from the lady. She was silenced, but not convinced.

In time M. de Manleon became an intimate friend and constant visitor of the Count d'Auray and his lady. He saw that the latter indeed loved her husband most fondly, and in his presence forgot all her distress ; but it returned to her in solitude. One day, while M. de Manleon was seated with the countess conversing upon the usual subject of their tête-à-têtes, the Count d'Auray entered, pale and agitated. The countess sprung up. Her husband embraced her, saying to M. de Manleon : ' Behold my consolation when I am vexed !'

' What has happened ?' said the countess, anxiously.

' Not much, my love,' was the reply ; ' only we must economise. I must sell some part of my property, keep but one carriage, and give dinners but once a month. I have lost a large sum of money.'

' Thank Heaven it is nothing worse !' cried the countess.

' How did this loss occur, may I inquire ?' said M. de Manleon.

' Folly on one side, and villainy on another,' answered the count. ' I had for some time entertained the thought of purchasing in the funds, and, meeting at the house of one of my friends a certain broker named Monsieur Dennevers, who was recommended as an active man of business, I intrusted him with the means of making the necessary purchase. This worthy broker took my money with great coolness, and next day went off, no one knows where.'

‘Have inquiries been made?’ said M. de Manleon.

‘Oh, yes!’ answered the count; ‘we have at least had the satisfaction of discovering who he was. His history is rather odd. He was first a peasant, became next a village clerk, and finally settled in Paris as a sort of low agent in the brokerage way. He wormed himself there by degrees into the confidence of so many people, as to get large sums into his hands. You know the rest. By the by,’ continued the count, addressing his wife, ‘he is a countryman of yours. We learned that he came from Poitou, and that his name was not Dennevers, but Pierre Billon. The rascal has left a wife, too, an excellent woman, whom he abused and neglected, completing his rascality to her by carrying off with him another person, an infamous character. But I must go to consult further with my fellow-sufferers.’ So speaking, the count departed.

M. de Manleon looked at the countess. ‘What think you now, madam?—a villain—a wretch!’

‘Oh! Monsieur de Manleon,’ cried the countess, with tears in her eyes, ‘how senselessly ungrateful have I been to Heaven for its mercies! I am cured! I *am* happy! And you, my friend’——

‘Ah, madam, I passed the wayside in Poitou two years too soon!’ cried M. de Manleon, with a smile.

CURIOUS HOW THINGS COME ABOUT SOMETIMES.

At the distance of a mile and a half from a certain large town in the west of Scotland, there stands, about a gunshot from the public road, a neat little cottage, or self-contained house, with a circular green in front, trim gravel-walks, and a tidy, well-kept garden. A good many years ago, this little, pleasant, modest residence was occupied by a Mr James Warrington, an extensive jeweller and watch-maker in the city.

Mr Warrington was at this time in respectable circumstances, and bore the character of an upright and worthy man—a character which he justly deserved. His family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and two daughters. The latter, respectively, were twelve and fourteen years of age; the former, seventeen and twenty-one. The name of the eldest of the two sons was Edward—a young man of excellent dispositions, agreeable person and manners, and correct principles.

At the time our story opens, Edward Warrington was paying his addresses to a young lady of the name of Langdale; and as the attachment of the youthful pair was approved of by their parents, they both looked forward to a happy consummation of their intimacy. In truth, their marriage was only delayed until Edward should have been formally and legally installed a partner in his father's business—a proceeding which, it was proposed, should take place so soon as Mr Warrington had completed some large payments for plate then impending—it being deemed advisable that the concern should be entirely free at the period of Edward becoming a partner. It was expected that this would be accomplished in about six months. Matters, then, stood in this position with the family of Mr Warrington, when the latter returned one morning from the shop—it was a Monday morning, the only one on which he was in the habit of

going to the shop before breakfast—in a state of great agitation and excitement. On entering the house, he hurried into a little back parlour, followed by his wife in great alarm at the unusual perturbation he exhibited, and flung himself on a sofa in a state of distraction. It was a second or two before he could speak. At length, ‘Jess,’ he said, addressing his wife, ‘we are ruined—utterly ruined. The shop has been broken into between Saturday night and this morning, and at least five thousand pounds’ worth of plate and watches carried off. I have been along with the police through all the most blackguard haunts in the city, but can discover no trace of either the thieves or the goods. The police say that the robbery has been committed by experienced hands—clean and cleverly done, as they call it; and that there is great doubt of any part of the property ever being recovered.’

At the time this misfortune happened, young Warrington was from home; he was on a journey for his father; and the first intimation he had of it was from a newspaper paragraph, headed ‘Extensive robbery of silver plate and watches.’ On hearing the distressing intelligence, which, however, he hoped might not turn out so bad as it was represented, Edward Warrington hurried home. On his arrival at his father’s house, he found, as might have been expected, the family in the utmost distress, and, to his further grief, discovered that the extent of the robbery stated in the newspapers had not been exaggerated.

For many weeks, the Warringtons indulged in hopes, which, however, became daily more and more faint, that some clue would be found to the robbery, and a portion, at least, of the stolen property be recovered. These hopes were never realised; the robbery had been, as the police said, clean and cleverly done. No trace of the perpetrators, or of any part of the property, was ever discovered.

In the meantime, the last of the bills due by Mr Warrington for the plate in the shop—or, rather, for the

plate that *had* been in the shop, for it was of this plate he had been robbed—became due, were paid, punctually paid, and this worthy person left almost literally without a sixpence. Mr Warrington might have urged the robbery as a plea for bankruptcy—that proceeding having been often adopted on far less excusable grounds—and by such means have contrived to retain some little thing in his hands for the immediate support of his family. But he was too upright and too conscientious a man even to think of such a course; he determined, whatever might be the consequence to himself, to pay his debts to the uttermost farthing, and to bear alone the burden of his own misfortunes—the honest man having no idea of throwing any portion of that burden on the shoulders of others, as many good people are in the habit of doing.

The ruin which had overtaken the Warringtons, in the distressing and unexpected way mentioned, put an end for the time to the proposed union between Edward and Miss Langdale; for the latter was of a class, alas! too numerous, too often to be met with in society—amiable, accomplished, beautiful, and penniless. It was a severe blow to the young couple, for, perhaps, never did two persons love each other with so deep and sincere an affection. But there was no help for it—no present remedy. They must content themselves with living on till better fortune should enable them to aspire at a yet greater degree of happiness.

‘We must just have patience, Edward,’ would the fair and gentle girl say, looking smilingly in his face the while, when the former was deploring, with an impetuosity unusual to him, the hard destiny which had so cruelly interposed to keep them asunder.

‘Patience! Lizzy—patience!’ would he reply as he walked up and down the apartment with hasty step and excited manner. ‘Yes, I will try to have patience; I will. But it’s hard, very hard, to have a cup so brimful of bliss as mine was, so suddenly dashed from one’s lips.’

Mr Warrington, who was now a heart-broken as well

as a ruined man, struggled on for a few years in a small way of business, his son Edward assisting him, but with no good result : they could not make a living of it. In these circumstances, both father and son listened eagerly to the advice of a near relative of the former, who proposed their going out to New South Wales, and offered them, upon advantageous terms, the loan of from L.200 to L.300, to engage in the farming or grazing line there, together with a sum sufficient to defray their expenses out.

With this proposal the Warringtons gladly closed, and in two months after, sailed from Greenock for Sydney. The parting between Edward and Eliza on this occasion was marked by all the poignancy of grief which usually attends the severing of two fond hearts. It was, indeed, arranged that if any reasonable degree of success attended the united efforts of the Warringtons in the new country to which they were going, Edward should return for Eliza, and carry her out his wedded wife. But all this was so vague and uncertain, that it tended but little to alleviate the pain of their separation. They, however, 'tore themselves asunder,' after many solemn pledges to keep their faith inviolate till death, and a mutual understanding that they should, in the meantime, maintain a close and regular correspondence.

For many years after the Warringtons went to New South Wales, they had a severe struggle with all the most formidable difficulties that usually beset the emigrant of limited means. They had been, besides, exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of a location, and the consequence was an amount of labour and discomfort under which they believed they must finally sink. Their prospects were, in short, of the most gloomy kind, and year after year passed away without bringing the slightest improvement. Indeed, it was the reverse, for at the end of some eight or ten years, the Warringtons were again on the brink of ruin.

The letters that Edward wrote home to Eliza during this period were full of love and affection, but they

contained also the most discouraging accounts of the present condition and prospects of the writer and his family. Each letter, in short, although it tended to strengthen Eliza's confidence in the fidelity of her lover, only shewed how hopeless was the prospect of their union.

A period of nearly ten years had now elapsed, and the last letter Eliza had from Edward was as desponding as the one preceding. It was about a year after she had received this letter, and when she was anxiously looking for another which had been unusually delayed, that Eliza was startled at a pretty late hour one evening, by a loud and impatient rapping at her father's door. The door was opened by the servant. Miss Langdale listened—she heard her name mentioned. 'Heavens! whose voice was that? Was it not *his*?' She grew pale as death; her limbs shook beneath her; she grasped a chair for support. A foot was heard lightly and rapidly ascending the stair; the door of her apartment was flung violently open; a person rushed in; and in the next instant she was in the arms of Edward Warrington!

What could this mean? what could have brought him home? He was in high health and spirits, too, and presented anything but the appearance of a care-worn and unsuccessful man. It was a mystery. Miss Langdale looked her perplexity. Edward understood the look; he smiled and said: 'You are rather surprised to see me, Eliza, but I shall astonish you more when I shall have told you all. In the meantime, let me mention that I have not returned alone; the whole family are with me—father, mother, sisters, and brother—all in excellent health and spirits, and, what will appear to you still more inexplicable, with plenty of "gold in store," as the old song says. The family I have left at the Black Bull Inn, from which they intend going into private lodgings in a day or two, and there remaining until a suitable house is taken and furnished. Father and I intend thereafter commencing our old business, and, if possible, in our old shop. And I intend,' said Edward, looking slyly at Eliza,

‘immediately after that again, or before, if she prefers it, leading, as the newspapers phrase it, the blooming Eliza Langdale to the hymeneal altar—that is, of course, if the said blooming Eliza Langdale has no objections to be so led.’

Miss Langdale blushed. Her perplexity and amazement increased; she hinted that an explanation would be acceptable.

Edward smiled and said: ‘It’s rather a curious story—something in the romance way; but you shall have it briefly. About a year and a half ago, there came a person of the name of Rapsley to settle in a location next to ours. He was a sheep-farmer; had been several years in business in another part of the country, and had, by several successful speculations in wool and grain, acquired a vast deal of money. He was unmarried, had no family, and no one about his establishment but hired servants. With this man, whom we found very obliging, though of rough, blunt, and eccentric manners, we soon became very intimate. He seemed to feel for our situation, and evinced an anxiety to serve us, for which, while grateful, we were at a loss to account. He used to come often to our house, and seemed to take a lively interest in the history of our misfortunes, especially in that part of it which related to the robbery of our shop, regarding which he put many questions, and appeared to muse deeply on our replies. We remarked this singularity in Rapsley’s conduct, but could not of course understand what it meant.

‘For some time we knew nothing more of the life and character of our neighbour than what was comprised in the circumstances regarding him above mentioned; but we at length found out that he was an emancipated convict. On making this discovery, we avoided his society as much as possible, and assumed a distance and coldness of manner towards him, with the view of inducing him to refrain from visiting us; but although he could not but perceive this change in our manner, he persevered in calling on us as usual.

‘Matters went on in this way for some little time—we endeavouring to get rid of our new acquaintance by a repulsive deportment, and he persevering in maintaining his footing in despite of this treatment—when he called on us one morning at breakfast-time. We remarked something unusual in his manner on this occasion. He seemed to have some express purpose in view—some object to accomplish—something particular, in short, to communicate.

‘Having refused, in his blunt way, to share in our morning meal, to which common civility induced us to invite him, he sat smoking in sullen silence by the fire till we had done. On seeing that we had concluded, Rapsley, who seemed to have been anxiously and impatiently waiting this result, drew his pipe, a short black stump, from his mouth, and addressing my father, said: “Mr Warrington, I’d wish that you’d take a turn out with me a bit; I’ve something particular to say to you.”

‘My father was rather surprised at the request, but still more so at the earnest manner of Rapsley. “Oh, surely, surely, Mr Rapsley,” said my father, but with some dryness of manner, for he had no idea of the latter’s proposed familiarity and companionship. They went out together, leaving us in a state of tantalising suspense and curiosity to know what Rapsley’s intended communication might be; we could not conjecture what could possibly be the subject of it, although we supposed many things. In about an hour after, my father returned. He was in a greatly excited state; but it was the excitation of joy mingled with surprise. We crowded round him. “Well, my children,” he said, throwing himself down in a chair, “here is a most extraordinary affair. Who do you think this man Rapsley is? Why, the identical person who broke into and robbed my shop ten years ago! He has told me so himself just now. But this is not all. He says, if I will let him know the exact amount of which I was robbed on that occasion, he will refund every farthing with interest.” Need I describe to you, Eliza, our amazement, our joy, at this communication? I don’t

suppose it's necessary. We, however, had doubts of the money being produced ; but in this we did Rapsley an injustice. In three weeks after, this person put into my father's hands three drafts, on three different banks in Sydney, amounting together to seven thousand five hundred pounds. On being thus strangely and unexpectedly put in possession of so large a sum, we resolved on returning to our native land. This determination having been communicated to Rapsley, he insisted on defraying the expense of our passage home, and, on our leaving, presented my father with an additional thousand pounds, by way of compensation for the injury he had done him, to which he added many expressions of sincere sorrow for his crime.'

Such, in substance, was the communication made by Edward Warrington to Miss Langdale.

The sequel of our little tale is now soon told. By a curious chance, Mr Warrington got both his old shop and his old house again, the latter having been a much-loved residence ; and in a short time the former presented almost precisely the same appearance which it had done a dozen years before, when Mr Warrington was in the heyday of his prosperity. By and by, Messrs Warrington and son fell into one of the best businesses in the line in the city ; for although many of the oldest and best friends of the former had disappeared during the interval of his absence, many yet remained to him, and these lent a willing and effective hand towards reinstating him in his former position. Looking at the gentlemanly figure and mild countenance of the respectable old man, for the ten years that had passed had thus classed him, as he stood behind his counter—his spectacles raised high on his forehead—his hair whitened, perhaps as much by distress of mind as by age—no one would have dreamed of the vicissitudes he had gone through.

Immediately after the business of the Messrs Warrington had been started, Edward and Miss Langdale were married. A few years more, and the elder Warrington retired from the concern—being enabled, by the restorator

of his property, and the subsequent success of the business, to enjoy a life of ease and tranquillity. A few years more, and a son of Edward Warrington, whose marriage had been a happy one in all respects, came into the shop to assist *his* father. He was shortly followed by another. The lads grew up; they became men. A sign-board appeared, on which was inscribed 'Edward Warrington and Sons.' It indicated one of the most extensive and wealthiest concerns in the city.



END OF VOL. XXII.



